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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME III FEBRUARY, 1925 NUMBER 7

ZANE GREY—BEN EAST—HAL EVARTS

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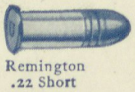

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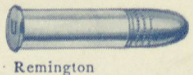

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The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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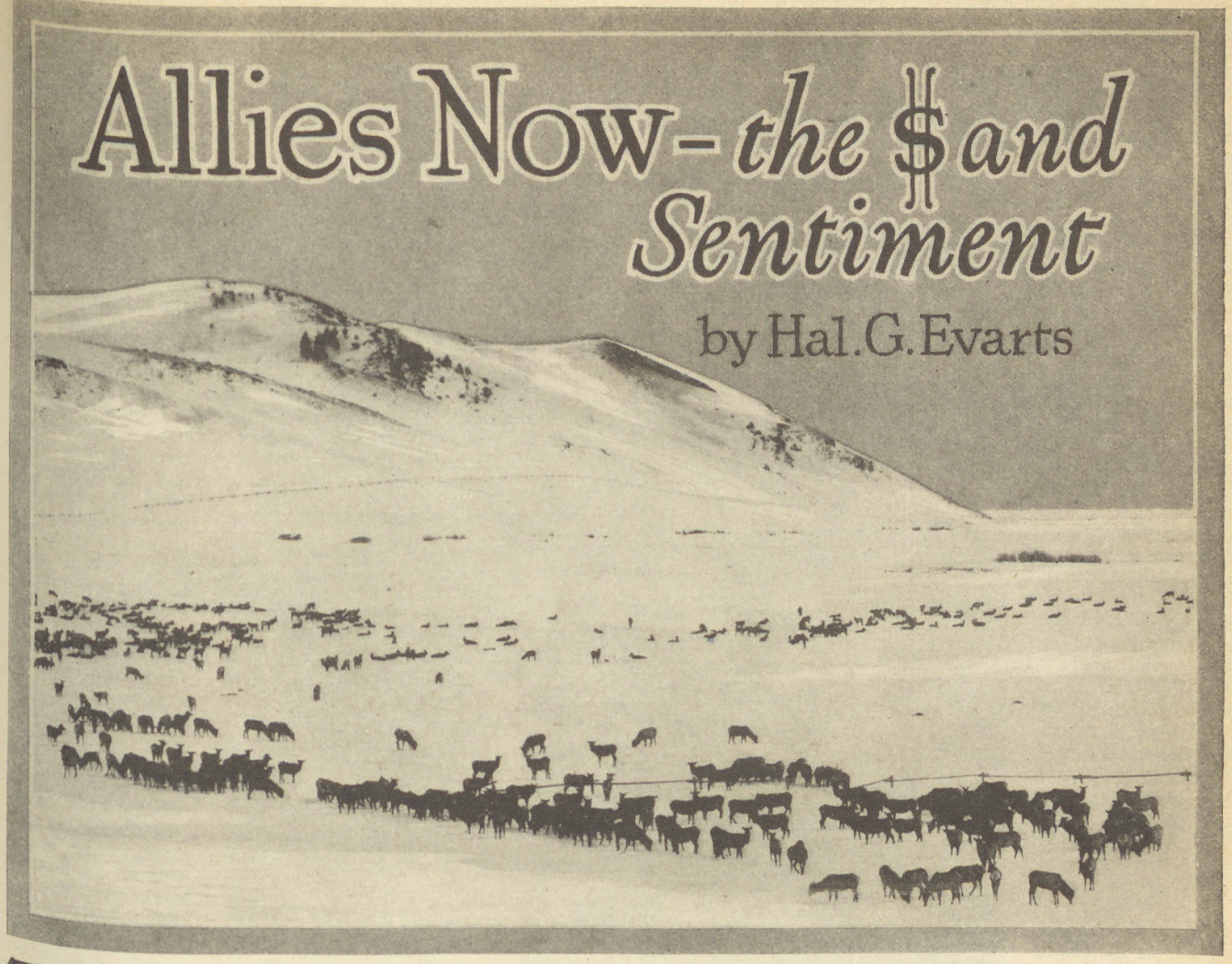
Allies Now—*the $ and Sentiment*

by Hal. G. Evarts



Hal Evarts, Outdoor Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, is not only a clever and versatile writer but a sportsman who knows what he is talking about.

In this short article he gives the economic side of the plan to buy haylands for the elk of Jackson Hole.

He carves out the sentiment and "sells" you on a purely commercial basis.

THERE is, of course, in most of us, in Izaak Waltonians particularly, a certain deep-rooted sentiment about conserving the remnants of our forests, our wild fowl, game, fish and fur, our lakes and streams. Entirely aside from the economic or commercial aspects, we would, for sentiment alone, demand that a few bits of wilderness be reserved for us and for our sons. We would protest the draining of our last few areas of marshland, the damming of our last virgin mountain lakes, the pollution of our streams, the destruction of our remaining fish, fur and game, the razing of our last remaining bits of virgin forests. It is in us, a part of us, to enlist our sentiment and sympathy on the side of conservation. For sentiment alone, aside from economic considerations, we would see the elk of Jackson Hole saved from starvation, the herds perpetuated, the area set aside as a wonderful hunting and fishing ground for the nation, a recreational area second to none as a wilderness playground for the American people, an everlasting, fitting monument to the American pioneers.

Nevertheless, we must confess that as a nation we have never permitted sentiment to prevail against the dollar mark in matters of conservation, even though the slogans and banners flaunted by the dollar brigade were those of false economic doctrines.

Today we can marshal the dollar sign on the same side as that of sentiment in practically every conservation program. We no longer need to rest our case on the fact that the buffalo was swept from the plains and that the dodo is no more. The economic necessity of conservation in all of its various phases is becoming increasingly apparent. The dollar mark and sentiment are marching hand in hand.

The Izaak Walton League would save the Jackson Hole elk on the ground of sentiment alone. It is sentiment, in fact, that motivates this campaign. But just in order to reassure a few who might fear that the plan is visionary and impractical from the dollar angle, it might be well to state a few facts to throw some light on the economic side of the question.

The Jackson Hole is immediately adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park. For a great many years the local residents on all sides of the Yellowstone National Park asserted that it was a white elephant to the adjacent territory—that they needed development that would bring dollars into the country; why the hell, they insisted, should thirty-five hundred square miles of ground be standing there idle, not producing a cent, when it might well be grazed by sheep and cows, logged to a certain extent, its lakes and rivers dammed to furnish water for irrigation, and so on? Those assertions were made by the few who had personal axes to grind.

Now let's examine the matter from the dollar angle exclusively.

Some seventeen or eighteen years ago I was one of a hunting party of three to roll up the 55 miles of road running west from Cody, Wyoming, to the east edge of the Yellowstone. We covered the stretch in a wagon, and did not go into the park. Only 545 people had gone into the park by that route during the summer. A few years later I lived on that road during the first season that automobiles were allowed to enter the park. A few autos rolled by our doors, 193 cars to be exact, bound for the Yellowstone. Two years later, a few thousand cars rolled past. Still later, after an absence of several years, I stood there again and watched an endless procession of cars following that road; and thereby hangs the pretty tale of the dollar.

In the season of 1922 the total number of visitors to the park exceeded 98,000. Statistics were being gathered as to tourist expenditures. Testimony came from all sides. One town, located on a highway some 200 miles or more from the park,

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

reported through its Chamber of Commerce that the Yellowstone tourists who stopped overnight in the free camp ground spent $51,000 with the merchants of the town. Similar reports rolled in. That swarm of tourists spent in excess of $5,000,000 in the Yellowstone and its immediate vicinity in the summer and fall of 1922. Every square mile of that whole 3348 square miles of the Yellowstone Park had produced over $1400.00 in tourist money that was dumped in the vicinity. It takes farm land to equal that. The local residents had wanted development that would bring money into the country. The park in its virgin, undeveloped state acted as the magnet that drew more tourist dollars into the country in one year than the utmost commercial exploitation would have produced in ten. The white elephant had been transformed into a goose that laid golden eggs and the metamorphosis took place almost overnight. The local people now realize that the best possible development from the dollar angle is to conserve everything that is of interest to the tourist. That is why they are in entire sympathy with the campaign to save the Jackson Hole elk and to see that region converted into a recreational area.

A survey taken in the Jackson Hole showed that there was some $200,000 of tourist money spent with the ranchers of the valley in the season of 1922 and it was estimated that automobile campers spent $100,000 more in the Hole, a total of $300,000. I have not the figures of the expenditures for the 1923 and 1924 seasons; but the Yellowstone travel had increased to approximately 140,000 people for the summer of 1924. That the Jackson Hole came in for more than its pro-rata share of this increase I cannot doubt, as the roads were vastly improved to render the country more accessible. An expenditure of $500,000 by tourists in the Jackson Hole in 1924, would I believe, be a conservative estimate.

Not one of us would care to go into the hills and find the last head of game shot out of them.

The Hole has been devoted almost exclusively to stock raising. The stock will never produce an annual return of $500,000. The tourist crop is the best. And the tourist business is just in its infancy while the stock business has been tried and found wanting. The country is too high, the winters are too long, too much snow, not enough feed—and so on. The local people know it. They are ready to sell out and quit, anxious to see the Hole become a recreational area from a strictly economic standpoint. The tourist dollar has done it.

Now just a word as to the economic possibilities of the elk. A few years ago I made a survey of the elk on the Shoshone River east of the Yellowstone National Park. Only one creek of any considerable size out of all the thirty odd that drained into the river, was absolutely closed to grazing and reserved for winter feed for the elk. Certain stock interests exerted every pressure to have it opened for grazing. The arguments were the usual ones—that a given amount of feed would produce only so much meat and the game must go; that the game brought no revenue while grazing fees would help defray governmental expenses in the neighborhood; and so on. Those contentions were fallacious, but the game had no economic testimony to bring forth in support of its right to exist while the arguments for stock grazing were backed by a century-old precedent for opening the range at the expense of the game on economic grounds.

The facts are these: That creek would support 350 head of cows during the five warmest months. There were 2000 head of elk absolutely dependent upon those bottoms and exposed ridges for winter feed. They could and did winter through there. The difference was this: Domestic stock would have grazed in the bottoms and on the most accessible ridges and started drifting down country ahead of the first early storms.

The elk summered back in the peaks, subsisting on feed that would otherwise have gone to waste. When the storms forced them down they lived on that bottom-land grass until the after-storm winds scoured the ridges bare of snow. Then they went back up country until another storm drove them into the bottoms. The year-round existence of 2000 head of elk was absolutely dependent upon the feed in that creek, yet the grazing of 350 head of cows for five months in the summer was the utmost that could be expected of the area from a stock-growing standpoint. There is your so-much-feed-will-produce-so-much-meat theory as related to elk and cows. It really isn't a theory, it's a pose. The relative revenue-producing possibilities were these: The grazing fees would not have exceeded a few hundred dollars and would have gone to the federal government. There were seventeen guides operating on the North Fork of the Shoshone that year. Their guides' licenses, the licenses issued to the non-resident sportsmen they handled and the licenses issued to residents themselves netted something over $2000 which went to the state government. Approximately 75% of that sum was derived from non-resident licenses. The guides took in over $35,000 from non-resident sportsmen that season in addition to what other sums they spent in the town while outfitting for the hunting country. I was unable to ascertain the figures as to the stock marketed from the valley that year but the returns for stock marketed from the whole valley could not have been greatly in excess of the amount spent by non-resident hunters, certainly not equal to a half of the sum that was spent in the valley by tourists during the season. The game killed during the year provided the residents of the valley with as much or more free meat as could have been produced by grazing 350 head of cows on that creek during the five open months.

It is true, in the main, that game has had to go to make room for stock grazing. This survey, however, shows that the relative positions of game and domestic stock have been reversed in the last few isolated areas that still harbor any considerable quantity of game.

The case of the Jackson Hole elk will undoubtedly prove analogous to the situation just related. The Tourist business in the Hole is just in its infancy and is increasing enormously each year. Substantial sums are spent there by non-resident sportsmen every season. With this area set aside for a hunting and fishing ground for the nation's sportsmen, with its peerless variety of wild life—black, brown and grizzly bears, elk, moose, bighorn sheep (sheep range immediately adjacent), deer, grouse of several varieties, waterfowl, lynx, cougar, beaver, otter and a dozen other varieties of fur bearers—maintained in goodly quantities, there can be no reasonable doubt that the sum expended annually in the country for outfitting and guiding services will soon attain to proportions greater than any profits to be derived from devoting the area to stock-raising purposes. It's a poor stock country anyway, and a great game country.

The local people know these things now. So these lines are merely for the purpose of reassur- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

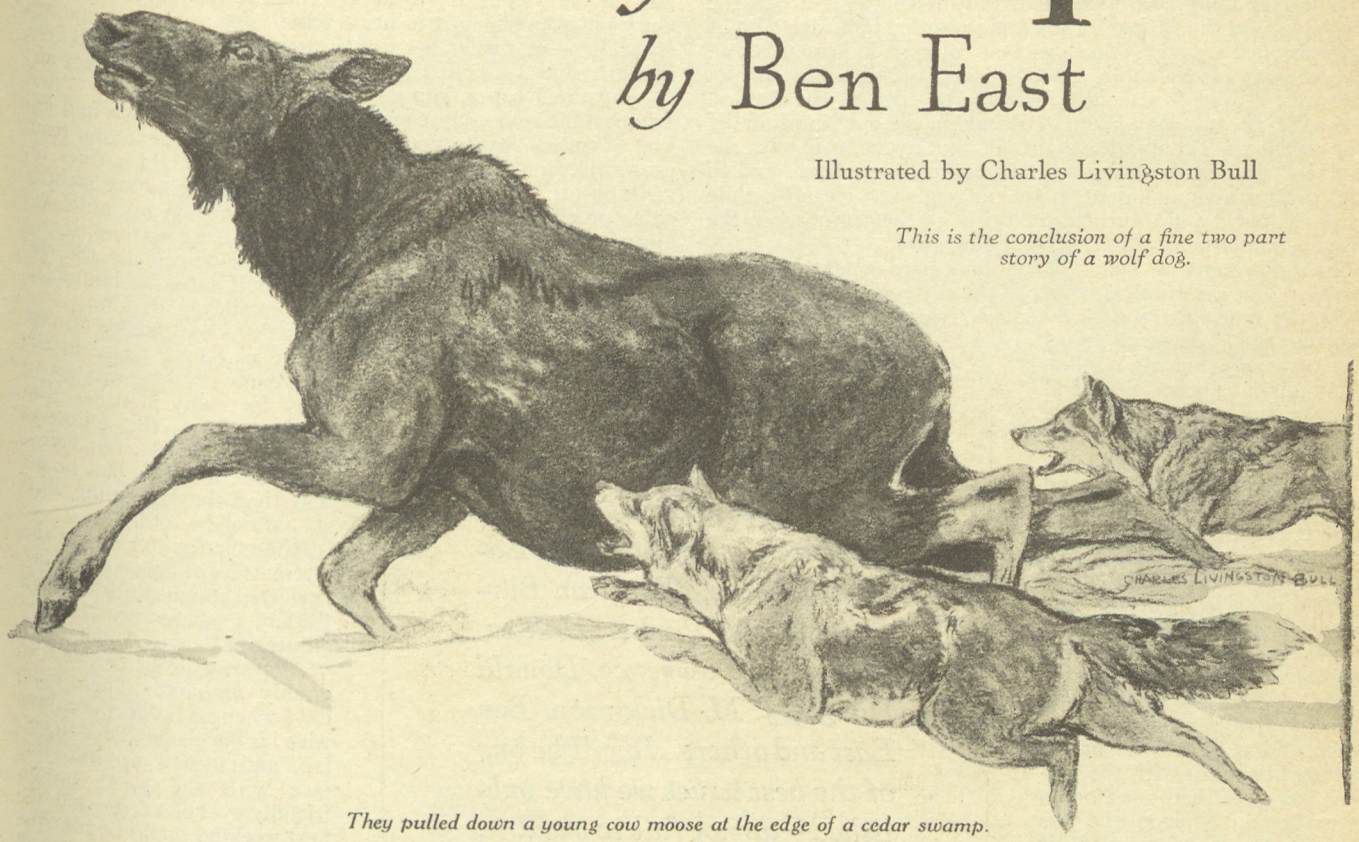
Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

The Son of Kasper

by Ben East

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

This is the conclusion of a fine two part story of a wolf dog.



They pulled down a young cow moose at the edge of a cedar swamp.

WE camped that night a half mile down the little stream, and the next forenoon we brought the wolf cub home. It was the Humming Bird who gave him the Chippewa name for "Gleaming Fangs," and in English we called him "Fangs."

From that point on, Jim told only parts of the tale. Some of it I got from Dan Taylor, when I had come down from the Little Beaver—and some of the best of it came, years later, from the lips of the Humming Bird herself. So I shall leave Jim, smoking there before the cabin fire-place, and tell the rest of the story of Fangs in my own way.

They tied him outside the cabin, as a husky is tied, with a short length of stick, which he could not chew off. That the wolf was strong within him, at first, was not strange. His mother had carried the untainted blood of the wolves—and had not Kasper been eight years with the pack before he fathered him?

For days he remained a little fighting savage, outside the cabin, not even accepting food when they watched him, unless he was very hungry indeed. Then, little by little, he began to yield. The dog within him was coming to the top! From Jim, try as the man would to win him, he held himself aloof. To the Humming Bird, though, he gradually came to give obeisance. Was it an instinct born in him of Kasper, whose Woman-God had been the mother of this little girl—or was it only the cry of the dog to love and protect the woman? Whatever the source of it, it stirred this love instinct in the half savage heart of him, day after day, till at last the morning came when the Humming Bird untied the deerskin thong about his neck and called to him—and he followed her to the cabin door sill. Farther than that he would not go that first day, but he lay there in the warm sun, and waited till she came out to him again—though he looked often across his shoulder at the thick green wall of spruce where the forest began!

Three days later she coaxed him inside the cabin with a bit of meat, and once there, by pleas and commands got him to drop down, close to the open door. She was kneeling, stroking him, when Jim came in. Like a streak Fangs was gone, seeking safety in the freedom of the world outside the imprisoning walls of the cabin!

So the weeks flew by, with the side of his nature that was of the dog struggling for supremacy against the side that was of the wolf—and slowly the blood of Kasper conquered! It was like an awakening of long forgotten memories, the growth within him of these new instincts of the tame.

The cabin lost its menace—the call of the thick forest seemed to come less and less keenly—he followed the girl more and more closely—and he came to even tolerate the close presence of the man with no sign of fear. Farther than that, with Jim, though, he would not go. And the father of the Humming Bird shook his head and decided with Pierre Beranger across the lake, "Half-wolf, born with the wolves—always a wolf!"

Then October came, and the nights of the hunting moon. The lonely hooting of great owls far away in the timber—the nearby screech of a lynx—the almost human scream of a snowshoe as talons or claws drove into it—the bellowing of moose—the gruff bark of a dog-fox—all the sounds which fill the silver flooded spaces of the forest under the hunting moon, you may listen to—and then, more weird, more terrible, more desolately wild than all the others, comes the long wail of a timber wolf, as he summons his faraway gray brothers to the warm trail he has found!

One night the call came too close to the cabin, as the pack gathered for the chase—and the Humming Bird and Jim, watching out the window to see if the buck would take to the water to escape the wolves, saw Fangs slip away, a silent gray shadow of a young wolf, into the dark forest!

He was not waiting outside the cabin in the morning, and Jim said he had gone for good—back to the wolves from which he had come. The Humming Bird cried a little—and waited. Four days went by and he did not return. Then late on the fourth night he came, a furtive, slithering form among the trees, to the edge of the clearing. For a long time he stood there, hidden among the shadows, looking first at the silent cabin, and then back along the way he had come from the pack. Once he turned and started slyly away into the forest. Then

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

he stopped. He sniffed the scents of the cabin that were strong on the still cold air—and suddenly he lost his slinking gait and trotted boldly out into the moonlight. Before the door of the cabin he lay down to wait! His father had been a dog—had lain by the fire of a man—and, far more than that, had known the love touch of a woman's hand upon his head—and call as they might, his gray brothers of the wild could not make him forget!

The Humming Bird found him waiting there for her in the morning, and she danced for joy and rewarded him with a bit of fresh broiled trout! Two days went by and Fangs stayed in the vicinity of the cabin—though when the girl wanted him she was obliged to call him in from the edge of the timber. He no longer lay, long hours at a time, in the open sunshine of the clearing. Then, in the night, he went away again with the wolves. He was back again at the end of three days—and so the winter came and went, with Fangs going time after time with the pack, and returning each time to the cabin, when the dog in him remembered the Humming Bird.

February came at last, and the long hard winter began to break. The sun climbed higher in the sky each day, and then, with the first softening of the snow, the mating time of the wolves came. The wolf son of Kasper chose himself a mate from out of the pack then, and it was June before he came again to the cabin on the shore of the Little Beaver!

So the years went by, and daughter of Little Moccasins waged her war against the forest and the pack, for the soul of her dog-wolf!

The fight was not yet won when Jacques Duprez came one night in the winter to the cabin, with his dog team very tired, and stayed till morning. Benoir Grayson was sixteen then, and when the dark haired young Canadian with the tender gay eyes, had gone on to the Post on Nipigon—he was one of the Factor's men—it suddenly seemed as if she no longer cared if Fangs became a wolf or a dog!

Duprez stopped again in mid-summer, and in the fall Benoir and Jim went to the Post for supplies, and so she saw him again—and during all those months she grieved little for Fangs through the long weeks he was away from the cabin. Jim had a long talk alone with the Factor on that autumn trip, and came away well pleased.

Then, in midwinter, when the snow was waist-deep in the forest, and had settled of its own weight so the going was good on webs, the Humming Bird and her father went away on an all-day journey into the forest. They were coming back, in mid-afternoon, through a strip of heavy timbered country, marked with deep gulches and sharp ridges, when, at the top of a long slope, something brought them to a sudden stop. Over the crest of the ridge across from them, a doe had come suddenly into sight. She was walking very slowly in the deep snow, and carrying her head low. Tired from a long flight, they knew. For her appearance there, well away from the nearest deer yard, in such a snow, must mean pursuit of some sort. It was plain, from her slow dragging gait, that she could not go much farther. Whatever the pursuer might be, the chase was nearly at an end.

The Humming Bird threw her light rifle forward in her mittened hands and waited. Step by step the tired doe dragged her feet out of the snow, and set them wearily ahead. She came to the foot of the slope at last, and lay quietly down among the trees. The rise before her was too much! The race was finished!

The wind was coming from along her own tracks, and twice she lifted her outstretched head from the snow and looked anxiously back. Tears came to the eyes of the Humming Bird as the head dropped dejectedly down the last time—and then over that opposite ridge came a man, driving ahead at a half-trot on his racquets!

He stopped for an instant, to scan the slope on which they stood—to glance once up and down the ravine—and then he saw the gray-brown form resting among the trees below him—and he hurried on down the hillside. The doe made no effort to rise—and once when he stood beside her, the Humming Bird half raised the light rifle.

Then at the gleam of the knife her anger flamed up in earnest, and she was off down the slope at a fast snowshoe run.

The man was kneeling over the doe, so he did not see the girl till she was nearly to him. Then he turned—and Benoir Grayson stopped short in her tracks! For a moment she was speechless—and when her words came they were cold and keen like the edge of a knife that is drawn and held in the frosty air!

"Jacques Durpez, you are a coward!" she told him. "And I hope that some day some one will walk you down and kill you where you lay, as you did that doe! When next your team grows tired on the trail, and the cold of the night strikes in, walk on and on, as she did—but do not come to my father's cabin on the Little Beaver when I am there—or my knife will gleam as yours gleamed today—and worse than yours, it will bite the heart of a coward!" Duprez bent over the doe again without answering—Jim came then and the Humming Bird went silently down the narrow valley with him.

There were many things about that long chase in the deep snow that she was not to know for many months. Jim learned them, the following spring at the Post, but before he heard them, he had promised that the Humming Bird should not be told.

After that winter day in the forest, the girl began again her neglected conquest for the possession, unshared by the wilderness, of Fangs. And if it had been a struggle before, it was doubly one now! There were days when he lay in the cabin, with his big shaggy head in her lap, and looked up into her face with the great brown friendly eyes of a dog—and the next week he would be running again with the pack, along the late winter trails! The wild, it seemed, would not let go its hold upon him, because of his mother, the gray wolf—and he could not leave forever the woman in the cabin, because of Kasper, who had been a woman's dog.

On the softening snow, one late February night, when Fangs had gone with the pack for a week, they pulled down a young cow moose, at the edge of a cedar swamp, ten miles north of the Little Beaver. It had been a long, hard chase, since cutting her out of the yard, and if she had not been heavy, they could not have driven her away from the herd. As it was they were tired and famished from the long run, when she was down at last, and for a half hour they fed. Then, across the remnants of the feast, the pack leader snarled menacingly, without warning or reason, at Fangs. Conditions had been ripe for mutiny among the wolves for many days. Only the urgent need of the hunt had held them together at all, through the last week. And now the hunting was easier on the soft snow, and they were full fed.

Fangs cleared the bared shoulder blades of the young cow with a lightning-quick leap, and struck with the clipping, slashing attack of a wolf, backed by the greater strength and weight of the Saint Bernards.

The gray wolves tightened in a ring about them as they fought—and presently the ring closed in—a confused whirled blotch on the reddened snow. They drew apart presently, licking their jowls and watching each other jealously for a time. Then a grizzled old dog-wolf arose, trotted over to a she-wolf and touched muzzles with her—and they were gone at a playful lope into the timber. Another pair followed, and so, the pack broke up. Thus Fangs came again to choose a wild mate, and for weeks the cabin to the south of their den did not know his presence at all.

Then June came again—and out of the thick growth of the summer forest about the cabin, he came one morning, to stay a day with the woman—and then he was gone again.

The March issue of Outdoor America will contain stories by Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, Thornton Burgess, George Parker Holden, Ruth Mae Lawrence, Donald Hough, J. M. Dickinson, Ben East and others. It will be one of the best issues we have published—do not fail to read it.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

A doe had come suddenly into sight. She was walking very slowly in the deep snow and carrying her head low, tired from a long flight.

And Jacques Duprez did not come once to the cabin, during all that year. So by the time the leaves of the maples and beech in the ravines began to tinge and drift down in the cool autumn days, Benoir Grayson had become very lonely. The man she had wanted was a coward—and the dog she wanted was growing old now—ten years old—and he was becoming more and more a wolf.

He no longer came to the cabin at all, if Jim was there, and even alone with her he was restless and uneasy to answer the insistent call of the forest.

He came late one afternoon in December to the edge of the clearing and stood, just within the shelter of the spruce, to test for a long time the man-scents that came from the cabin. Jim was away—had gone that morning on a twenty-mile trip down the river with Pierre Beranger—so after a time Fangs came out into the clearing and stalked across to the cabin.

He stayed through the early evening, more contented than he had seemed for months, and the Humming Bird told herself that because she was alone he would stay till morning. Then the moon came up over the dark spruce tops to the east and flooded the clearing with cold sparkling radiance. In the edge of the timber an owl hooted once, dismally—and then from some distant ridge a gray wolf yapped out once. Fangs got swiftly up from his place before the fire and walked across to the door. The girl pretended not to notice. He circled the room twice, stopping both times before the girl, to look wistfully up at her. Still she gave no heed. He whirled swiftly, then, and crouched below the sill of the one window. The Humming Bird arose quickly then and flung open the door—and his breath trailed back over his shoulders in a silvery mist, as he raced for the timber.

A quarter of an hour later the girl heard the wolf pack in the timber a short distance from the cabin. A moment she listened. The chase was coming nearer! She stepped to the door to watch—and then across the edge of the clearing behind the cabin went Fangs, flying like the wind—and a dozen lengths behind him the pack of yapping, snarling gray devils strained in savage pursuit!

The wolf-pack—the pack he had run with—the pack from which he had chosen his mates—the pack that carried his blood in the veins of its best—had turned upon him at last—because it was a wolf-pack, and wild—and he was half dog and belonged to the cabin and the hated Tame.

Jim followed the tracks next day, to find what turned the wolves against him. A half mile from the cabin he had headed off and dragged down a deer that fled downwind, with the pack upon its trail. And when they had come up with him he had sought, savagely, to contest their claim to his kill. The dog in him had surged up against the wolves, at last! And before the combined fury of the hungry pack he had fled away toward the cabin to save his life.

The pack was running on the inside of the circle as he came into the clearing and he whirled away from them into the timber again. The chase led then in a long curve, back toward the lake. And the Humming Bird stood before the cabin and called to the wolf-dog as she had always called him in from the forest, that he might know she was there, and so turn the circle ahead of them.

And then into the clearing before her, with the long whip singing above the heads of the racing huskies, whirled a sledge! She had not heard it coming, above the noise of the pack out there, and she turned with surprise as the man who ran behind sprang forward and tore his rifle from its lashings on the sledge.

Then Fangs broke out onto the open expanse of the lake—and half a dozen lengths behind him, still running on the inside of the circle, tore the snarling, savage wolf-pack.

Jacques Duprez flung up his rifle then—but the Humming Bird caught his arm.

"Not that!" she cried. "Because he is a wolf I have taught him to flee from the sight or sound of a gun. At the first shot he would straighten away toward the shore, across there—and the wolves would not all be killed. Somewhere, out there on the ridges to the west, the rest of the pack would run him down. We will have to let him race it out—alone."

Her voice ended in a little sob. There could be but one end to such a race.

The shore of the Little Beaver, a hundred yards below the cabin, juts out in a long, narrow spruce-covered point into the lake—and it was toward this point that Fangs was leading. And as he shortened the circle toward it, the pack, running fan-shaped, brought the near wolves closer and closer alongside.

And then before the Humming Bird knew what he was doing, Jacques Duprez had flung down his rifle and caught up the ax that leaned against the cabin. Then he raced away on his webs toward the narrowest part of that low point.

As Jim said that day in the cabin, "A man may be a coward and still face the gray wolves. You have been in the forests long enough to know that that is no test of courage—for they themselves are cowards! [CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

A Rare Evening—
When the Trout Were on the Rise

Etchings by Lee Sturges—

by Will H. Dilg

MY knowledge of good fishing weather told me the evening was more than good—it was superb—beyond compare—the utmost in fishing weather.

I knew I would take trout on such an evening and that there was no need of undue haste in making preparations. And so I took plenty of time and laid out my campaign calmly, knowing that a wonderful evening's fishing was ahead of me.

All my life I had been a close student of fishing weather and never in my fondest dreams had I dared fancy a more perfect evening. I was thoroughly satisfied with myself and my surroundings. The proverbial wealth of the Indies would not have tempted me from fishing the ideal mountain stream I could hear faintly murmuring in the canyon off to the right and less than a third of a mile away.

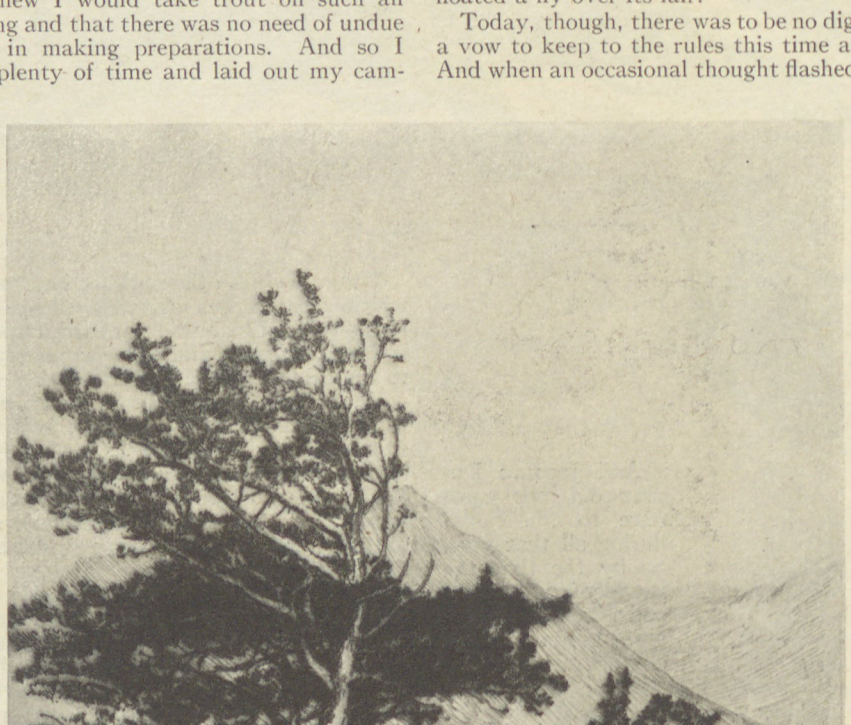
There was the stream waiting for me and here was an evening by a big bit the finest for the fly I had ever known. Do you wonder therefore that I took a rare pleasure in being deliberate? I knew I could afford it and besides I was conscious that I was going to fish well.

As I peacefully sat and gloated over the beautiful grey day, I determined to start forth at exactly four. I was to fish only with the dry fly and according to the most exacting rules of the English purist.

"I will fish only the rises," I thought, "as the English masters, Grey of Falloden, Sheringham of The Field, and Sir George Aston of the British Army do in their brooks."

I had promised myself in the past to float my fly only over rising trout but had failed to keep my word. After waiting and watching for rising fish and finding none I would grow impatient and sooner or later surrender to the temptation of floating my flies over irresistibly inviting places where my fishing instinct told me a big trout might lie. I must confess too that the result had often been good and that I have taken many a splendid fish that had failed to show itself until I gently floated a fly over its lair.

Today, though, there was to be no digression and I registered a vow to keep to the rules this time and fish only rising fish. And when an occasional thought flashed through my mind that perhaps the trout might not be on the rise I banished it instantly and reassured myself by declaring that on such a day they were bound to be feeding everywhere.



The wind swept firs across and up the river.

I pictured trout in my mind's eye rising recklessly all along the third of a mile of crystal water I intended to fish, and I knew they would be large and felt cocksure of taking a number of really master-trout.

"There is not an angler within miles," I thought, and a glow of satisfaction swept over me at the very thought of having that wonderful stretch of water all to myself on the most perfect fly fishing evening of my life.

I spent perhaps an hour carefully looking over my supply of rods and dry flies, finally deciding to fish with only the tiny flies Brigadier General Lionel Banon of the British Army, had tied and sent to me months before. I resolved to use the line and the extra fine leaders he had sent as well. My rod was American—my reel was American, and balanced the rod to a hair—exactly two and one-half ounces heavier than the rod.

Never before had I been so certain of myself. I had never before prided myself on being a great trout fisherman. Heretofore, I had approached a trout stream with some misgivings as to my ability. Mostly I had been low rod or dangerously near it, when in the company of master anglers. Not so though on a bass stream. When on bass waters I prided myself on being a match for the best of them and usually I had proved it.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

Since boyhood the call of black bass waters has been my chief weakness. At the first hint of spring my fever starts and as the season draws closer the fret to see running waters becomes more and more a commanding force until I can withstand it no longer. At this season my fingers itch for the feel of a fly rod and for the rush of a knightly bass frantically tearing down stream to the shrill cry of a singing reel.

When the black bass season opens—I'm GONE and if by a heroic effort I forbid myself and manage to clamp down the brakes and stay in town, I'm not much good and in spite of myself my heart is away off on some black bass stream.

The opening of the trout season does not get into my blood nearly so much and unless some particular friend urges me it is not so difficult to blithely remain at my desk. Perhaps, though, I do assume an attitude of martyrdom, but mostly it is feigned.

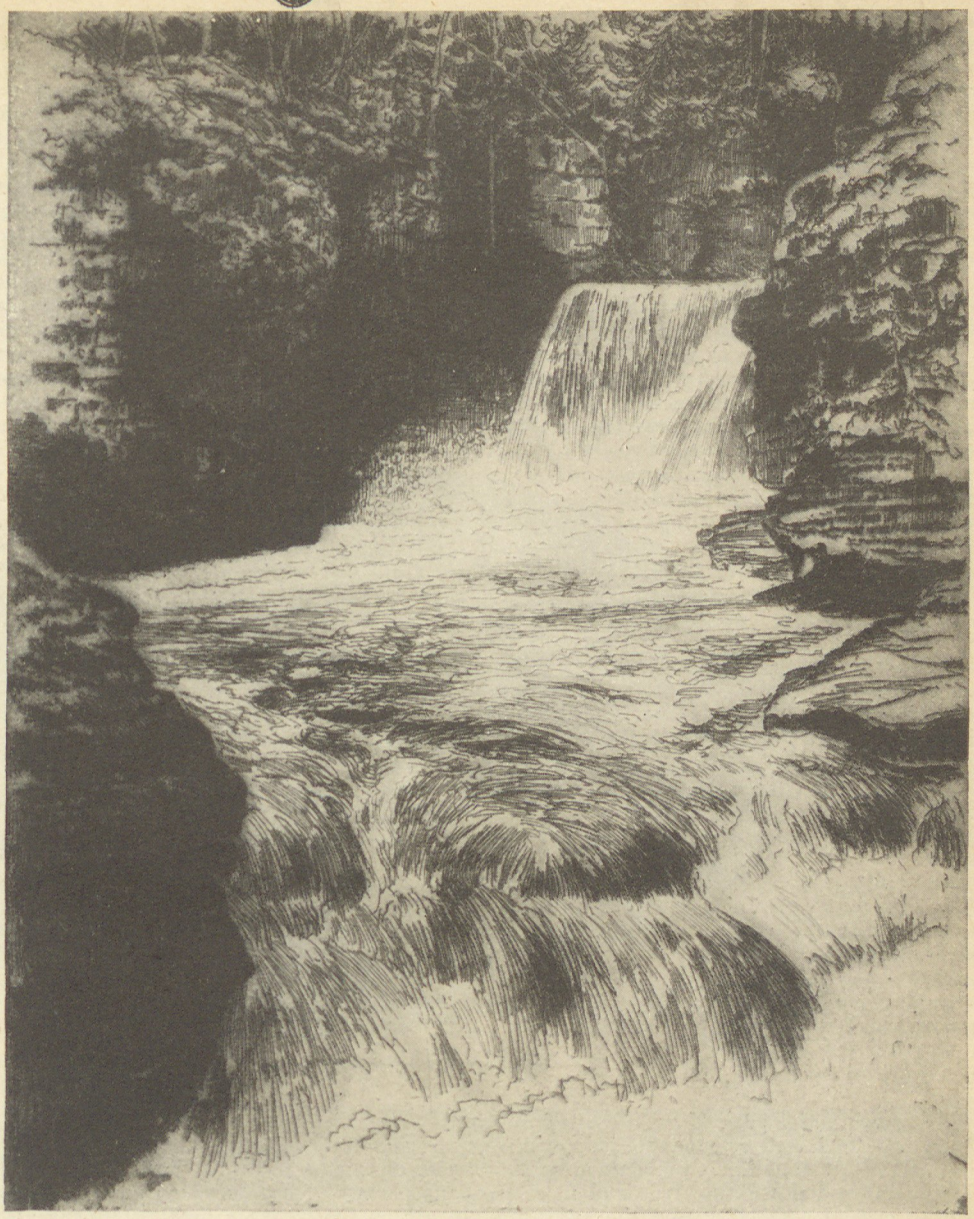
Then again, when the trout season opens the waters are high and cloudy and the fly quite a useless thing, and mostly for this reason I am an advocate of opening the trout season at a later date. An early trout season means a harvest for the "meat getters" and gives them license by law to deplete our trout streams, and at a time when bait fishing is far from being an art. But when the waters are clear and low bait fishing undoubtedly requires a master hand, as most anglers know.

Since we have wandered so far afield we must return to my ideal evening and to my perfect Eden of a stream. We must, though, attempt a description of our surroundings, and by no means must we forget our host. We were in the region of the Rio Grande, far enough from the travelled route to be assured of being off the regular Colorado highways.

Our host is a Waltonian—the President of a Colorado Chapter—a good, all around sportsman, but particularly and especially, a fisherman. I liked Bert Hosselkus at once. He has the kindly voice and honest eyes one trusts and when he invited me for a week's fish with him I accepted pronto.

We were at Bert's camp—not far from a jewel of a lake which he owns, and into it ran an Eden of a stream, also owned by him. This gem of running waters came broiling down a box canyon and split into what appeared to be three tiny streams with rocky islands in between until the canyon walls narrowed it and compressed it into a roaring torrent. Between the narrow canyon walls it swept along until its rocky confines gradually widened and then it broke into a series of musical little water falls and ended up by placidly widening into a stream almost as smooth as glass and thus it quietly flowed into Bert's jewel of a lake.

It was this smooth flowing water I intended to fish on this evening of all perfect fishing evenings. Nowhere has the Creator made better dry fly water. The current is neither swift nor slow, and neither too deep nor too low. A dry fly floats upon it like a thistle's down and for the whole third of a mile there is scarcely a ripple and one may float a fly an uncommon distance without it drowning. Here and there in this little river, one can see in the shallow places grey-green rocks glowing on the bottom, and where the water is deep, it is a bluish-green, and there the big ones are mostly found.



This gem of running waters came broiling down a box canyon.

Never was there such a stream where one can clearly see a rising fish and the rocky shore lines are made to order for fly casting. There is little brush and few trees. The footing along the river bank though is tricky, there being countless small white rocks worn smooth by ages of rushing waters. On bright days their whiteness shines forth and blinds the eyes, but on a grey evening they develop soft Whistlerian tones, and rest one's eyes.

"Nature has done her utmost this evening," I thought, as I carefully reeled on my new English line. At three-thirty I was "ready to the last button." I had long ago decided to start the evening with a March Brown, but the decision was reached only after a keen debate; the March Brown won principally because of my being exceedingly partial to this old timer.

My light weight waders and my hob-nailed shoes were resting close beside me ready to be put on. My creel and in fact all my paraphernalia seemed to be waiting, urging me to go forth, and so I equipped myself and with a light heart I picked up my rod and took the trail leading down between the mountain aspen and on to Paradise.

I sauntered along, stopping occasionally to lovingly glance at the sky where the misty clouds were slowly parading overhead, just as they had been doing all day. The air was warm and almost damp and so still it scarcely moved the aspen leaves and the needles of the baby mountain firs barely trembled as I rambled along.

Down in the hollows of the canyon there was a hush and a seeming sigh of stillness that was delightfully mysterious. And

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

as I drew closer to the river, I sensed that warm smell to the air which to veteran anglers has ever spelt, *many hatches.*

Arriving at the river, I sat down on a flat rock and with quiet eye looked up and down the river while I slowly threaded my line through the guides. There were no rising fish at first, but I was not alarmed, and it would not be arrogant to say I never for an instant doubted that the rise would soon begin. The wondrous evening was all before me and I took satisfaction in the thought I would miss nothing.

There was no thought of hurrying, but there was the edge of keenness to my anticipations. I could have waited for the rise for hours without disappointment, so cock certain was I of it coming. There was magic everywhere in the canyon and beside the river and a strange mystery all about that gripped me.

I knotted my leader to my line and walked to the river's edge, and after stripping off a little line I placed line and leader into the current to straighten and returned to my rock and waited and confidently watched the flowing majesty of the stream as it peacefully swept by.

A fish hawk shrieked high above and then on spread wings sailed down and perched on the half dead top of a wind swept fir across and up the river. "Waiting for rising fish, eh, Mr. Hawk?" I thought, and I was glad of the company. Besides it augured good. I was there for sport—while fishing was the business of the hawk and at this season I knew there were half grown hungry babies in its nest fairly clamoring for a mess of mountain trout.

They average better than two and one-half pounds.

Mr. Hawk and I patiently waited, when suddenly close to shore there was the unmistakable plop of a rising trout and a big one by the sound. A moment after there were dimples circling up and down the river and more frequent plops of rising trout. I glanced up but the hawk was already on the wing and just as I reached my rod I heard a splash up toward the little falls and saw my friend rising from the water with a splendid trout gripped in his talons.

"It's my turn now," I said to Mr. Hawk, as he sped away, and glancing at my watch I saw it was five o'clock. "Three hours ahead of me," I cheerfully thought and proceeded to fasten one of my British General's tiny March Browns. I fairly hated myself for having to use glasses, but without them I could not find the eye of the hook, to say nothing of tying the proper knot in the almost invisible leader my illustrious friend had sent me.

My glasses were no sooner returned to my pocket than a trout arose not more than twenty feet from where I stood. I could see the fish plainly as it gracefully balanced itself in the clear water, not more than a foot below the surface. "A two pounder or better," I thought, and then I deftly shot my fly a few feet above the spot where it had risen. It lit perfectly and hardly started to float before it was eagerly taken. A turn of the wrist and in a flash the fun began.

I was into a Rocky Mountain native trout—a bull for strength, stubbornness and speed.

This evening, though, I was, if never before, a master trouter. I can still feel its struggle as it twisted and labored in my net. A quick stroke on the head with a stick I picked up ended its struggles. A twenty-two incher, I guessed, and even though trout were rising everywhere I could not forbid myself the pleasure of studying its beautiful colors and splendid shape. "Into the basket you go," I finally said as I slipped it into my creel.

"An angler who wishes to enjoy the excitement of dry fly fishing should try to get water where the trout average at least one and a half pounds in weight. In such waters two pounders will be fairly common and three pounders not unknown," says Viscount Grey of Falloden.

Apparently there were no one and a half pounders in this heavenly stream on this momentous evening. At all events I hooked none. Every fish I took scaled at least two and a half pounds, and of the twelve I brought home five weighed a trifle over three pounds. Besides my fish were not chalk stream fish but mountain trout with fight bred into every ounce of them.

They were evenly divided, six were rainbows and six "natives." A finer display of first-rate trout it would be hard to conceive as the photographs herein prove.

"Fish hog," I can hear the gentle reader declare, and there is a tone of finality to his voice. I admit it, my boy. Maybe though you will forgive me when you know the facts.

First of all you must understand that while the big photo shows twenty-two trout, ten of these were taken by Bert in that jewel of a lake he owns—the rest fell to my rod.

I must tell you here that Bert was afraid he had too many large trout in his waters, based on the food supply, and he was anxious to cut down the quantity of big fish and thus keep up the quality. He did not want the condition of his trout to be injured. And Bert was thinking correctly. Here let me again quote from the world-famed authority, Grey of Falloden, and from his great book "Fly Fishing." He says: "Any given stretch of river well preserved and free from pike, and coarse fish, will keep alive a much larger total weight *than it can fatten;* and now that good dry fly water is so carefully looked after there is a tendency to try to increase both the number and total weight of trout that can be taken in each season from each piece of water. *It is easy to do this at the expense of the condition of the fish, and so to ruin the sport for the time being.*"

"Thou dost protest too much," I can hear my readers of trout fishing morals declare. Perhaps so, most worthy disciples of "Father Izaak." But have you, my brothers, ever known such a grand and glorious evening as was the one I have so vainly attempted to describe.

Trout were rising everywhere, and every fish in that stream seemed to want to commit suicide. Think too of the number I might have caught and kept, and please do not forget to credit me with returning many a fat trout I might have creeled on that most perfect of all perfect fishing evenings.

I confess I still thrill at the wonderful casts I made, and the memory of the skill I displayed during those all too short hours still warms the cockles of my heart.

We all know what a wonderful game of billiards one can play when practicing alone and the simply marvelous shots one makes at such a time.

Often I saw fish rising at impossible distances but without hesitation and with the blithe assurance of the billiardist when practicing I would whip out my fly and drop it just where I wanted it to light.

There was a monster trout living in the deepest part of the stream. It would rise lazily now and then, greedily suck down a fly and then poise itself near the surface for a period before it slowly sunk down to the green depths below. It was so big that the very thought of its size still makes my heart jump. But always when I saw this mighty trout I was fighting a fish and could not try my hand.

At last I determined to stop fishing altogether, rest for a bit, and stand guard and watch until I could again see it rising to the surface. Unfortunately my decision came at a time when

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the great rise was nearly over and only an occasional fly was seen upon the pearly bosom of the stream. I patiently watched the deep hole and avoided every temptation to drop my fly where smaller fish were rising.

At last I was rewarded and I could see the great fish coming up slowly—how large and ghostly it looked. As it neared the top, I whipped out sufficient line to get the distance and at the right second I aimed at an imaginary spot about two feet above the water and shot forth my fly on its savage mission. It softly dropped to the surface at just the proper instant and was taken with a loud plop. I set the hook—for a flash of time the big fish seemed bewildered, but only for the tiniest part of a second. The battle that followed is beyond my power of description. Why the tiny hook did not break or pull out or the zephyr of a leader break, I do not know; I cannot tell, but this I do know—hook, leader and rod stuck to the business of getting that fish. Four times the powerful fish threw itself into the air—again and again it slashed the water into a white foam as half out of the water it fiercely shook its body back and forth.

The luck of a thousand men must have been mine as that fish pulled and jerked and rushed through the water while the leader with much less than a pound strain test held. After half an hour and after sounding twice, the fish began to roll and wallow about in an aimless and tired way as a half spent fish will do. I realized keenly the last stage of the battle was here and I prayed that my outfit and my skill would stand the test while with infinite care I began to try and lead the fish toward a shelving rock where the water was shallow, some fifty feet below.

Every step I made was made by sliding my feet over the rocks and I made sure of one being firmly planted on a solid rock before I prayerfully moved the other. Two hours back I had sensibly removed my creel and left it on the bank heaping full of fish and was thankful that I did not have to carry its weight, as by this time the tense excitement of fighting fish for most of the evening had worn me to the point of exhaustion.

It would have been utter folly to attempt to use my net—it was far too small, and I could see that it would hold less than half of the great fish. To hold that heavy fish for a minute with that tiny hook and extra fine leader was to perform a miracle. To hold it for thirty-five minutes of battle with the hook and leader still holding fast was against all the rules of the game.

Every atom of me was concentrated solely and only on bringing the King of Bert's rainbow trout to shallow water, where I prayed I might draw it inch by inch close enough to permit slipping my hand underneath its gills and thus drag it to shore. I knew there was no other way. There was no choice—it represented a bare chance *and I took it.*

When perhaps forty minutes had passed I had the great fish "belly up"—its weight and the current and the deep water represented the Great King's last chance. But if my prayers were answered and the tiny hook did not break or did not pull out, or the leader part, barring a bungling job, the great rainbow was mine.

I was mighty tired—my heart pounded against my ribs and my breath often came in gasps because at critical times I would hold my breath as I drew the great fish closer. My knees were jerking and twitching because of sheer weariness, but I persisted even though I was "dog tired."

Inch by inch the great fish was drawn closer—now too far gone to more than faintly struggle. It was now mere weight, but aided by the current there was still the awful danger of the hook breaking or tearing loose or the dainty leader parting. Inch by inch the great fish came in. Finally I had it almost within reach of my finger tips—six inches more meant victory. I gained another inch and another, another and another—one more inch would do it—*I got it.* My fingers were at last in its gills and with a wild sob in my throat I lurched to the shore, my brain beating like a great drum with the God-like pleasure of victory.

I slipped within a few feet of shore, but my fingers still held fast to the fish's gills. There we both lay, half out and half in the water. I sat up and looked at the fish in blind weariness. "He is longer than a yard stick. I wonder what he will weigh," I whispered, as I gazed at his silvery length and the broad pink and carmine stripes gleaming in the pearly grey of the evening. And then I saw that it was a female, and strange as it may seem at this season, it was full of spawn.

I looked long at my fish and watched its big gills open and shut, sighed, and turned its body around so that its head pointed toward the middle of the stream and after lovingly running my wet hand along its shining sides from its head to its mighty tail, I gently pushed it out into deep water and into the current, just as we used to do with Tarpon in the good old days at Tampico before the beautiful Panuco River was oil polluted.

Forest *Masters*

by Ruth Mae Lawrence

© Lindley Eddy

Have you ever sought to regain your health and solace your jumpy nerves far from contact with mankind in the heart of the timber country and heard the eerie whispering of wind through the trees as weird shapes danced on the forest background while you sat before your fire alone? Do you know that nauseating, icy, grip that seems to squeeze the blood from your heart when a twig snaps? If you know these things "Forest Masters" will waft you back to that fire and you will feel again the myriad sensations that are now your most treasured memories. You will also be convinced that Ruth Mae Lawrence does know her subject and handles it with keen descriptive skill.

IT was desolate and lonely, very lonely, when one had a campfire all to oneself, the young man thought as he stretched his legs wearily. He leaned back against the convenient mossy stump, lazily watching the sparks fly up through the air. He followed their eddying journey as the small gusts of fresh, sweet wind sent them scurrying back to the dark forest behind him.

He had pitched his tent in the middle of a little glade, outlined by the tall black firs and matted underbrush, from which the endless forest took up its march. A brook, that bubbled over rocky shoals or slipped noiselessly through some deep pool, was but a few paces from the tent flap. His fire was blazing between him and the stream. He could see the reflected gleam of the burning branches dancing on the ripples. Across the brook, corrugated with reflected flame and warm blackness, was the indefinite fringe of brush and tall straight trees. The wind was scurrying through the trees swaying the darker bulk of the pointed firs against the black night. A fresh blast of wind stirred the charring embers and roused the man from his thoughtless inanition. He dragged himself lazily to his feet, stretched his arms, shook himself, and strode over to his small wood-pile.

He heard a twig snap in the forest. He started. All his listlessness left him. It was not the heedless snap of a twig by the wind. His senses were on the alert to find a cause. He thought indifferently that he had made a mistake in not taking a dog into his retreat. A dog would have been a companion, a comforter, a guard. He picked up a few sticks of wood and turned toward his fire.

The sound came again. A cautious crackle of dead branches that sent a cold shiver down the man's spine; a tingling of nerves that left him shuddering and apprehensive. The sixth sense that blesses man alarmed him. It told him that this was a warning not to be slighted. With the quick decision that helped him to escape the Argonne, he stepped quietly and determinedly to his tent, picked up his flashlight and his rifle. He turned defiantly to the woods, and waited.

Silence. He heard the undertone of the trees and the waters vaguely. Only the whispers of the forest, only the great oppressive silence fraught with small voices came to his straining ears. Seconds that turned to minutes and hours to him as he waited motionless, lagged by. His imagination played havoc with his composure as no sound came.

A puma? No, it was not likely. Of course, this was not a settled country, and even the forest rangers visited it but seldom. A bear? The crackle of branches had not been clumsy enough. It was very unreasonable. He tried to dismiss the little germ of panic from his brain, and sat down by the fire again. He did not lay his rifle down, and he kept his flashlight by his side.

He could not return to that apathetic lethargy that had been his five long minutes before. Every sense was keenly watchful, every muscle was tense. He listened painfully to catch the slightest rustle of twig or leaf. It seemed to his overwrought nerves that even the trees had stopped whispering, and the stream its lulling—that all were waiting. His thoughts circled back again to the disturbing sound. Wolves? Good Lord, no! Such a ridiculous, idiotic thought! Nothing but a deer, most likely. But that little "most likely" that he unconsciously tacked on to all his reassurance unnerved him. He tried to persuade himself that it was all his silly nerves, his vivid imagination, that he was but over-exhausted with the day's long hike.

He endeavored to concentrate on the days' happenings: on the glorious panorama of forest-bound hills; on the rugged snow-capped mountains he was approaching closer every day; on the wonderful stream he had encountered just before sunset, when its purling waters mirrored the rose-pink flush of fleecy clouds and the pure deep blue of the serene sky. It was in vain. He wished for a moon, and could think of nothing except how quiet the place had been when he found it. No birds had chirped busily at the lengthening shadows, or twittered sleepily as they huddled in their nests for the night. The glade had

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been the personification of oppressive silence. A word, a whispered voice, would have been a sacrilege.

The man had started to whistle as he made his camp, but each note had rung back to him, freighted with and tied down by the stillness. His own flippant tones seemed to mock him, and finally the silly, popular air died out in a few hesitant notes. As he ate his supper he had thought that this surely must be the heart of the forest, the farthest spot from civilization. He wondered if the doctor would have considered this a fulfillment of his prescription to find a place where even a Ford could not intrude; and there to eat, sleep, fish, hunt, and live out-of-doors.

His thought snapped short. He became vigilant. That little sixth sense seemed to scream aloud to watch—to watch—be careful! No sound had shattered out to him from the sighing of the forest. He shaded his eyes from the flickering of the firelight and peered into the impenetrable blackness. The glimmer of the dancing flames blinded his straining vision when he looked toward the creek. He looked toward the forest. He could see naught but as the dancing flames revealed one spot, then another—throwing the adjacent shadows into yet darker gloom. He felt, although he could neither hear nor see it, that the terror of his evening was beyond the flicker of the flames, somewhere there in the weird night.

He felt the blood throbbing in his temples. His breath labored through set teeth. He remained numb for long moments. Gradually the sense of danger encroached upon his passivity. He arose, keeping his rifle in his hand, and put more fuel on the fire. He had a roaring blaze by this time, and the foremost firs stood boldly out from their fellows. The reflection of the firelight on their straight trunks tinged them with a reddish hue, and gave each small needle on their branches a distinct personality.

He glanced at his wrist-watch and saw with amazement that the hands showed but a quarter past eight. He thought illogically of turning in, yet he had a foreboding of a sleepless night. He laughed ironically at himself, and said aloud that he certainly had the wind up.

Hazily he recalled a story of a hunter in Africa that was treed in a small thornbush by a lion. The man had sung all night long, while the lion alternately prowled around the tree or sat and stared up at the cowering hunter, outlined in the naked branches of the thornbush by the voluptuous moon. The hunter who had been the hunted, had said, when rescued, that every time the lion crouched to spring he had started to sing. He laid his deliverance to the fact that his voice had thus kept the lion from reaching up and plucking him from his precarious perch.

The traveler's mouth twitched with humor and with sympathy as he thought of the unhappy figure in the thornbush. "If," he mused without volition, "that poor goof sang as some singers squall, I don't blame the lion for being so disgusted that he let him alone."

Even as he thought, he started to sing. It was with stupefaction that he heard the senseless words of an old college song repeated in a weak and quavering baritone. The saving grace of pure humor came to the aid of his agitated sensibilities. He laughed at the ludicrous figure he was making. It was a feeble attempt, and the sound that startled the silence was so like the whinny of a horse that the young man could not stop, but laughed again—a full-throated, rollicking "Ha-ha-ha!" that crashed through the silent woods, and brought echoes from its vast stretches.

Magically, all his vague fears, all his unreasoning terrors, all that indescribable sense of lurking dangers, disappeared. He was calm again. The shaking sensation that had caused him to throw quick, apprehensive, flurried glances behind him was still there, but he was no longer dominated by it.

He pulled himself erect. He took his flashlight and rifle and resolutely started to explore the murky fringe of the woods. His feet stumbled over a concealed stump. He caught his breath as his vagrant fear returned. Yet he went on. He caught glimpses of his own firelight through the tree trunks as his flashlight made an impotent circle of white on bushes and gnarled boughs. He found nothing. The twigs snapped under his clumsy feet; snapped with the startling clearness of pistol shots. Damp ferns brushed against his boots like cold, clammy hands seeking to hinder his progress. The trees slapped low branches in his face, whispering mockingly to one another, "See the fool; see the fool!" and the other trees nodded and mumbled, "See him. See him." The forest appeared deserted.

He returned to his camp and rolled up in the blankets between the fire and his tent, and waited for sleep. An indefinite fear persisted. He clutched at every sound that came in the confused babble of the forest. He passed a sleepless, restless night, with his rifle by his side. Once, when the sky was turning a deep gray color from the faint influence of returning light, the urgent warning of an obscure danger was so poignant that he crawled out of his warm blankets, and prowled to the edge of

© Kenneth Wright

He cast his fly into the white riffle.

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the dying firelight, his finger on the rifle trigger. He sensed the threat recede, and returned to the fire, added fresh sticks, and rolled up again in the cold blankets. He was relieved as he watched the gradual graying of the sky, and after interminable hours unwittingly drowsed off to sleep.

He awoke with a start. The sun was beating down on him. It was unpleasantly warm. He had forgotten to wind his watch the previous night, and it had stopped at two o'clock. He knew from the location of the sun that it was nearing mid-day. He rolled quickly out of his blankets, and lazily dragged to his feet, stretching.

There was nothing to suggest the emotions that had racked him the night before. The sun, brilliant and golden, brightened the small glade with a flood of light, and brought diamonds into the ripples of the hurrying stream. The firs were a warm green-black, and their tall serried trunks glowed a deep, soft brown, blotched with ruby tones where the sunshine filtered through. A fresh breeze swayed the tree tops gently, and rustled the intermingled brush and tall sword ferns.

A blue jay was bidding the world to come and see the strange affair that had violated the glade. A brown chipmunk darted quickly from the ridgepole of the tent, scurried to the nearest tree, safely ensconced itself on the first branch, and jerked its brushy tail frantically. Then, having recovered from its fright, it proceeded to tell the blue jay what a terrible shock it had just received. Together they upbraided the young man performing his ablutions in the sparkling water. It was a homey, comforting sound, and effectively erased the uncanny silence that still lingered over the glade.

The man came back to the black spot that had once been a fire, kindled a fresh blaze, put water in the old battered pot, and set it on the fire. Seeing that the camp was in order and the fire snapping merrily, he drew his duffle bag from the tent, and rummaged for his fly book. As he worked he hummed under his breath. He was so absorbed in his work that it was a distinct shock when he realized he was humming the meaningless song he had sung the night before when his eyes were fairly glazing with terror. He laughed at himself. "A body sure can act foolish when they let themselves," he spoke aloud. "Still," and his brows drew together in a puzzled frown, "there is something about this place—," and he swung his head up from his work to look at the forest. The trees towered up and on and over him. Tall green fingers pointed up to the gathering clouds flecking the blue sky; up to the clouds, and beyond. Their graceful forms seemed forever to be calling the earth to follow their example: to lift their eyes. The materialist, bending over his fishing tackle, saw the tall, proud firs, but he did not comprehend their message.

It was so very bright, and the radiant sunlight showed all objects so pitilessly, that the angler had few hopes for success. He hoped if he followed the stream far enough that he might find a pool, deep and dark, in which the trout were always hungry.

As he rounded the first curve of the stream, he stopped short. Here was the pool he sought. It was shady and cool. Low-hung branches touched and caressed quiet waters. The bushes stirred peacefully. At the end of the pool the water cascaded down a shelving ledge in a streak of foam, rushing into a small gorge that was outlined with great firs and dense underbrush. He held his breath a second, standing absolutely motionless.

A doe was by the water's edge on the far side, just above the small waterfall. Her beautiful sleek sides were shining in the sun, and mottled where the shadow of leaves played. She was perfectly at ease. Not the slightest suspicion of intrusion marred the exquisite picture she presented. She lowered her head and drank from the limpid water. She lifted her head slowly from the stream, water dripping from her slender muzzle, gazed quietly around, and took another drink. The man could hear the sucking noise she made as she drank. Her ears twitched restlessly, back and forward, back and forward. She flung her head up, with a spasmodic jerk. Her body tensed and stiffened. She stared intently directly across the pool. One terrified glance she gave, then, lightning-quick, fled. It was no careful, noiseless melting away into shadows, but a blind rush—branches snapping, leaves rustling, the crashing of rotten logs—the flight of a panic-stricken animal.

The man's heart suffocated him. He felt it thumping wildly in his throat. His brain swam in unreasoning terror. His muscles were paralyzed. All the horrible dread had returned.

A crunching sound that was barely audible came to his ears.

With a half-sob of sheer terror, he turned and ran toward his tent. His rod caught in a bush and snapped short. He flung it away heedlessly, and fled faster. He heard the swift pursuit; the feel of a cold breath on the nape of his neck; the switching of leaves close, close behind him. He burst into the glade. He rushed to the fire. He panted as he caught up his gun. There was a lump of nausea in his throat as he turned.

There was nothing.

A clear-toned bird-call floated down to him. His eyes puckered with the sudden change from gloom to blinding light.

He staggered against the mossy stump and sat heavily down. He saw with stupefaction the quivering of the rifle barrel—then of his hands. The sound of his embers as the water boiled over from the pot made him spring convulsively to his feet. His hair tingled. His shoulders shuddered involuntarily.

"A cup of coffee is what I need," he said aloud. His voice was dry, and the words cracked. He licked his lips and moistened his throat. He looked around vacantly. The water boiled over again with a sibilant hiss. He stupidly prepared the coffee.

As he drank the first cup, he heard a rustle of leaves. The coffee spilt and burned his fingers as he spun quickly around. He peered intently into the inscrutable forest. "Oh, pshaw," he told himself, as he straightened his shoulders, "Nothing but the wind," and poured himself a fresh cup; but he kept his face toward the part of the forest from which the sound had come, and his rifle was in the curve of his arm, with the safety catch raised.

He washed the dishes with the remaining water. The brook was but a scant fifteen paces away, but he was too agitated to leave his fire. He clung closely to that protector of primitive man until mid-afternoon, hugging his knees to his chest. In alternate moods of torpidity or apprehension he gazed with unseeing eyes at the smoldering fire or twitched nervously around, studying the underbrush of the forest.

He thought several times of packing up and leaving the glade. It was too late in the day to start, he reasoned, for he might be in the depths of the woods when night descended. He, who had always before reveled in the forest, delighting in its coolness, its greenness, and its sympathetic stillness, now dreaded being bound in its vastnesses for even one night. He thought longingly of his former companions, jolly men who made camp life a thing of joy and pleasure. He wished for even the least desirable of them. He resolved that early the next morning he would leave this hideous spot, push on to the ranger's cabin, which he thought would be on the top of the first high mountain, and there bask in the companionship of even a taciturn stranger.

He ate no dinner. His appetite had deserted him. He suffered from thirst, yet he endured that discomfort rather than leave his fire to ease his parched throat. A mysterious dread permeated him, leaving him frozen and incapable of concerted and thoughtful action.

He reached for another stick of wood for the fire, which he had never allowed to lag. He had fed stick after stick to the hungry flames. There were but a dozen sticks left.

He aroused himself from his huddled position with an effort, and groped for his axe. A stony calmness settled on him.

He chopped down a small cottonwood by the edge of the running water with labored blows. The work brought the blood to his fingers and face. He opened his shirt at the neck, and wiped his face with his sleeve. The sound of the striking axe rang through the forest. The numbness left him. He knelt and drank from the stream. The imp of panic danced in his brain as he saw before him the picture of the doe slaking her thirst at the deep pool. Although he strove against it, he whirled involuntarily around and scanned the forest closely. He laughed as he got to his feet. "Curled up like a kid afraid of the dark," he scorned. "Gee, you ought a be ashamed of yourself."

The cottonwood disposed of, he carried it back to the camp, replenishing the fire, and stacked the wood up neatly. He saw, with a sickening sensation he could not overcome, that the wood was far too small in quantity to last him through the remainder of the day and the night to come. His work left him with greatly improved spirits, and he found the heart to grin at the craven picture he presented. He threw his shoulders back, drew himself erect, and slung his rifle across his back. He thought of how he felt when picking his way from tree to tree in the Argonne—"But," and he shook his head, "I knew there were other guys along, too. This being on your own—" yet he obstinately picked up his axe and started down the stream. He stopped as he recalled that he was going where he had seen the doe flee from the unknown peril, and had fled himself.

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The glorious panorama of forest-bound hills.

With his new-found courage he laughed at the thought of running from things he knew nothing about, and started on. He stopped short, started to turn back, and then jeered at himself for a coward. He went hesitantly on.

At the head of the pool was a splendid tree of the very type he desired for fuel. He started vigorously to cut it down with clean, powerful, well-aimed blows. He did not allow himself to become so engrossed with his work that he did not see everything around him. The woods were unusually still. He completed the trimming of the tree without being attracted by any untoward sound or sight. He carried several armfuls of wood to his camp. On the way back from his fourth journey he noticed the tip of his trout rod sticking above a bush. He studied the forest carefully for a few moments, and seeing nothing alarming, he pushed the bushes aside and picked up his rod. It was broken in several places, and not worthy to be retrieved, he decided. The line was intact, so he removed the reel from the split butt, and ran the line out of the guides. He cut off the leader and salvaged the fly.

He turned to go back to the remainder of his wood when a movement in the water at his feet caught his eye. "Trout!" he exclaimed to himself, and leaned over to have a better view. There was assuredly a vague, shadowy shape of long lean motion, a shade darker than the shadowed water. It was a fish moving in the eddy.

Excitedly he reached for the fly book in his pocket and chose a fly at random. His clumsy fingers moved far too slowly to suit his impatient brain. Leader he had none; his rod was useless; but his eager eyes never saw the incongruity of his outfit. He was suddenly faint and nauseated with hunger. His ravenous appetite conjured up the picture of a brown, sizzling trout. His nostrils quivered as in imagination he smelled the delicious odor of frying fish.

Cautiously and carefully he drew the branches of the bush between him and the water aside. He dropped the fly gently on the quiet water. He let it eddy with the current. It slipped on and on. He let the line out without a jerk. It had gone far enough, he judged, and brought it back carefully. The fly skipped from one little wave to another, teazingly. He watched it anxiously as it came nearer. He lifted it from the water. His jaw hardened. There was a frown in his eyes. He swung it a little bit, planning to throw it to the side of a rock whose point caused a little swirl in the silently flowing stream. As he swung it, a darker shadow flashed through the dark pool, a miniature foam-flecked whirlpool ruffled the waters, and the line in his hand tautened.

A quick snap, and he had his hook fast in a mighty rainbow. This was not a contest of skill, he reminded himself grimly: this was a bread-and-butter proposition of a hungry man getting his supper. With that thought, he strained the line all it could stand. The living lightning he was fast to was snubbed up to the top in a broad swirl of frantic waters and foamy wavelets. The graceful fish leaped high from the swirl it had created. For a flashing second it poised like a bar of glittering, iridescent metal against the background of gray waters and dark woods. There was a hollow splash of its body on the surface of the pool. The gamey fish dragged the line spasmodically from the man's hands, heading for the cascading, turbulent rift of water at the end of the pool. Steady was the strain on the painful hook in its lip. Fighting, it turned. A rush, and there was ten feet of slack line trailing listlessly on the surface of the pool as the fish streaked past the man up the creek. Hand over hand the man hauled in the drifting line, soul-sick disappointment in his heart. As the line straightened the man felt a weight on it, and he pulled sharply. A knot of froth answered, and the gleaming rainbow cleared the water in a scintillating bow. Its flapping tail spatted the water heartily as it dropped back, and silver drops were hurled in the air. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]

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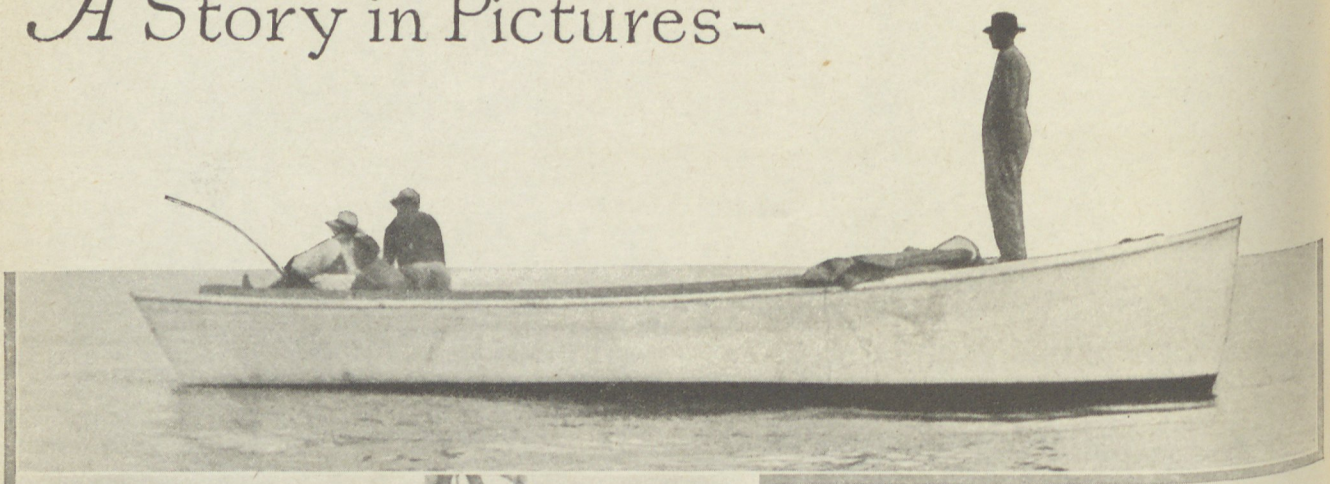
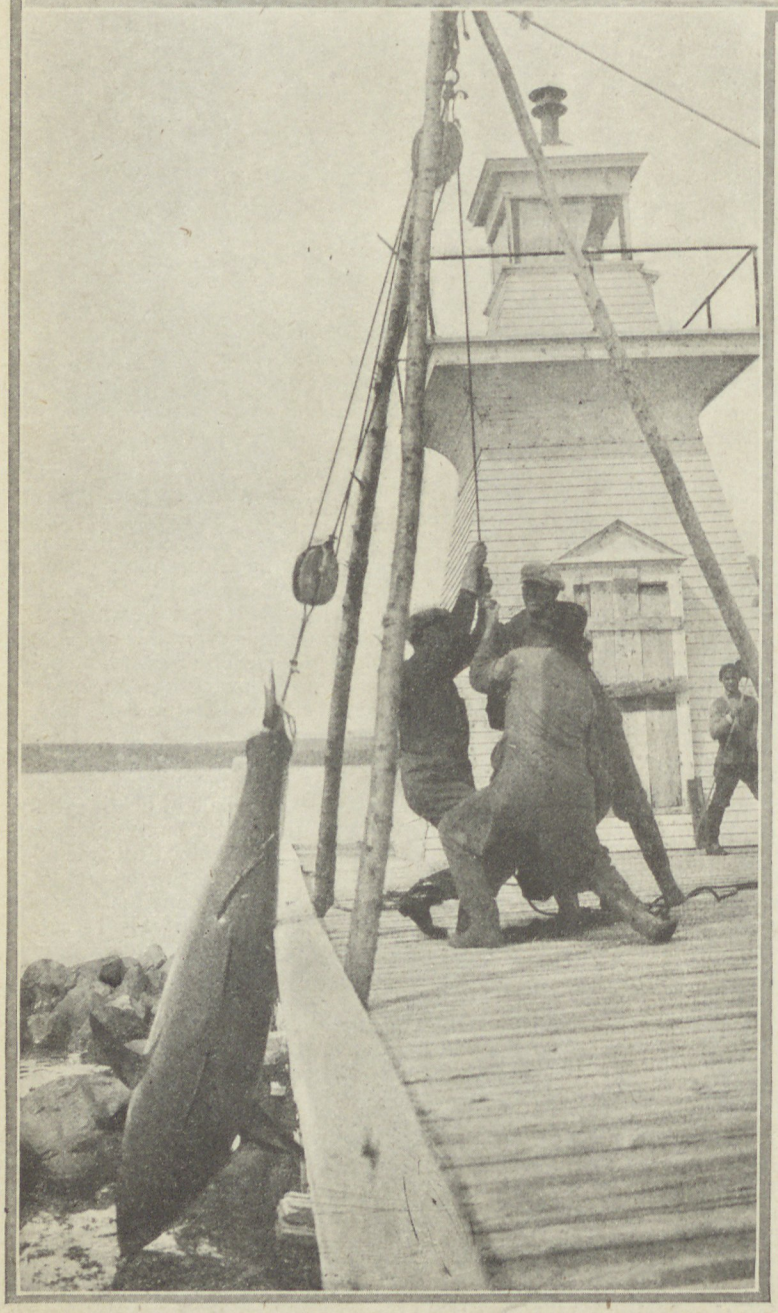
Zane Grey's World Record Tuna

A Story in Pictures—



Six hours and ten minutes of battle.



Hauling tuna up on dock with block and tackle.

HERE is the story, in pictures, of the taking of the largest tuna that ever has fallen to the lot of a fisherman. Zane Grey, undoubtedly America's most persistent salt water angler, turned the trick off the Nova Scotia coast last fall, and here are shown some of the incidents relative to the capture of this monster game fish of the sea.

THE tuna tipped the scales at 758 pounds, thus beating the former world's record of 710 pounds held by Captain Laurie D. Mitchell for a number of years.

THE taking of the big tuna was the culmination of a long and persistent campaign by Mr. Grey and his companions. It entailed the construction of special boats, a thorough study of the Nova Scotia fishing grounds, and other detail of preparation, including trials and disappointments which would have discouraged a lesser angler.

IN spite of age-old tradition that a launch could not be used in these waters, and against the advice of experienced fishermen, Mr. Grey set to work and the result was the building of a special launch, fitted with twin engines operated separately, so that the little craft could be turned around almost instantly.

THE attempt to catch a monster fish was started in a storm and fog, and this weather condition continued for two weeks. Every day found the party out at daybreak in spite of this. It took three weeks to find the place where the tuna were running. A big one was hooked, and after several hours of desperate struggle he got away.

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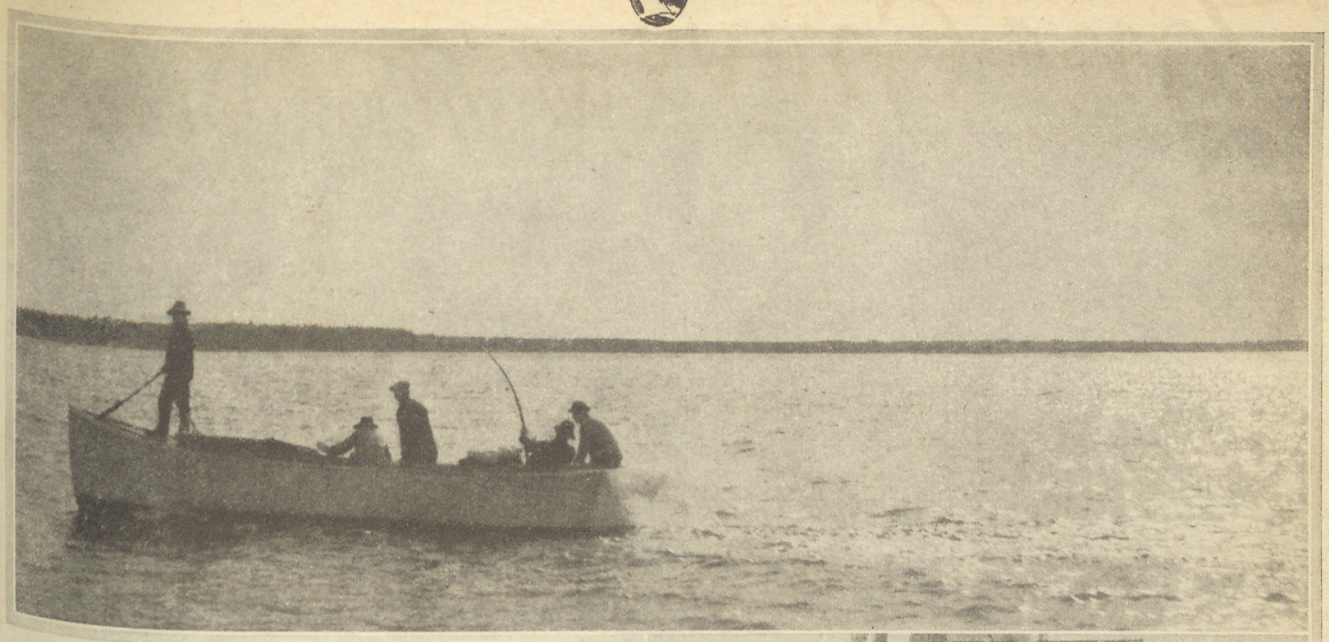

And still the batile continues.

A FEW days later Mr. Grey, after four hours of fight, landed a tuna that tipped the scales at 684 pounds.

THE record tuna, caught later, was landed after six hours and ten minutes of hard tussle. The fish was caught on a Coxe reel, a Murphy hickory rod, and Ashway line.

THE record established by Zane Grey will undoubtedly stand for a long time. It is a fine tribute to a fisherman whose success lies in his refusal to quit, and his dogged perseverance toward an end.

Right: Zane Grey is congratulated by Captain Mitchell, former holder of world record.

Below: Hauling R. C. Grey's tuna up on the beach.

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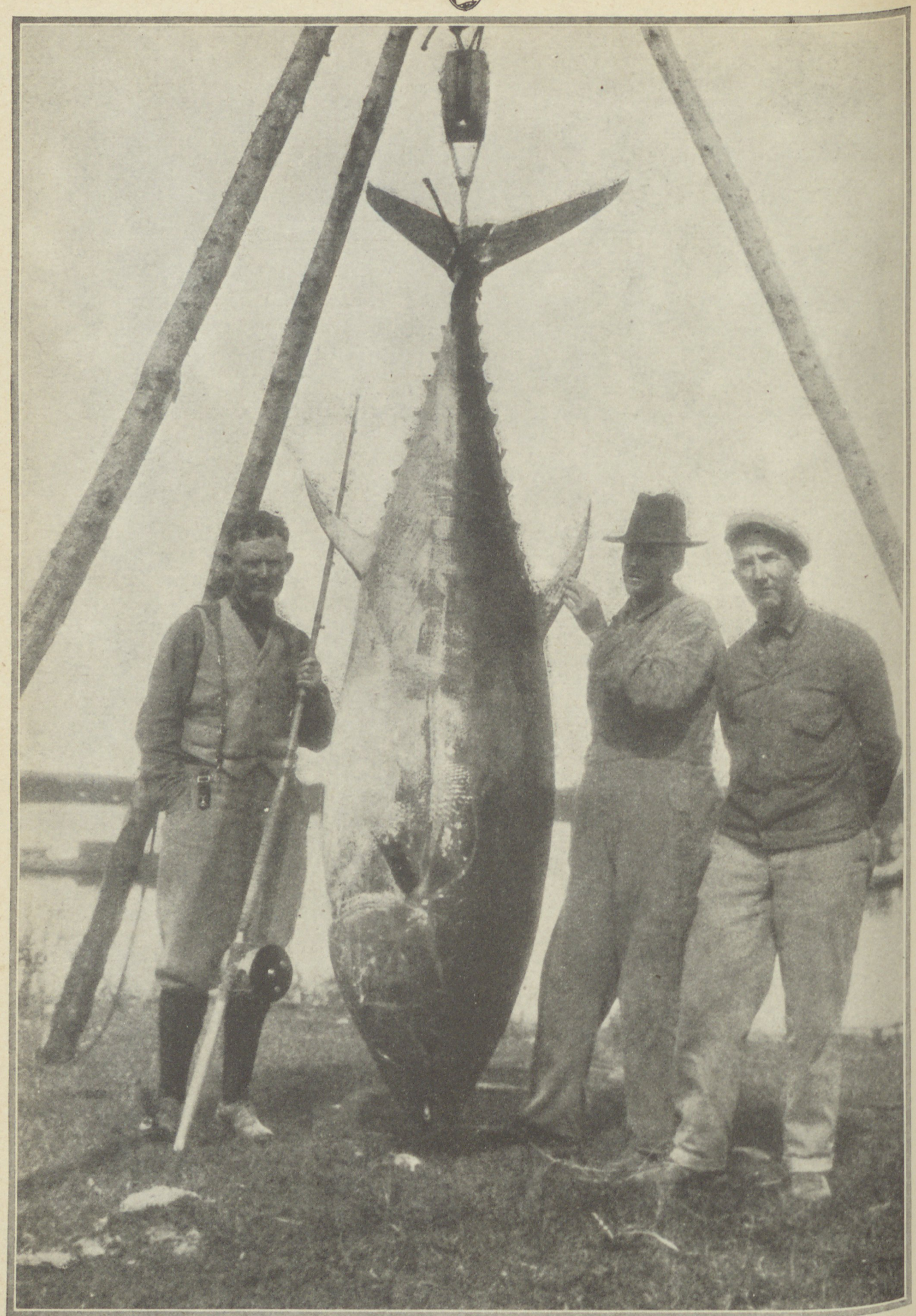

R. C. Grey and boatmen with 638 pound tuna—

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Zane Grey, with his 758 pound tuna—the largest ever caught on rod and reel—

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Stop Interstate Shipment of Black Bass—

By HARRY B. HAWES, M.C.

Every sportsman knows the dire results of allowing the interstate shipment of black bass. This renders powerless the authorities who would prevent the sale of game fish on the market, as the vender may claim the fish were shipped from another state and be within the law. Congressman Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, who introduced the League's Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge Bill in the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, is now sponsoring a League Bill No. 10690, to prevent the interstate shipment of black bass. This will be one of the greatest conservation achievements of history. It should receive the active support of every Waltonian.

THIS bill is intended to aid in the conservation of black bass by assisting the enforcement of state statutes. It is not a violation or usurpation of state authority; it merely supplements state authority by aiding the enforcement of state opinion expressed in legislative enactment.

It will not prevent the transportation of bass caught or carried by individuals for their own use under the limitation made by the state where procured.

It will strengthen the laws of any state wherein the taking of bass commercially is prohibited. In some states, where such law is now on the statute books, its effect is nullified by the fact that black bass are shipped out of the state in barrels, with rough fish at the top and bottom and the bass in between.

A state which, for conservation purposes, denies for a limited period the sale of black bass to its own citizens frequently finds that its state enactments are nullified by bass being taken from the waters of its own state, where its commercial use is prohibited to its own citizens, and transported from that state and sold to the citizens of another state; thus destroying the state conservation program and giving to the citizens of another state the benefit of commercial consumption which is denied its own citizens.

Scientists state that the yearly toll of black bass in this country is so great compared with the yearly hatch that this greatest of American game fishes is certain to become extinct within ten years, unless extraordinary efforts are made to protect it.

The Bureau of Fisheries, and other scientific bodies, declare that black bass would become practically extinct, if not protected while on their spawning beds.

Scientific bodies devoted to the study of fish conservation, such as the American Fisheries Society, are so aroused over the danger of extinction of black bass that they have repeatedly within the past few years sent letters to our various state governments setting forth the absolute need of protecting black bass during the spawning season.

The black bass is different from any other American fish. It must select its own spawning bed, and the male zealously guards the bed until the spawn is hatched, and then protects the baby fish and teaches them how to live.

The bass is undoubtedly the great American game fish and the favorite fish of millions of the rank and file of American anglers. It is found in all American fresh waters, ponds, lakes and streams. It comes from under the firs and birches in the St. Lawrence Basin and in the Everglades under the overhanging moss in Florida and Louisiana.

Its principal and natural home is in the Mississippi River Basin. Agile and strong, inch for inch, and pound for pound, he is the greatest fighting fish that swims. True to his mate, hard to catch, better to eat, the fresh water bass is the typical American fish. Pugnacious and aggressive, they are none the less companionable mates, for both build the nest, the female lays the spawn, the male performs his part, and, as the family grows, the male defends the nest like our frontiersman did his cabin.

In twenty-two days the tiny eggs are hatched. In a few days little minnows swim, guarded by the circling male. For three weeks they live in a little group, moving together. In one year they weigh one pound, and in two years two pounds, and are ready for the table.

It has been demonstrated by scientists that artificial black bass hatcheries cannot be made profitable for our state and national governments, the cost of operation being too great when compared with the output.

Black bass cannot be artificially propagated the same as trout and other fishes, but must be given protection and permitted to reproduce under natural conditions.

The bass is to be found from Manitoba and the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes region, through the entire extent of the Mississippi Basin, and in the waters on both sides of the Alleghanies.

The lakes, rivers and streams where these fish are found are public property, open to the rich and poor alike. Fishing is the least expensive of all sports. It gives the youngest boy his first contact with Nature, his first feeling of mastery.

With good roads and the automobile annihilating distance and time, where formerly one person fished on our streams, rivers and lakes, thousands now line their banks, requiring continual restocking and creating a new and tremendous drain upon the fish supply.

It is difficult to estimate the value of bass caught by tourists, but from information obtained by the Bureau of Fisheries from various States, it appears that 850,000 licenses were issued by them in 1923. The total revenue obtained by the states from these licenses amounted to approximately $10,000,000. Other authorities have estimated that 7,500,000 pounds of fish were taken by tourists.

Where a state finds that it must conserve its black bass and its power to do so is curtailed, federal assistance in enforcing state determination can only be objected to by those persons who try to violate the laws of their own state.

This is not a sportsman's bill. It is for the rich and poor alike. It is to preserve for those that come after us the things we have enjoyed.

As stated by the Solicitor's Department to the Bureau of Fisheries, this act is modeled after the Lacy act, approved May 25, 1900. Its constitutionality is not in dispute.

The Lacy act, amongst other things, prohibited the transportation of birds and animals killed or shipped in violation of the laws of the State, territory or district in which they were killed or from which they were shipped.

Bass Bill Reported Favorably, Telegram States

The following telegram was received Friday, January 9:

Washington D. C. 12 PM Jan. 9, 1925

Will H. Dilg:

Black Bass bill ten six ninety reported favorably this morning. I strongly urge you come here immediately for conference, believe there is opportunity for putting bill through this session of Congress.

Congratulations

Harry B. Hawes, M.C.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

The Dry-fly Cult

By "Corrigeen"

Dry fly fishing on the Bourne.

Bringing him to net.

A CHALK stream tests the dry fly angler's craft to the utmost. Every fish caught is a triumph of art. The water pellucidly clear, demands all the wiles that the fisherman can devise. Not only must he stalk the quarry by wading up stream, but it entails obeisance and humiliation, "stooping to conquer" with a vengeance. Down on your knees, sir, and crawl on all fours, if you would beguile that trout five and twenty yards ahead. He is making the smallest circles in the water, every one of which marks the grave of a blue dun or green olive. There! you have scared him. The last flash of the rod a foot too high did it. You must dry your fly low down across stream, cutting under the wind, and well dried it must be for him to look at. A bedraggled wing he despises. Your tackle, too, must be of the finest. Coarse gut! You might as well try blind cord. Light must be the hand also that wields the rod—an ounce too much pressure on these strong fish and your line returns minus fly and half the gut collar.

Near the bank the big fish lie; the side towards which the wind blows and the stream inclines. That is the direction the natural fly drifts. Trout choose the position advisedly. These rising in the center of the stream are grayling. They are only half and three-quarter pounders and must be content with an inferior pitch until they grow bigger and can hold their own with heavy trout—for the time their masters. Hook one under the bank and he is sure to be a good fish that has fought his way to under bank rights and holds it by virtue of conquest. Don't be deceived by the diminutive circle he makes in rising to the fly. A six ounce trout can give him points in fussiness. He has a small mouth and is dainty in his methods of feeding. A seed dropped into the water will make a bigger break than he. If he makes a big break, the chances are that he has not taken the fly and intended nothing more than indulging a passing curiosity. When he does take, you will know it and have the strength of your tackle severely tested by his boring propensity in the deepest part of the stream to which he betakes himself. Keep your finger off the line and leave the reel free, for he has a way of using the large dorsal fin which stretches half way down his back that leaves many an angler in surprise with an inert rod in his hand.

There are four streams where I am fishing. They form loops of the main river. One is swift, owing to the steep incline over which it has made its course. It is more suggestive of wet fly fishing, for until it rejoins the main river there is nothing but tumbled water. The rules are limited to dry fly only. The fish are rising with a briskness at the drifting fly which shows that quick striking must be the order of the day. The fly must be thrown as close to the trout's nose as possible and lifted the moment it passes over him. There is no mistaking the rise of such a fish in such water. It is an eager snap with a business-like smack about it which shows that only smart trout can make their living there. The angler must be equally expeditious in hooking his quarry.

A stray rainbow trout has seized my hare's ear fly, a lively player at all times, but a perfect fiend in this swift water. His proclivity for down stream movement stands him in good stead in the fight for dear life. It is a well authenticated fact that he will run down stream until he reaches the sea though he may have a dozen miles to travel. Mine seemed bent on carrying me to Southampton, had I been willing to accompany him. The way he shot under the overhanging bushes, regardless of all hints on my part to keep in the middle of the stream, and plunged through trailing weeds though a clear course flowed on either side, was simply appalling and his objections to going into the net when I convinced him that my engagements would not permit me to go to Southampton were ridiculous in the extreme. However, I had my own way in the end and proceeded up stream again in the hopes of encountering more reasonably minded fish. A couple of salmofarie species—no great size—showed themselves more amenable to the rod and another was returned to the water that had not reached the takeable standard.

It was evident that the fish in that stream, though plentiful, ran small. We therefore determined to try our fortune in the main river. There everything was different. The stream moved slowly under the ever hanging banks and the trout sucked down the drifting flies with a quiet precision befitting their ampler proportions. A big rise of a particular species continuing two or three days in succession, often has the effect of glut on the fish. Fly after fly passes by untouched. Here and there, there is a break in the water and it is natural to conclude that the trout are taking the fly that is most in evidence, but when the artificial facsimile is proffered, it sails by unnoticed. This is a stage where the vagaries of the trout need studying. Close observation leads to discoveries. It is noticed that only one fly out of half a dozen that drift past is patronized. Further investigation proves this to be another species. If they are olive duns

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

As I Found the Elk In Jackson Hole

by Donald Hough

Donald Hough is now in the Jackson Hole getting first-hand information on conditions as they are today. In this article he has given us a summary of what he has found and what should be done to establish permanent relief for the elk. No one can read this story without realizing the tragic necessity of immediate action on the part of every lover of the out of doors in America.

THE story of the elk is the story of misery. It is the story of a tragic effort to live. It is the story of our American wild life, exemplified by one pitiable example. In a way, it is the story of our outdoors.

Those who have followed the trail of the Juggernaut that is crushing to death the already emaciated carcass of outdoor America, can perhaps visualize what is happening as it pounds at the gates of the last real stronghold of big game, the last bit of Western wilderness that is left for it to conquer.

It is the elk that tell the tale.

It is the elk that you meet, in life and in death, in story and in official record, when you go into those beautiful hills, flanked by the mighty Tetons, in the wilderness of northern Wyoming—when you enter Jackson's Hole.

If you would know the elk, and understand them, first you must know and understand Jackson's Hole. It is a place apart, away from the rest of the world. It is the valley of the Snake river, hemmed in by Yellowstone Park on the north, the Gros Ventre range and the continental divide on the east, the Hoback mountains on the south, and the Tetons on the west. The territory between these ranges is largely a mountainous, hilly country, indescribably beautiful. It grips you with the strong, old-fashioned handshake of the friendly West.

Along toward the southwest corner of this region the Snake river snakes out through a canyon in the mountains and eventually reaches the Pacific ocean—although what happens to it after it leaves is of little moment. Just before it plunges into the outside world, however, it flows through a flat, grassy country, surrounded by hills and buttes, and this is the original Jackson's Hole.

In order to get to the little town of Jackson from the nearest railroad, you must ride all day long with Uncle Sam's mail, by bob sled or stage, over a pass in the Teton range. This pass, once a lane of travel for vast herds, will perhaps even now introduce you to the elk. If you make the trip early in the winter, as I did, you will probably meet a six-horse bob coming up out of the valley. It is loaded with large new wooden crates. Each one contains the head of a great bull elk.

As you descend the trail into the famous Hole, slipping down into a panorama as great as anything in America, you find that the elk have eclipsed politics, the weather, and ordinary business, as a topic for conversation.

I made the last lap of my journey into Jackson on top of an old yellow stage, pulled by four horses and driven by one Clay Seaton, whose stentorian conversation with his beasts seemed to fill the whole valley, and to be echoed by the high Tetons, a glorious gold in the last rays of the sun; and to be re-echoed by the Gros Ventre range, which cuts a jagged sky-line back of the town. On the seat with us was Bob Crisp, cowboy extraordinary, who had just returned from New York, whence he had gone to take a smattering of the West—broncho riding—to the cosmopolitan crowd of our largest city.

We rolled into Jackson after dark. I found myself, not in the blinking glare of a new town, but in the mellow, home-like darkness of a place where men wear tall, wide brimmed hats and riding chaps that are made for business. And where the warm lights from the stores and the houses stream out into the night, throwing into silhouette, perhaps, the form of a saddle horse tied to a railing in front of the post-office.

Here, too, is the headquarters of the Teton National Forest, which takes in the vast forested hills around Jackson; and when I sat down in the hotel to a supper big enough for an army and good enough for Caesar, here were forest rangers, with their bronze insignia, and drivers of the mail stages that bring news of the outside to the four corners of the valley; and here was a game warden looking like Bill Hart in all his glory; and here were trappers, and guides, and woodsmen of all descriptions.

They spoke, of course, of the elk.

Yes, the elk would be down now, on the government refuge. About a thousand—perhaps two thousand. That early October snow: it had done the business! It had driven the elk out of the mountains and into the lower hills, and the hunters had driven them the rest of the way. Lots of cripples this year. Hunters had unlimbered into herds with fast shooting rifles.

Yes, things had sort of settled down for the winter. The elk had come. They would be all right for a while. But the wearing down process would start as soon as real cold weather came. Then the spring months would tell the story. Remember that awful winter of 1920 when you could walk two miles on the bodies of dead elk?

And there were times when the elk, their despair stronger than their timidity, would virtually storm the town. Times when the backyards of the people were full of elk. They kept folks awake at night. The calves always died first. Poor little fellows—

"It's the calves that get me," said one, whose wind whipped face spoke of years of weather. "When they start squealing out there it gets my darned goat. Yeah—it wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for them calves."

* * *

The Jackson Hole.

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When I awoke the next day, it was snowing. The big flakes were falling straight down: smoothing off the tracks of the sleighs, covering the bald places on the hills. Men put on overshoes and exchanged gloves for mittens. I stood at the window and looked out—and for the first time during my trip I looked at an American town.

In front of the post-office was a row of saddle horses, standing with drooping heads as the snow sifted into their manes and tails. Through the snowstorm came a man in brilliant orange-colored chaps. Down the street a horse came, at a fast run, carrying a schoolgirl in the saddle and little brother immediately behind the saddle.

I saw a trapper leaving for the Hoback valley to kill coyotes. I saw two forest rangers on horseback, coming in from the hills.

I went out into the street and walked out of the town, toward the government refuge and feeding ground for the elk. I walked with my head down, to keep the big flakes from my face and neck. I turned with the road, and was following it along the foot of a range of hills, when it occurred to me that I must be near the refuge. So I stopped, and looked around.

On my right were the hills; on my left was a low expanse of field and meadow, fenced in, and extending to a big butte, occasional glimpses of which I could catch through the falling snow.

Out on the meadow I saw a long black line.

Parts of the line moved. It was a herd of elk. Some were lying down, others were stirring around aimlessly.

The elk were out on the government refuge. They had come down for the winter: come down to wait for the spring, and what it might hold for them.

I turned, intending to continue my walk, but for some reason I looked up on the hillside at my right. I saw a number of elk there, standing dead still, looking at me. I stood still, too, and looked at them. From time to time they continued their slow journey, with heads to the ground as they grazed on what they could find, toward the meadows.

As I stood looking at them I heard a peculiar cry, coming from far up on the hills, where the snow blotted out the trees and the rocks. I heard the sound again, this time coming from the long black line out on the meadows, so I knew it had something to do with elk.

I kept looking into the grey void where the falling snow obscured the hilltops, and soon I saw a dark object emerge from the snowstorm, far up there on the hill. Another followed, and I saw a large herd of elk coming down out of the obscurity of the mountains. They were coming into the valley.

A few days later I was to stand on the top of a butte that overlooks the valley, and see some five thousand elk congregated there; and through glasses, I was to see three other herds slowly moving out of the hills. And as I saw those great animals coming down, I knew they were walking into the Valley of the Shadow; and I knew that the trail that takes them there is the only one the elk can follow under present conditions. And they must follow it, in some measure, to the end, unless we quickly decide that the knocking of the Juggernaut at the doors of the Tetons must go unanswered.

* * *

The next day the thermometer went to forty-five below. I had planned to go back into the Gros Ventre valley with Jimmy Simpson, a guide of national reputation and acknowledged to be the best "game" man in the country.

But when he went out to feed the saddle horses he froze one ear and a cheek, and we called it off for another week. (Just between you and me, I was darned glad of it.)

The next morning the thermometer went wild. The government one ducked under the covers at fifty-two below zero, having reached the end of its rope, and the others around town ranged from fifty-four to sixty-two. The cold remained, and I sat around red hot stoves for a few days and learned a good deal of the story of the elk.

The elk spend the summer in the highlands. They roam the hills, and feed in the little grassy meadows. They live well in the summer, in the verdant hills of the upper country, across which the Teton peaks cast their shadows in the late afternoon. On their east is the continental divide, and the upper reaches of their range merge into Yellowstone Park. There are no roads there, it is a game preserve; and although their movement into these hills in the spring is the slow, tortuous journey of weakness and death, it is the summer time that is good to the elk. Soon comes the snow of fall, and it covers the vegetation, and the wind drifts it into the passes. The elk begin their movement into the lower altitudes. The increasing snow forces them lower. Hunters do their part. The elk enter the Valley.

The troubles of these bewildered, struggling animals begin. Let me, for a moment, revert from the general to the specific, and tell you how it all happened this fall. It is said that the year was unusual, but I find so many accounts of similar "unusual" years in reports of government men here, that I feel they are quite frequent.

A heavy snow came in October. It stormed mightily up in the high hills, and the snow was deep. A rain that followed crusted the snow and precluded the barest kind of grazing. The elk came down, not straggling, but in herds.

The hunting season was on. The elk met the hunters in the foothills. There were two results: a great many elk were killed or wounded, and the rest were either chased back into the heights or, far worse, were sent galloping into the hay meadows of the government refuge when they should have spent another month grazing in the lighter snow of the hillsides.

"Yeah—it wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for them calves."

But let's get to Al Austin.

Al Austin spends his life in the wilderness. He loves wild animals. This fall he was out on the Teton game preserve, patrolling the hills of the summer range; he was following the game, and watching it—he was looking for tooth hunters. The heavy snow came on Oct. 16. Austin followed the elk down out of the high hills. They went down in droves. But stragglers began to come back, past Austin. Some of them were wounded. Austin killed three cows and a bull to put them out of their misery.

As Austin approached the lower hills, he heard guns. He veered to the right, and climbed high, so he could see. He saw one herd of about 2500 elk coming down from the hills, moving before the storm, toward the lowlands. He saw a second herd of four hundred elk.

He could see the Buffalo river, a tributary of the Snake which runs east and west and marks the southern boundary of the Teton game preserve. An automobile road runs along this river. There were cars on the road. They were the cars of men who had come after their meat.

The elk approached the Buffalo river and when they reached it the onslaught was terrific. Many were driven back. Others forced their way through and entered the meadowlands, or followed the sides of the hills to the winter bottoms.

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

The same thing happened in other parts. Hunters came from the mining towns two hundred miles south and poured into the Gros Ventre valley. An army estimated at from six to eight hundred advanced on the elk there. Men fired clip after clip of cartridges into herds of elk. One man returned to Jackson with all his ammunition gone and not one elk to show. The total kill was estimated at from 1500 to 2000, which of course did not take cripples into account. And today, the day when I am writing this, I went out into the government refuge and of a dozen elk that were making an intrepid attack on a fenced haystack, two were crippled cows.

Slaughter? Perhaps. But it is hard to call it that when it is a certainty that there is not enough feed to winter all of the elk, and that starved elk do nobody any good, while those that are killed provide food. That is what the elk in Jackson Hole are killed for—food. For $2.50, the price of a license, you can get enough meat to last all winter. I am not trying to deplore the killing of the elk in this manner—under present conditions. But I started out to tell the story of the elk, and I must tell it all.

So the elk come into the haylands. Some come in slowly, grazing along the sidehills as they come. Others have been forced in by hunters, and they are on the winter feed which they should not touch until in January. They settle down, like that black line I saw through the snowstorm, to wait out the winter. You know the story of those winters. You don't know all of it, and neither do I. But what I have learned would twice fill this magazine. When you hear the stories, you wish the hunters had killed more of them.

The suffering is always terrible. There never is an exception to that. The mortality is sometimes light; often it is very heavy. You would hear stories that almost pass belief. You would hear of how, with their last strength, elk jump fences in search of food, and die where they fall. Yes, you would hear bad things—things that do not belong to history yet, for they are potentially in the present. They may happen any day.

The winter of 1920 was a disastrous one. Because the history of that winter so closely paralleled this one as far as this one has gone, I have been especially interested in it. I have before me the report of the government refuge warden for that year. The winter started out just as this one has. The feeding of hay began early. The cold was terrific. Stockmen had to drive their herds out of the Hole, into Idaho, until spring. The hay was gone. The state and the government both tried to purchase more hay for the elk. But there was no hay. Finally the state shipped in twenty tons of cottonseed oil cake. It was hauled over Teton pass and fed to the elk. It was in 1920, I was told by several men here, that you could walk across the lower end of Jackson Hole on the bodies of starved elk. The warden reported that, so far as he could find out, the loss by starvation mounted into the thousands.

* * *

But spring comes at last. The terrible winter, let us suppose, is over. Many of the elk are dead, and the balance are weak. The snow begins to melt in the meadows, and the first blades of green grass appear. The troubles of the elk, it might seem, are over for the summer. But that is not true. It is especially pitiful that it is not.

The elk start to move out of the refuge. They are at their lowest ebb. Their vitality is a dim spark in a frail body. Many elk die in the spring because they are too weak to stand the purging of the green grass. Others die because they overeat. When an elk once reaches a certain stage, food is fatal. It is possible to watch a band of elk walking slowly along, or lying down in the snow, and to know that they are doomed. Food no longer will help them.

The efforts of the weakened elk as they leave the refuge is to keep on their feet. An elk once down is a dead elk. As they leave the valley, intending to slowly follow the receding snow up the hills, they must, under present conditions, pass across ranches. They trample on hard-won crops, and the ranchers chase them off. This is often fatal. Any disturbance of the elk is fatal at this stage.

Eventually, however, the remnants of the herds get into the hills. At last, you think, these weak and suffering creatures are free for another summer. But they are not. For some barbaric reason the two "eye teeth" of the elk, especially the bull elk, are valuable to civilized men. They bring from five to twenty-five dollars. The wholesale, openly practiced killing of elk for their teeth has stopped. But tusk hunting is not a thing of the past. How can it become a thing of the past so long as letters continue to pour into the elk country asking for teeth at good prices?

Yesterday when I called for my mail at the Jackson postoffice I found a letter there addressed to Will H. Dilg, president of the Izaak Walton League. I took the liberty to open and read it. The first paragraph was introductory. Here is the second and last paragraph, published with Mr. Dilg's permission:

"Is there or is there not a chance to get one of the teeth from one of the starving elks? I would be glad to hear from you and send me a nice tooth if possible and I will pay the regular price and expense. Thanking you, I am yours very truly—"

The letter was signed by a member of a large business house in California. Is there any police force on earth which would undertake to stamp out tusk hunting in a wilderness when the loot is easily obtained, the market urgent, the return big and the chance of detection almost nil?

And recently the tusk hunters have found a new way to operate. They have discovered that by pouncing on these weakened elk in the spring and driving them into deep snow drifts they can easily overcome them and, sometimes knocking the animal senseless, but usually, I understand, not even bothering to do that, wrench the teeth from the still living animal and leave it bleeding in the snow, to recover or die.

I have talked to men who have seen this done. I have talked to men in whose word I have the utmost confidence who have found the suffering animals afterward. And there are more toothless elk being killed here every year.

After this is over, the elk is free for

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Elk drifting down to the refuge.

the summer. But how he has earned it! When I picture the annual cycle of the elk, I wonder that they have the spirit to try to live.

A dramatic episode occurred a few years ago which is significant of this last stand of the elk. Jackson's Hole is not the natural winter feeding ground of the elk. It is only the fall range. When the elk was a great animal, mighty in numbers and king of the ranges, he wintered out on the Red desert, south of the Hole; and in the Teton valley, to the west. For weeks at a time vast herds moved through the canyons and over the passes to the wind swept ranges and the lowlands of these regions. A few years ago a strange thing happened. I heard of it first at Kemmerer. I was told of a large herd of elk that had come down out of Jackson Hole, sweeping across ranches, crossing the railroad, in their southward journey. I was told that I could see, if I wanted to, pieces of fence wire far from any ranch, that had been strewn over the hills. Some of this brave band turned back. Many were killed. The remnant continued on into Colorado.

I thought little of the story at the time, but when I got to Jackson, Al Austin told me of having seen, a few winters back, a herd of some 5,000 elk moving down the Hoback canyon. He followed them for three days. They disappeared to the south.

This may have been the same herd. It is quite probable that a band of elk, by a desperate move, had tried to return to the days when the ranges were open and the feed plentiful.

The people of Jackson Hole are sorry for the elk. You might imagine that after having seen the elk in this condition for a number of years, the old timers would have become accustomed to it. But they have not. There have been times in the past when, in self-defense, the ranchers have had to deal summarily with the elk. But we hear little of the fine things the ranchers have done at times. If we all had given as much, proportionately, as the ranchers have, there would no longer be an elk problem. Three men have told me of the reactions of the people here to the elk, and all used almost exactly the same words. They said: "When new people come in, they hate the elk for the damage they do to their ranches. Sometimes they shoot them. But after they have seen the elk go through a winter or two, they can't do enough for them."

I suppose Jackson is the only town in America which hasn't a railroad, that doesn't want one. I asked several persons if they didn't think it would be nice to have a railroad into Jackson, and I almost lost them as friends on the spot. The people of Jackson are fond of their big hills and of the wild life that is in them. There are undoubtedly more real conservationists for every ten inhabitants in Jackson than there are for every million in the East.

I wish you could sit in the store of J. R. Jones and hear what Mr. Jones has to say. He has dreamed big dreams of Jackson's Hole set aside as a great recreation area. But you will perhaps hear from Mr. Jones later.

* * *

We have seen the elk through one of their years. We cannot help but think of them now, with the thermometer low and the snow deep, as they stand out there in the meadows, waiting for spring. What to do for the elk? Certainly they must be saved to America, and certainly only hay will do it. The problem is to get the elk through the winters. More areas in the Teton National Forest restricted to cattle grazing will help, but this is relatively unimportant. Supervisor McCain, of the Teton Forest, is in sympathy with wild life preservation, and the most important late fall ranges of the elk are now restricted to cattle. But since the snows cover up the forest ranges before they can be utilized to any degree by the elk, and the elk are precipitated into the meadows, it is these hay lands that count.

The Izaak Walton League of America has options on the most important hay lands in Jackson's Hole. These lands, since they are the key to the winter feeding situation, are the key to the immediate preservation of the elk. With this additional hay diverted to the elk, the ranches and fences cleared out of the way, and with the meadow range that is included in these lands providing forage for the elk in the early winter, the problem will be largely solved. The acreage is small, but it is of tremendous importance. Every person, every agency, every government department concerned in the welfare of the elk has recommended that these lands be diverted to the elk.

The Walton League has placed its finger on the one button which, when pressed, will bring a flood of life to the elk.

It is especially important in that it will affect the other things that are destroying this great animal. The casual slaughter of elk for food—that sort of "hunting" practiced by the caravans of automobile hunters who pour into this country from more populous sections and get a winter's supply of meat for $2.50—has been largely countenanced because of the mortality among the elk through starvation.

Here are three things which must be done to solve the elk problem. I do not pretend to have become an elk expert in two weeks. These deductions are the result of exhaustive interviewing of a number of men, coupled with what I have been otherwise able to see and understand.

First. The immediate purchase of the lands optioned by the Izaak Walton League, with the ultimate purchase of all ranch lands in the eastern section of the Snake river valley.

Second. The setting aside as game refuges those areas used by the elk for their seasonal migrations to the lowlands. With ample provisions for wintering the elk, there will be no further

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excuse for slaughtering elk for meat. Hunting is supposed to be a sport, not a chore. It is estimated that out of twenty animals killed, nineteen are cows. In addition to these refuges, there should be a commission of men who understand elk, or a state game warden, or somebody, with the power plus the gumption to summarily stop shooting either entirely or in districts, in accordance with accentuated variations of the weather such as occurred this fall.

Third. The demand for elk's teeth must stop. Little can be accomplished by trying to stop tusk hunting so long as the prices hold and the market keeps up. So long as we fail to stop a proportionately larger degree of crime in our cities, with better facilities for doing it, we cannot hope for the millenium here.

* * *

I have written the story of the elk, as I see it. It is only a smattering of a story. It is an outline.

For that matter, the plight of the elk is only a part of the story of Jackson's Hole. It is significant of a larger situation.

The Hole is the last stand of big game in the West. I am of the opinion that it is also the last stand of a wonderful phase of American history, of American life. Most of the men who motor into the Gros Ventre to get their winter's supply of meat come from the towns along the railroad 200 miles south of Jackson. They are coal mining towns. They are a conglomerate. They are on the site of the old Oregon trail—a dozen languages jabbering where the covered wagons stopped to camp. They come up to Jackson's Hole and get their meat—Japanese, Italians, Slavs, Finns, Austrians, and a score of others. They are Americans now, and are entitled to all America has to offer—I am simply trying to show what I mean when I say that Jackson's Hole represents the last stand of the old West.

Jackson's Hole is going. It is going fast. Surveyors were along the Snake river last summer. People who consider lakes only in terms of so many gallons of water and rivers in terms of so many horsepower, are casting greedy eyes at the lakes—

Railroads are licking their chops at the sight of tie wood and timber in the Snake valley. The Snake river, as it leaves the Hole through the cut in the mountains, can be made to carry a lot of Jackson's Hole with it.

The sheep are coming. For years "For game and cattle" was the motto of the people here. But the sheep are coming in. Many ranchers are turning to sheep. Sheep and elk will never mix. Sheep ranchers and elk will never mix. More problems will arise when these "range maggots" as the cattlemen call them, which not only eat, but destroy, the grasses, spread over the Hole. And when such problems arise, the result is preordained.

Yes, Jackson's Hole is going. The nibblers are nibbling. The vultures are hovering. The Juggernaut is coming. It is coming to crush out the last stand. This is no trifling situation, this threatened death of Jackson's Hole. And the pity of it is that it is not necessary. It is an economic mistake. It is hard to imagine a more unsatisfactory cattle country. The stockmen just barely make the grade. There are millions of acres of better lands going to waste in other places—places which have no other significance. Jackson's Hole is not being exchanged for riches. It is being exchanged for a miserable mess of pottage.

* * *

I guess that's about all of my story. I do not know, nor does anybody else, just what this winter will bring forth. That it is one of the most severe winters ever experienced here is a fact up to this date, and that it will be a long and bitter one nobody here doubts.

The elk herd is going to dwindle again. *Immediate purchases of Walton League optioned land will provide more hay for the elk this winter* because the plans of the ranch owners will be changed, they can let the state and the Biological Survey have more hay, and the elk will have the early spring grasses of these ranches, and can move undisturbed over them at the time of their great weakness.

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536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Brother Waltonian:

No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could realize conditions in Jackson Hole and not see red! These elk must be saved. Visions of the noble animal—one of the last survivors of our great American wilderness starving in a land of plenty, haunt me.

GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY AND BUY THESE LANDS!

Here's my contribution for $.....

Name.....

City..... *State*.....

Remember—pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars are just as acceptable as dollars and checks.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

"Doggone your ornery hide!" says Stewart Edward White. "If you fail to come through don't call what you see in that mirror of yours a finished sportsman. It isn't. It's merely a possibly well-meaning individual who does not know enough to welcome a chance to prove himself what he thinks he is."

You Can Help the Starving Elk of Jackson Hole

GET YOUR FRIENDS TO PUT THEIR NAMES DOWN HERE AND THUS HELP THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE TO RAISE THE $100,000 NECESSARY TO BUY THE JACKSON HOLE HAYLANDS.

FILL UP THIS PAGE WITH THE SIGNATURES OF TWENTY LOVERS OF WILD LIFE AND IF EACH GIVES TWENTY-FIVE CENTS YOU WILL RAISE $5 AND THIS WILL BE A GOD-SEND TO THE JACKSON HOLE ELK HERD.

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Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

And David Learns Also

by El Comancho

Illustrated by C. Otis Wilson

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so; drop me a line also and tell me why you don't if you have a kick coming; I like to please you if I know what you want. —El Comancho

JUNE drifted into July, August came and passed on and September took possession of the calendar. David had imparted much information while we fished and wandered along the Little River.

Somehow it always seemed to be a friendly little stream, companionable and intimate, if one can call it that.

Every day there was something new it was ready to give to those who loved it.

Its waters harbored such channel-catfish as never were, anywhere in the big world, before; fish of sorts, brother, slim, torpedo shaped, with wide, deep-cleft tail for propelling power, slick, cleanly blue—or golden bronze—and dotted with small black spots which are as fine as those that grace the sides of his high-dwelling cousin, the trout.

Since those days with David I have fished a thousand places and have followed my rod's cast from the earth's belt line to high latitudes, and along many mountain rivers that the proud salmon and the valiant trout may justly call their own. In all the waters of the land I have come to issues with the fishes of the sea and those of the lakes and streams.

Many a battle have I fought where white waters roar down from the rock ribbed hills—battles, mind you, with a dainty four to six ounce rod equipped with cobwebby wisp of line which carried my fly to waiting Rainbow or Steelhead who'd measure from my belt to the ground and pull the scales to 16-18-19 pounds when landed.

Oh, man, that was a fightin' man's war! Many a one!

And the same with Bass, Muskie, Salmon, the sea-fighters too— I know the mettle of them all and many a time I've taken my hat off to some of them—beaten fairly and fully at a gentleman's game where skill must needs win if winning's made.

And yet, brother, when I sum it all, and reck back, it seems to me that those blue-blooded, spotted, fighting channel-cats of David's Little River were beyond compare; it seems that none came within the same catalog of things a fish may do—that none of all I've known since had the life, the fighting instinct, the eagerness, the tricks of the game, nor fought so well, nor long, nor died so cleanly as those channel-cats which lived and died unheralded and unsung in this friendly little stream.

And that is saying much.

Day upon day, throughout the summer, we drifted along the Little River, fished its boiling rapids, companioned with it under the skies, and loved it as our own, and always David had something more of the life that flourished there to show me after I had overlooked it—tho in plain sight.

One day we landed on a flat beach of limestone, cleanswept and left bare by spring floods; here David picked up a piece of broken rock and in it were two fossil clam shells, duplicating, in stone, each and every feature of the bi-valve which had died so long ago that its years made a long row of ciphers behind one lone figure.

With this in hand David dreamed back into the time of the Farback Fathers, those Oldlings who had lived when time itself was young, and these shells were housing living organisms.

With his gift of logic, David reasoned it out and betimes he spoke to me thus: "This is a mighty old world."

"Why," said I, "do you think of it so?"

"Here," handing the stone to me, "is proof of it; these are two fossils; once they were living clams the same as the ones here in the river are today.

"These fossils are in limestone and limestone is made in deep, still water, because it is fine grained and perfectly level, which means that it originally settled down through deep water that was not changed, or disturbed, for years and years; the thicker the limestone the longer it took to form.

"There is a lot of it that I don't know, yet, but somebody knows, and some day I'm going to find out all about it."

"No, Son, not all," I answered, "for that is something no man will ever know."

"I think you are wrong; some day man will know all there is to understand, but first he must learn how to think.

"Do you know, most people I have ever talked to about such things don't know very much because they don't know how to think. They can't tell me a great deal that I don't already know.

"If you don't ask why, or how, or when, about everything, you won't know so very much—ever; and if you do, why then, pretty soon, you get to understand that there is a reason why for everything, no matter what it is, and all you have to do is to find the reason."

"Right!" said I, "but David, those questions are as old as men and it is only the little things we know, the rest is all mystery."

"Yes, but some day it won't be—when man learns how to think."

And so he dreamed his dreams, as many a wise man has dreamed them before he was born, but he did not quit when he found what colossal mystery lay on before him—it only made him want to know more than ever.

Good books were few within the reach of David in those days but such as were to be had he read and thought deeply on.

Sometimes he pointed out errors in these, made by older, but not wiser, heads, and he stated his case each time in clear, logical language that somehow always carried with it a certain finality—a sense of finishment, which made the listener know that David was right, that he dealt with fact as he found it, no matter what it was about.

While little June's foot was swiftly mending she had learned to watch for David, and to hail him when he passed, her childish heart loving him in that whole souled way that only childhood knows.

If he did not pass for several days she sought him out, nor was satisfied without seeing him very often.

At first David was indulgent and laughed at the little girls—for where June went, there also, like a shadow, came her twin, Jule, and both adored David, even though he made it a point to avoid all girls and women if he could. "There's plenty of time for girls and women later on," he said, and kept to his wilderness.

June and Jule found out that Walnut Bend was a strategic point, from which one could keep the Little River under one's eye, while they played at doll-house building in the yellow sand, with girl company of their own age, and so it came to pass that

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the grove of walnut trees in the bend, just above the island, was summer playground for a band of small females of the species that summer, and until frost came to sprinkle the sand with yellow globes which dropped from the big walnut trees and turned black there on the ground.

Inside each globe, a luscious black walnut harbored, to be gathered, "shucked" and made ready for winter use by David, who knew when they fell, and gathered them betimes, only to transport them to his island camp and store them there until he had amassed enough to fill a wagon box and these he transported in sacks, a boatload at a time, up stream to the ford road, below the dam, and thence home by team.

When the first frosts came, the channel-cats retired to deep water and quit biting until next spring but the "Walleyed-pike" (Pike-perch) became active and began to make up for lost time.

David knew just when this happened and he changed his tackle and his fishing habits to meet the situation.

Again we fished, but this time the deep, swift turmoil below the dam, where falling water washed deep holes in the limestone bottom and set the eddies bubbling with air carried down by the falling flood which poured over the dam.

Here, round about, in twisting currents, we fished with weighted lines, baited with the last small frogs, or minnows, of the season and many a "walleye" we brought up, to fight us with the rush of his six to ten pound weight. And that too, was a sport of sorts!

The Teal Ducks came, whisking in over the willow tops from the north with the first of the falling leaves, and the snipes followed.

Thereafter each day and night brought transient bird life, ahead of cold north winds, to tarry beside the Little River and lure David and me afield with guns, intent on garnering our share of passing game.

Each day, from the vault of the sky, came the trumpet call of Swans, the gabble of Brant, the gossiping of Wild Geese, the far away, croaking call of passing Cranes, the chatter of Wild Ducks of a dozen kinds, all southing ahead of the breath of Es-to-ne-pesta, the Maker-of-Gold and Keeper-of-Winter.

At night, across the cold stars, a swift-moving bulk hurtled down our latitude and we heard the crazy laughter of the vagrant Loon, diminishing, leaving, betimes, only a half-heard, floating echo, unreal, eerie and strangely wild.

Then grim tragedy came. Ben Drum and his younger brother, known to all as "Bros." (pronounced "Bruzz"), went up the river on a hunting trip, using a boat to take them upstream.

A mile or so above the dam they saw some ducks in a bend and started to make a landing, to stalk them.

Little Bros. jumped ashore with the boat's painter, tied up to a tree, and then reached back for his gun, an old fashioned muzzle loading affair, which he had left in the boat when he jumped ashore.

This gun he pulled toward himself, muzzle first, and the thing happened.

The hammers caught on the boat's side, slipped off, and—little Bros. fell dead with a ragged hole blown through his little boy's body!

Ben saw it and went nearly crazy for, with all Ben's faults, he worshipped his little brother.

Bros. was killed, but the tragedy was not all loss; Ben changed that day and was no longer the bully he'd been before.

He became quiet—almost taciturn, and he bullied no one ever again; those who had hated him before became his friends, and David was among the first to extend his sympathy and the hand of fellowship. So the two forgot the past and became real friends in the end, for Ben was, after all, like the most of us, deep down inside, and the good in him came to the surface when little Bros. died.

Be it recorded here therefore, that Ben became in time as good a citizen as most of us. The tragic death of Bros. broke up the "Livery stable gang" also and they became, in time, dependable citizens like the rest as they took on responsibilities beyond the swimming hole age, which proves the old theory that "the world do move."

That winter the wanderlust called; I pointed westward, up a long trail that wove in and out, up, and down, and back, like the track of a traveling otter and, like the otter's trail also, it came, in time, back to the starting point, but it took four full years to accomplish that.

Meanwhile David too had slipped his moorings, and drifted southward with the Little River until he had reached the yellow Missouri, and this he had followed to the Mississippi, and on to the sawgrass delta, down at the edge of the Gulf, and every mile of leisurely progress had taught him something new about his beloved wilderness.

A little while he had tarried in the cypress lands; the Bayou Tesh, Bayou La Fourche, and others, he had visited, in the langorous land of Evangeline, where the sombre Spanish moss drapes funerial Live Oaks, and sugar cane grows rank in the fetid delta soil.

The twins appeared and snuggled into the little craft.

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He had learned, first hand, of Alligators, Wild Hogs, floating Buzzards and the ways of myriad Snakes, from the giant Timber Rattler and silent dangerous Cotton mouth to that small, deadly thing that sprawls, sometimes, across a sandy trail, for all the world like a string of gaudy red and black beads, dropped by passing black wench, for you to find and—perhaps—pick up, only to learn, too late, the swift death that lurks in the fangs of this small but dangerous reptile, the Coral Snake.

But that was below the horizon now, for David was back and again haunting his beloved Little River, so we resumed living there as the four years time had not laid weight on the shoulders of either of us, even though it had brought David to the edge of new responsibilities and shown him the door which opens on the long, long Road of Men, adown which we all are fellow travelers to the Gates of Mystery.

But otherwise those four years had been busy as well, and two child-women greeted David on his return, with such enthusiasm as to leave no doubt of his standing with them.

Less the spiderlegged children now, and with skirts brought down, and hair brought up from pigtail braids to the dignity of coils and hairpins, the twins, June and Jule, a little shy, perhaps, but whole souledly grown girls on the threshold of womanhood, had bright eyes and accentuated heart-beats for their common idol—David.

And that, unknown to us, held tragic promise that had never been but for Fate which had cast the dice for twin girls, at what should have been the birth of one, if heartaches were to be avoided in future years.

But Fate plays its own games in its own ways, and June and Jule—two girl-children with a common soul and the heart of one—each gave to David, all unknown to him, that fullness of adoration that comes once—and once only—to the heart of each one of the mothers-of-men—and brings such woe into this old world as we mortals know.

And so this tale goes on as I write it, who was spectator and saw the weave and the woof of it in the making.

David, after his long absence, was not at all insensible to the change that time had wrought in the twins; he saw new beauty in them but it was the same as the beauty he saw in the rosebud about to bloom, transformed from the slim, green ending of a twig, to a promise of beauty-to-come.

The frank, blunt honesty of childhood had been withdrawn, and words were left unsaid, but shy reserve went with language and two pairs of sparkling eyes above rosebud lips, told him that which words would be only a poor substitute for.

Shy smiles, a momentary touch, warm flush of soft feminine cheeks, a quick breath, all the little signs of sex, told David more than words, and he could not respond.

He found these two girl-children now very often intruding on his mental process, where no woman ever had intruded before, and if he thought of June, then Jule came also, and 'tother way around if he thought first of Jule, for they were as alike in looks, and thought, and being, as two peas from the same pod.

They waylaid him on his comings and goings; they saw him afar, where, to other eyes, he would be just some passing man or other.

They waved to him, or spoke, and made it a point to visit with him, each day as many times as chance afforded, befitting the vast importance of Idol-in-chief.

Walnut Bend came to know them again, not with dolls now, and the fol-de-rols of play-housing, but with book, or sketch block and box of water colors, and just the pair of them together, after elaborate care to leave all other girls behind.

I think the predatory instinct of the hunting female looked out for this and stood ready to bare both claws and fangs as warning of battle in defense of one's own; this the aspect shown to erstwhile girl playmates of doll-house days, now unwelcome.

And so, one brilliant June morning when David essayed to pass silently, with secret loving paddle that propelled his boat with no more noise than a drifting shadow, a vibrant girl-voice called through the willow screen fringing the inner side of Walnut Bend: "Take us with you, Davie—please do!"

It is yet to be written that the female of the species can call thus to the male and be passed unheeded.

David threw weight against his paddle blade and the boat turned shoreward, to grate upon the sand.

The twins, all smiling radiance, appeared and snuggled into the little craft, facing David, amidships; the boat left the shore and pointed upstream under the urge of David's muscles.

Three hours later it came downstream with speed, a bit of white curling from the bow against the river surface, now black as night under the low-hanging curtain of thunderstorm, which had yet to ripen for three to five minutes ere it burst, bomb-like, in roaring thunders on the heels of explosive electric display and driven by winds of hurricane force, entirely of its own creation, to lash the waters and smash such things as failed to bend gracefully to the wrath of it.

David's boat clove the black, still waters under the threatening curtain of storm, racing for the mouth of a small creek which entered the river through a narrow, but rather deep, limestone canyon, carved out by water through the southern river bank, just a stone's throw above the break of the rapid that roared by the island where David camped.

Into the safe harbor of the creek-mouth David's boat shot just as the first roar of rain lashed across the river bend, three hundred yards away.

A screen, of woodbine and wild grape vines, hung down from on top the broken wall of flat limestone forming the west bank, and under these David steered his boat and stopped alongside of a flat shelf, a foot above low water.

The broken ledges, piled one atop the other, forty or fifty feet high, were as easy to climb as stair steps if one were nimble.

Pointing upward, David said, "Climb, quick!"

The twins obeyed without question and a moment later David, with the boat's painter swiftly knotted about an overhanging tree root, came after them, watchful against a slip or fall, and all three reached a dark opening in the rock wall, unseen from below and curtained in front by the vine screen.

"Go on in," said David.

The twins found themselves in a limestone cave, seven or eight feet high and opening, pear shaped, back into the solid rocks, where it was lost in the deeps of black distance.

"This is my camp; make yourselves at home, girls, for here we stay until the storm is over."

David lit two kerosene lanterns hanging from the rocky roof.

The light revealed a snug room about fourteen by twenty feet, dry, sheltered by the small, vine-hung opening and fitted with rough camp furniture built on the spot; stools, table, bunk, shelving and fire place, with a great pile of dry, non-smoking roots beside it, promised comfort to any sojourner here, and the bright fire that David had going in a few minutes gave added ease with light and heat against the cold chill of the falling rain.

Outside the thunderstorm roared on, vivid lightning slashing through the dark with blinding brilliancy, followed by crashing thunder which shook the earth and rattled loose rock debris down the crack in the rock wall that David had utilized to make into a fireplace chimney.

The twins voiced their wonder and surprise over the homey details of David's cave-camp, and two hours of raging storm brought the quiet of waiting against time to the little company.

June, seated on a rough stool beside the fire and poking aimlessly at vagrant coals, said, apropos of nothing at all, "Do you know, Davie, that the rain does not come from all through a cloud at all; it is the outside which condenses and that only on the underside, or in the shadow, and not in the sun; Jule and I watched it all when a thunderstorm occurred this summer. If a cloud should all condense at once, clear through, it would all fall at once and the weight of water would crush everything—wouldn't it?"

David, taken unawares, was astonished at this piece of wisdom coming from the source it did, for he had not thought of the twins as outdoor girls at all—they had always been just girls, like any others; now they were girls with minds of their own; it took a whole minute for David to comprehend this and say:

"You are right—quite right—but I had never thought of it just that way before."

David, the self-taught child of nature, had learned a new truth from a new source.

Women, after all, might be interesting, he concluded.

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A National Duck Bag Limit

by E. H. Ross

REMEMBER the time you swiped that old ten-gauge of Dad's and sneaked down to the big slough south of the mill for a crack at the mallards?

Remember the flock that came in and when they saw you started to veer?

Remember taking a squint along the barrel and when the sight came in line with that big drake you let 'er go?

Then do you remember picking yourself up out of the mud, your shoulder throbbing with pain, your clothes soaked, and splashing through the reeds in that icy water for your game which floated without a quiver—in fact, you had blown the head and breast from the old leader?

There is just one way to live that moment over again. That is to ask the sportsmen of these United States just what should be the proper bag limit on ducks. We did it in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA and the barrage of replies reminded us of the punch that old ten-gauge packed 'way back when.

We confidently expected a rather mild reply but boy, oh boy—duck hunters just ain't mild and when we inferred that duck hunting would soon be on a par with a dodo killing contest they unlimbered their pens and came after us with a vengeance.

Not only the high-powered scribes who reeled it off to their stenographers, or hammered it out on their own typewriters, but guides, and old timers away out in the lonely places dug around in the duffle bag and made that stub pencil fly.

This pile of correspondence again reminded us of the ten-gauge episode—that part of it where we scrambled to our feet and peered with dread apprehension at Dad's gun and the accumulation of terra firma on the comparatively new suit.

Then after wading through all the letters came that surge of joy we felt when we saw the old drake floating just beyond the edge of the reeds—the shot had counted and our bag consisted of the opinions voiced by hundreds of clean-cut sportsmen on a question almost as old as the question mark itself.

Space will not permit us to print all the letters received, but the following, picked at random from the pile will let you see for yourself what the sportsmen of this country think of reducing the bag limit to ten ducks a day, without any editorial comment whatever:

Do you think ten ducks is enough for a man to kill in a day or do you think the present federal bag limit of twenty-five is the right bag limit?

The sole purpose of this article and the one preceding it in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA is to determine from the sportsmen themselves just what constitutes an ideal daily bag limit. Are you interested enough in duck hunting to give us your opinion? You are—all right, sit down and tell us just what the bag limit should be and why.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

We have a state daily bag limit on ducks of fifteen. I would prefer to see a federal bag limit of ten per day. With ten, one would have plenty for a couple of meals himself and also a few left over to give to friends.

I do not know if ducks are increasing or decreasing in my neighborhood, but my personal observation seems to indicate a tendency toward a decrease. I do not notice any appreciable difference in the past few years as to whether the ducks are harder or easier to approach.

I am in favor of more feeding grounds.

I am in favor of more sanctuaries.

I prefer no change in the length of the season.

I am in favor of encouragement toward the establishment of ore game farms.

I am not in favor of increasing fines for violations of present game laws, but am in favor of educational work on the part of all of us in the matter of better observance of the game laws, as I firmly believe that education and development of public opinion along these lines is more effective than fines and jail sentences except in the particular matter of selling game, wherein I do favor heavy penalties.

I am in favor of more rigid enforcement of the present laws, both by means of the pressure that would be brought to bear by an enlightened public opinion and also by more good enforcement officers.

I believe if the above could be handled that there would be very little necessity of jail sentences.

F. C. HIRDLER,
Traffic Supervisor,
Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.,
927 West 10th Street,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

LE SUEUR, MINN.

I have hunted small game for over forty years, specializing on ducks. I began with the old double barreled muzzle loader, which was a present from my mother for attending school one whole year without asking to stay out. It made me the happiest boy in the state of Iowa.

I have seen the great migration grow less and less till now it is quite unusual to see very many flocks of migration birds. Here are the answers to your questions as I see the matter.

Should the bag limit be raised? No.
Should the bag limit be lowered? Yes.
What is an ideal bag limit? Ten.

Because ten ducks are enough for any real sportsman in one day.

Are ducks increasing or decreasing in your neighborhood? It seems to me they are slowly decreasing.

Are they as easy or harder to approach? Very much harder. In fact the mallards are getting very well educated.

Should we establish more feeding grounds? Yes.

Should we establish more sanctuaries? Yes.

Should the season be lengthened or shortened? I think it is all right as it is.

Should we encourage the establishment of more game farms? Yes.

Should we increase the fines for the violations of present limit laws? Yes.

Should these laws be more rigidly enforced? They must be if we are to have any shooting left.

Should we jail violators instead of fining them? Fine for first violation, both fine and jail for second violation. Many wealthy hunters do not care much about a fine and will always take a chance but a jail sentence looks different.

Fraternally yours,
C. E. CONLEY.

BAY CITY, WISCONSIN

With reference to the article in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, "Duck Bag Limit," we will try to answer the questions as accurately as possible and describe the local hunting conditions as well.

These questions were taken up at the last meeting of our local chapter of the I. W. L. A. The first question, should the

bag limit be raised? No. Should the bag limit be lowered? The vote was unanimous that it should be lowered. With the exception of this year ducks have been very scarce for the past four or five years. This year the water stage was more favorable, food more plentiful, and there were more ducks killed. However, it is not what it was a few years ago. Feed is becoming scarce as we have no rice any more and we sincerely believe that the bag limit should be reduced to five ducks per day and five in possession at any one time, and certainly not more than ten. We believe that ducks are decreasing and along with the lowering of the bag limit suggest that the automatic and pump guns should be barred and that more feeding grounds and game farms be established. We further believe that the fines are light enough and that the laws should be more rigidly enforced. We are also in favor of a federal license of one dollar in addition to the State license fee, part of which should go to a fund for the enforcement of the game laws, the balance to be used for the purpose of purchasing public hunting grounds. We believe these suggestions should be given immediate attention and something done for protection of posterity.

Yours very truly,
S. R. KIMBALL,
President,
Bay City Chapter,
I. W. L. A.

FREMONT, O.

In reply to the questionnaire on bag limits, in December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, will answer them categorically.

1st. The bag limits on wild water fowl should not be increased for the simple reason that the general supply of such fowl is inadequate, only a very limited number of sportsmen of late years ever get the opportunity to take even one piece of such game, and it is unreasonable to increase a bag limit that is already so high as to amount to wanton destruction.

2nd. The bag limit should be materially lowered, because the present one permits the taking of more game than can be reasonably used. Lowering of the bag limit would favor an increase in such game, thus insuring a proper supply and would give a larger number of sportsmen an opportunity to enjoy the sport of taking such fowl.

3rd. Five, or at most ten, ducks, and two to four geese, would be an ideal bag limit on such fowl, as that is all that can be reasonably used, and this would result in such an increase as to make it possible for the average young red blooded American to partake of this sort of recreation, and lessen the violation of the game laws, by not only the fellow who does not now have opportunity to take such game except illegally, but by the one who takes twenty-five, and has to violate the law disposing of them.

4th. Ducks are gradually becoming more scarce from year to year, and I have watched this with a view of determining the facts.

5th. They are just as hard to approach during open season as ever, but during the spring season one can approach them easier than formerly.

6th. We should establish more breeding grounds for all kinds of fowl, and more feeding grounds for the open water fowl. I believe the marsh ducks can get all the feed they need foraging, particularly in Ohio.

7th. Yes, more sanctuaries should be established throughout the U. S.

8th. I can see no reason for lengthening the season. If either is done the season should be shortened.

9th. Yes, we should encourage more game farms.

10th. It is doubtful whether increasing the fines would help materially, but we do need better enforcement.

11th. Yes, the laws should be rigidly enforced.

12th. Yes, jail them, provided all are treated alike.

S. C. SACKETT.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Being a reader of your magazine and an ardent sportsman, in no way connected with any shooting club or preserve, and a strong advocate of game protection, I venture to submit some comments on the subject of limiting the bags of ducks and geese which I see is so much discussed in your valuable publication.

I assume that the object of establishing bag limits on migratory birds is to prevent depletion by excessive shooting.

To act intelligently on this subject all of the facts bearing on it should be considered. At first thought, it would seem to be obvious that restricting killing will result necessarily in protection. That certainly is true if all killing be absolutely stopped. If this be done there is an end of shooting and sportsmanship. Probably only a few extremists and certainly no sportsmen advocate such a course.

The real object in mind of sportsmen is to conserve game resources for reasonable sportsmanship, and not to end it entirely.

If this be so, then that course should be pursued which will best reach both objects. This brings us to the direct question of the limit of bags.

There is certainly a limit below which such shooting would be practically ended. This limit will vary with different sportsmen who advocate conservation but do not wish to so restrict hunting as to make it wholly unattractive. Probably no one would hunt if he knew he could shoot but one bird. While such a limit would not shut off hunting for large game, it certainly would end shooting of small game.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

If there is to be duck and goose hunting, the limit should be large enough to justify in a measure the money and time so expended and make an appeal to sportsmen. In any event, the limit must be arbitrary, but at the same time reasonable under all the conditions involved.

These conditions should be well understood and considered before any one takes a positive stand for any particular number. Some hunters who are not members of clubs having game preserves, advocate a limit of ten ducks and three geese and some even less.

The sentiment, in any analysis of the psychological explanation of the votes on duck and geese bag limits, is that the man who is shooting along side of a private club or game preserve and is only able to get ten ducks a day, knowing that the members of the adjoining club may get twenty-five, may feel that as he is only able to get ten ducks, even when he has good luck, that should be enough for anyone, and that the man in the adjoining club killing twenty-five ducks is a game hog and his limit should be cut to ten. He further may feel that if the man in the adjoining club were only allowed to shoot ten ducks it would be easier for him to get his ten. This view necessarily raises the whole question of exclusive clubs, or preserves, and their effect.

If the clubs were abolished and the preserves thrown open to the public, a portion of the territory would undoubtedly be used for agricultural purposes. Some of it would probably be drained. There would be no feed provided for the ducks on their flight South and there would be no rest days or rest places for the ducks and geese on their migration.

It is known that the maintenance of clubs is a costly affair. The abolition of private clubs, in my opinion, would affect adversely the shooting in the vicinity; the ducks would linger a shorter time in the neighborhood and having an insufficient supply of food and no resting place would more rapidly continue their flight South.

NOT A DECOY IN THE LOT—Three Chicagoans photographed with their bag of mallard ducks which they got at Suicarte, on the Illinois River. The fowls weigh 500 pounds and the photographer swears they're all real. Left to right: Jake Zender, Archie Warder and Clarence Eittelt.

Is this a good limit?

Reprint from Chicago Herald-Examiner

I think it should also be borne in mind that if you reduce the limits on ducks and geese to an unnecessarily small number these private clubs would be abandoned and the migratory birds, having fewer feeding grounds, would be materially reduced.

The cost and upkeep of these clubs are so great that members would not support them if they be confined to a limit which is wholly incommensurate with the outlay. Their abandonment would, in my judgment, be inimical to game conservation and opposed to the interest of the outside hunter. Another very important consideration is that clubs enforce their limit rule, while there is nothing to enforce it on the outsider except a knowledge of the law, which is not self-executing, and the occasional supervision of careless game wardens.

Wouldn't it be a saner thing to urge the particular Government Bureau having charge of migratory birds to make a scientific survey of the supply in various portions of the United States and have it establish the limits, based upon scientific findings with the view of maintaining the present supply? This Bureau is necessarily interested in conservation and would have no object in deliberately establishing a higher bag limit than would serve these ends.

Yours very truly,
J. P. Edrington.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

After reading the article in the December Outdoor America, I must express my views in the matter of a bag limit on ducks, and in fact all kinds of game birds.

I have been hunting ever since I was old enough to handle a gun, for the past twenty-five years, and it has always been my favorite sport.

Now I want to say that the ducks are decreasing in numbers each year, and unless something is done in the very near future, duck shooting will be a thing of the past, and only the memories of this delightful sport will be left to us who have enjoyed its delights for so many years, and the future generations, our boys and their boys, will never know the joys of our duck shooting days, only from what is told them by their "Dads" and "Granddads", and after these stories of the duck shooting days have been related to them, what a disappointment it would be, to think they had never been privileged to enjoy what the sportsmen of yesterday have been enjoying.

During the past twenty-five years I have seen the ducks gradually decrease in numbers, and where there used to be thousands, there are at the present time only hundreds and the most noticeable decrease has been during the past ten years.

Now some may say that conditions have changed where that fellow has been hunting, but let me inform all such persons that the same conditions, such as water, feed and breeding grounds, exist the same as they did years ago.

There is no doubt but what the Federal Migratory laws have saved thousands of ducks, at the same time they are positively not on the increase, and something must be done to prevent their extinction, and in order to do this our Migratory bird laws must be revised, and my views on this matter are as follows.

Bag limit one day's shooting, five ducks, and not more than twenty in possession at one time.

Stop the baiting of lakes where ducks are at the present time slaughtered.

Shorten the season, too, not to exceed ninety days.

Laws should be better enforced, with large fines, or jail sentences.

The slaughter of ducks at the present time, is such, that it makes a true sportsman sick at heart, when he hears of the big killings.

Just think of two men killing 185 mallards in one day, and two men killing 40 ducks with six or eight shots with repeating guns, and the members of two clubs located in one locality killing 10,000 ducks in one fall, and yet we wonder what is becoming of our game birds.

I could write many pages on this subject, but would not want to burden you with same.

In conclusion let me say that we must revise our laws, and they must be enforced, for I regret to say that at least fifty per cent of the hunters are violating our game laws, but the Izaak Walton League is doing much to educate its members to the value of respecting our game laws, and may the good work continue, and it is my hope that some day all true sportsmen will become members of the Izaak Walton League.

Wishing you continued success, I am,

Sincerely yours,
H. J. Root,
5009 Webster Street.

BUSH, ILLINOIS

I have just read the article on Duck Bag Limits in the Dec. issue of the Outdoor America and have some things to say regarding this matter.

Twenty (20) years ago the sportsman of southern Illinois could take his gun and boots and go anywhere in the Mississippi valley south of East St. Louis and find all the good shooting he cared for, in the one hundred [CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

Outdoor America

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

The Supreme Court Decides Against Chicago

THE decision of the U. S. Supreme Court against the city of Chicago is pregnant with meaning to those knowing ones who can see beyond the end of their noses.

In one mighty step this decision advances by ten years the nationwide fight of the League to put an end to pollution in this country.

Chicago must now follow the sane course of London, Paris and Berlin. These cities have long since solved the pollution problem and now it is up to America's great cities to follow suit. And when great cities lead the way the smaller municipalities will inevitably follow, and instead of America polluting its waters to a far greater extent than has any nation in the world, our streams will again flow clean and pure as in the days of our forefathers.

> "We are a water drinking people and we are allowing every brook to be defiled. Nature provides that they should be kept pure. It is not necessary to destroy or hamper any industry in order to prevent the pollution of water courses. What is really needed is to check the criminal selfishness of those who would rather poison their fellow citizens with their offal than to spend a few dollars to take care of it."

The above lines were written in 1900 by George Bird Grinnell.

The attitude of the Izaak Walton League of America toward the Chicago drainage canal has never been hostile to that public enterprise. We have, however, pointed out that there was need of progressive action and that the city of Chicago was living in the dread shadow of just such a decision as the Supreme Court has now rendered.

We have asked for intelligent action, and we have sent forth warnings, and we have stated that the arrogant program being pursued would inevitably lead to just such a condition as the city of Chicago must now meet. The Supreme Court's decision is final—there is no turning back to the old ways—the findings of the highest court of the land gives to the Department of War absolute *power*, subject only to congressional control, and it places that power in the hands of *one man*. It happens that Secretary John W. Weeks is both a big man and a just man. He is a man of wisdom and understanding and he is unafraid—neither the city of Chicago nor the people of the Illinois River Valley can hope for partiality from such a personality. *It is well that such are the facts.*

The opportunity for the diplomatic handling of this situation by the drainage board and the city of Chicago has forever vanished. For more than two decades, and with each election, drainage boards and city councils have come and gone. Each board and each council it seems has done its utmost to make enemies for Chicago. There was contempt for our treaty with Canada—there was high-handed contempt for our lake states and lake cities. The people downstate were treated as though they did not exist. Now "a Daniel has come to judgment"—the Supreme Court has spoken—Justice is in the saddle and Justice with blind eyes will give justice—*it is well that such are the facts.*

The Izaak Walton League Division of Illinois Chapters will call a conference at Streator, February 18, and delegates from one hundred and thirty Illinois Chapters will meet and determine upon a state program. The National Organization has formed an Advisory Committee with power to act because this situation is a national subject—the pollution of the Illinois River is the most notorious case of pollution in the whole nation, and the League must take a national stand so that all men may understand just where and what the League stands for on this important subject.

Judge J. M. Dickinson, an ex-Secretary of War, is the Chairman of our Advisory Committee (Judge Dickinson was Secretary of War during the Taft administration) and Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward is its Secretary. Dr. Ward is famous as an authority on pollution—his survey of New York's Hudson River pollution is nationally known and approved.

The League is a National Organization, not a local organization, and such policy as we adopt in this connection must necessarily consider the city of Chicago, the people of the Illinois River Valley and the people of our lake states and their cities.

The Sanitary District Board declares that it must have ten thousand cubic feet of water per second to assure the health of the people of Chicago. We do not know whether or not Chicago is entitled to such an amount of water—that is a matter for the engineers of U. S. Army to decide—*it is well that such are the facts.*

We hazard the opinion here that Major-General Taylor, Chief of U. S. Army Engineers, will call to the attention of the city of Chicago the importance of installing a water meter system and stop the prodigal waste of water that has been a notorious fact for a generation or more. And the Chicago Council will find it wise to adopt this economic suggestion *pronto*—now that the days of sweeping contempt for the rights of others are over forever. *It is well that such are the facts.*

Chicago has for a generation drawn ten thousand cubic feet of water from the Great Lakes, *but it has not stopped the pollution of the Illinois River*, and yearly Chicago waste has increasingly been a menace to human life and each year the death toll has become greater and greater. Undoubtedly the U. S. Army engineers will determine this fairly and undoubtedly it will demand that Chicago MUST install a sufficient number of disposal plants to handle the city's sewage and industrial sewage, so that the city of Chicago may no longer poison the Illinois River—and *it is well that such are the facts.*

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

Unfortunately, this editorial must be written before the Illinois Chapters hold their Illinois River Pollution Conference and decide upon a program.

Our National Advisory Committee has not as yet had time to announce the program of the National Organization, but both the Illinois Division of Chapters and the National Committee will determine upon a program in time for the March issue of "OUTDOOR AMERICA" and it will be announced in that issue.

We need not assure the public that our stand will be fair and square and will be based upon the *right*, and our stand taken only after weighing all the facts and when our policy is definitely set that from that hour it will be full steam ahead and no turning and no deviation from the RIGHT COURSE TO ALL CONCERNED.

The pollution cat comes back.

Conserving the Remnants

"The National Parks are the property of the American public, and the five million or so of our citizens who annually tour the parks may certainly demand clean camp sites and unpolluted waterholes as against the fancied rights of a few local stockmen." Hal Evarts is speaking against the opening of restricted areas in the west as grazing land for stock.

This question is of momentous importance to the nation and in the following editorial, reprinted from The Saturday Evening Post, Mr. Evarts ably answers a criticism from the American National Livestock Association.

IN a recent printed attack aimed at an article, Conserving the Remnants, that appeared in the September sixth issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. T. W. Tomlinson, of the American National Livestock Association, writes of "Romance masquerading as facts" in referring to a statement that the public lands were seriously overgrazed and that the stock interests were opposed to sane grazing regulations.

There are certain areas in certain National Forests in which grazing is prohibited. In every such case of which I happen to have any knowledge, the local stock interests bring every possible pressure to bear to force the opening of such spots to grazing. Such portions of the National Parks as are not already being grazed are a source of continual conflict, the local stock growers waging a ceaseless campaign to force the National Park Service to open the restricted districts to sheep and cows. They make use of every sort of propaganda to advance their claims. They assert it as their absolute right.

The National Parks are the property of the American public, and the five million or so of our citizens who annually tour the parks may certainly demand clean camp sites and unpolluted waterholes as against the fancied rights of a few local stockmen.

It is the absolute privilege of the American public to demand that the stock of individuals shall be removed from areas in either National Parks or National Forests that the public would utilize for other purposes. It might be well to exercise that right in a sufficient number of cases to impress upon the local stock interests that they are grazing the public lands through sufferance of the American public, not through any personal rights of their own. They might then rejoice in the knowledge that that sufferance permits them to graze the greater percentage of the forests and cease urging their personal grievances because they are not permitted to graze every square inch. Perhaps then the American public could reserve areas in a National Park and some areas in our National Forests for game refuges or for recreational purposes without having continued conflict with local stock interests.

In many localities the public domain is overgrazed almost to the point of exhaustion, to where there is insufficient vegetation remaining to keep the soil from washing and gullying. These facts are well known, yet Tomlinson asserts that the public domain not only is not overgrazed but that it actually has a greater carrying capacity than it had a quarter of a century ago! What was it that he remarked about "Romance masquerading as facts"?

In proof of his contention he compiles statistics showing the great increase in livestock in the United States at present over the figures of twenty-five years ago. Certainly, but those figures [CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

Women and the Conservation of Wild Life

By MRS. FRANCIS E. WHITLEY

General Federation Chairman of Forestry and Wild Life Refuge Committee

Mrs. Francis E. Whitley

AFTER so many years of apparent indifference to the steady decrease of the valuable or harmless wild life of our country, it is encouraging to note the unmistakable evidences of an awakening. Gradually the public is realizing the monumental stupidity of sitting by passively while this interesting part of our national heritage is destroyed either by slaughter or neglect. No longer are those who urge that something of this should be preserved regarded as visionaries, or as those whose time and efforts might better be devoted to some really useful purpose. When the Conference on Outdoor Recreation called by President Coolidge gave out the resolutions which summed up the results of their discussions, a large place was given to the importance and value of preserving wild birds and game animals, fish and aquatic resources.

And now the General Federation of Women's Clubs has, for the first time, given a definite place in its Conservation division to work for Wild Life Refuges.

What has brought about this change of attitude on the part of our people? Appeals from nature-lovers, from scientific observers as well as from sportsmen have had their effect; the splendid group of writers who have during recent years been bringing to a reading public sated with fiction artificial, exotic, dependent on sex-interest, stories based on their own experience, refreshing with the breath of the out-of-doors—who can say how much they have helped? Then the increased interest in conservation generally has greatly advanced the movement for the protection of wild life; for more and more we are realizing how closely allied are the different branches of conservation work; how impossible to save fish and game without protecting the forests, the streams and lakes which are their habitat. Every victory gained in any field, therefore, makes the next more sure.

The recent campaign to secure the passage of the bill creating the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge did far more than to save for posterity that three hundred miles of the river bottomlands; the publicity developed in carrying on that campaign was an education whose far-reaching effects can not be estimated.

Perhaps not the least of these results is the greatly increased number of women who have become interested in the movement to save fish and game—who have, in fact, become aware that there is any need of such effort.

The plans by which their intelligent participation in this effort was secured were carefully thought out. The Izaak Walton League of America prepared bulletins, well illustrated, giving the facts as to the real values of the region in food resources, in fur-bearing animals, in its pearl fisheries as well as in its immense recreational possibilities. Through the conservation division of the General Federation, these bulletins could be sent not only to state presidents and conservation chairmen but to every federated club; besides, personal letters were sent to friends of conservation everywhere and articles prepared for the state federation papers, giving as complete information as possible concerning the legislation in which they were asked to interest themselves. Thus the women were able to address their congressmen not with a vague general appeal for help, but with a request, based upon substantial reasons, and backed up by competent opinion.

The part that women had in thus pressing the importance of this measure upon the attention of their representatives in Congress has been generously acknowledged repeatedly by the leaders in the fight; President Dilg has written of it: "With a courage worthy of anyone's emulation, the women rallied to the League's support and it was due largely to their help that our bill saw the light of day."

The information and interest in such conservation measures which was gained by the women who watched the course of this bill did not cease when it was signed by President Coolidge; it will make more easy further participation in this field of public-spirited effort.

And now that the General Federation of Women's Clubs, with its nearly three million members, has named work for Wild Life Refuges as one of the definite objectives which should claim the attention of its members, it is reasonable to hope that a new impetus will be given to such activities. Linked as it is naturally with forestry, the background and foundation of most conservation work, the support of new forces among the club-women should be enlisted who will be ready to cooperate with the Izaak Walton League of America in defending "the woods, waters and wild life" of our country.

Most of these women probably view this question from a standpoint quite different from that of the sportsman; so do many of the men who are working, heart and soul, for this defense. But we believe that if through our indifference the forests, lakes and streams are sacrificed, with the wild life which adds to these so much of interest and value, we cannot hope for the generations to come that full measure of life in the open which, as has been said, has done so much to further the vigor, the moral strength and clean simplicity of the American people.

With true mother instinct, women want to keep for the children of the future all the best that the past has known.

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $2.00 to cover one year's membership and one year's subscription to Outdoor America.
☐ money order. ☐ currency. ☐ check. (5c for exchange) ☐ draft.

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Date_____

Gentlemen:
You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.
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If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing the top coupon.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

Stories *and* Reminiscences *Of* Jacob M. Dickinson

J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Gulf Fishing

LEST any trustful angler should be beguiled into reading this story, by anticipated thrills from battling with amberjack, barracuda, tarpon, sailfish, or shark, it is fair to state at the outset, that this relates to the "Gulf" of the Caney Fork River in the Cumberland Mountains. The river, through countless years, has cut its way back from the valley level for many miles. From the level of the plateau there are successive rapids and waterfalls, interspersed with long stretches of a clear, beautiful and gently flowing water, and so it continues until, with a final fall, the level of the valley is reached. From the escarpment of the mountain on one side to that on the other side, the distance varies from one to two miles or more. The descents are precipitous, with great headlands of rock jutting out, some of them with a sheer fall of hundreds of feet. On both sides it is heavily timbered with a great and luxuriant variety of hardwood trees, many of large girth and shooting up from the gloom below, over a hundred feet, seeking light and air. There are glens, gulches and gorges, appalling in their solemn, lonely, deathlike seclusion.

"Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine tree hung,
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung
When seemed the cliffs to meet on high
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky,
Highest of all when white peaks gleamed
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wandering eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

While it is in extent, coloring, and grandeur not comparable with the Grand Canyon, yet it has an appealing wildness and beauty of its own that deeply impresses lovers of nature.

No one lives in the more remote places. They are inaccessible almost, except on foot or horseback. Once on a banter, I drove a wagon down a precipitous part of the mountain where there was no vestige of road or path. We cut a hickory tree, fully sixty feet long, and a foot or more thick at the butt. Leaving all of the limbs and leaves on it, we tied it up close under the rear axle. The horses had little to do, except to take care of themselves and their own footing. The brake worked perfectly. Part of the way was at an angle of 45 degrees. If it had not been for the tree, wagon and all would have tumbled over the horses and down the mountain.

Through countless years it has cut its way back from the valley level for many miles.

The horses could not pull the wagon even up the first incline, and it stayed in the valley until it was hauled out by two yoke of powerful oxen.

But few know of the picturesque beauty and wildness and solemn grandeur of the Cumberland Mountains, which are but a short journey by rail or automobile from the centers of population east of the Mississippi River.

Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Signal Mountain and the Unaka and Great Smoky Ranges present endless variety and beauty. Clingman's Dome, Roan Mountain, Thunderhead, Grandfather, and Mount Mitchell just over in North Carolina, are higher than Mount Washington, and raise their heads above any mountains in America east of Pike's Peak.

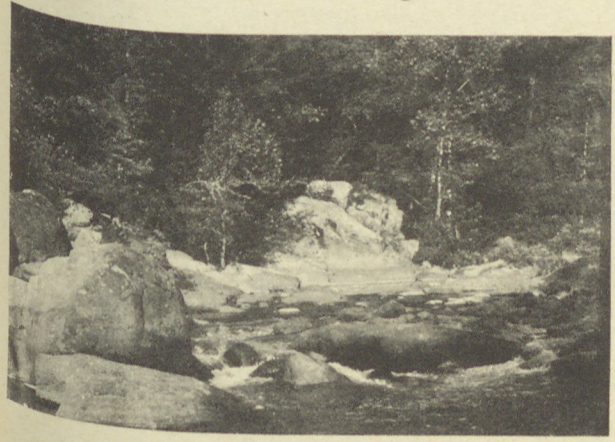
Horace Kephart in "Our Southern Highlander," a book of great interest and merit, says:

"Nowhere else in the temperate zone is there such a variety of merchantable timber as in western Carolina and the Tennessee front of the Unaka system. About a hundred and twenty species of native trees grow in the Smoky forest itself. When Asa Gray visited the North Carolina mountains he identified, in a thirty-mile trip, a greater variety of indigenous trees than could be observed in crossing Europe from England to Turkey, or in a trip from Boston to the Rocky Mountain plateau. As John Muir has said, our forests, "however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best he ever planted."

The undergrowth is of almost tropical luxuriance and variety.

Botanists say that this is the richest collecting ground in the United States. Whether one be seeking ferns or fungi or orchids or almost anything else vegetal, each hour will bring him some new delight. In summer the upper mountains are one vast flower garden; the white and pink of rhododendron, the blaze of azalea, conspicuous above all else, in settings of every imaginable shade of green.

The rhododendrons grow to a height of thirty feet and more, and are so close together that one cannot go through them, except on a road or by an old Indian or animal trail.



An appealing wildness and beauty of its own.

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

There is almost entire absence of bird and animal life, and the silence is awe inspiring in those forest glooms. A party of us were walking up Roam Mountain. One of the company, who was somewhat overdeveloped at the waist, said he would rest from time to time and take it leisurely. We pushed on at a good mountain climbing stride and we did not expect to see him for a long time after our arrival. We were there only a few minutes when he burst in, red faced, eyes bulging, and panting for breath. He said that after we left he sat amid the rhododendrons and towering trees, when the deathlike silence began to oppress him, and then the woods seemed filled with low murmurs that pervaded everywhere, and then grew into swells and cadences of uncanny sounds, and finally the whole forest seemed to yell and shriek and howl as if all the fiends of hell had broken loose. He said: "Gentlemen, I was in many desperate battles, and in Reconstruction days was often in jeopardy of my life, but never was I so unnerved before. I tried to reason and calm myself, but it was intolerable and I rushed away and up the mountains, shaken with fear." We set it down to overwrought imagination, but who knows. He may have really heard sounds inappreciable to the normal ear.

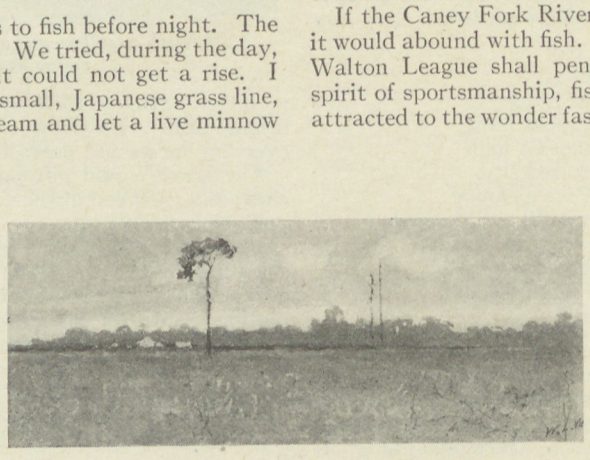
Huxley in speaking of the busy protoplasts in plant activities says: "The wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells, which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a big city."

We started to the Gulf on a fishing trip. It was twelve miles over a rough mountain road, to the top of the Canyon. A mountaineer named Frazier over eighty years of age was to be our fishing guide. We proposed to go by his house and pick him up, but he said he was not used to riding and would walk. When we got to the rendezvous he was impatiently waiting. There are two kinds of game fish in those waters, a light colored large mouth black bass, and a member of the bass family with a large mouth resembling a goggle-eyed perch and shaped like the rock bass.

Frazier told us it would be useless to fish before night. The water was as clear as Lake Tahoe. We tried, during the day, bait and lures of various kinds, but could not get a rise. I had gotten specially a white, very small, Japanese grass line, went up to a sharp curve in the stream and let a live minnow with a small sinker and light cork float about 150 feet down the stream, but all in vain. The fish were in hiding under the rocks and boulders and nothing could entice them out. When night came, it was dark and rainy. Frazier had a long pole, a short line and used grasshoppers and worms. I used No. 12 black gnat flies. We groped along the edge, but it was so dark that we could not see the water. We fished in the direction of the river and sometimes got into deep water. There was always a lurking fear of a rattler or copperhead, but a fisherman with his sporting blood up will take desperate chances and trust to his patron saint. We had some assurance from the knowledge that those kinds of snakes do not generally stay near the water. We never saw a fish strike, and only knew they were there because they caught themselves. By bedtime, which was not enticing, as the bed consisted of a blanket on the wet sand with pieces of bark underneath, we had caught enough fish of both kinds for the next day. They were not large, none weighing a pound, but no fish could be firmer or better flavored. I have never understood how the fish saw those black flies in that dark. It is generally accepted that one should use light colored flies on a dark night. I once stated the fact to an old Mississippi steamboat traveller and he said, "You recall the ball on the jack-staff of steamboats and that it was always black. The reason was that when it was not foggy, the pilot could always see that black ball, called the nighthawk, in the darkest night, but if it were white he could not see it. It was blacker than the night." At any rate, the result showed that fish have keen vision.

The next day we crossed the river and went several hundred feet up the mountain to a large cave. A stream came out of the cave to a large deep pool at the mouth, but did not go down the mountain. It swirled around and what was its exit we could never tell. In this pool we caught a number of fine fish. We went along the edge of the stream into the cave for a mile or more. There were large, lofty, beautiful chambers with stalactite and stalagmite. There was a broken down furnace that showed that it had been a resort of moonshiners.

If the Caney Fork River were not dynamited by game hogs it would abound with fish. If the missionary work of the Izaak Walton League shall penetrate that region and arouse the spirit of sportsmanship, fishermen from other sections may be attracted to the wonder fastnesses of those beautiful mountains



The Third National Convention I. W. L. A.

Chicago, Illinois, April, 2-3-4, 1925

YOU owe it to your children, your chapter, yourself and America's out-of-doors to have representation at the Third National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America to be held in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, April 2, 3, 4, 1925.

This will be, without any question, the largest gathering of sportsmen ever assembled, and conservation history will be written—history that you will be proud to look back upon and know that your membership in this organization helped to create.

Renowned statesmen, writers, artists, captains of finance from all parts of the country will be in attendance at this event and questions of national, yet personal, interest to you will be discussed and acted upon.

Never before have the sportsmen of this country evinced such an interest in the conservation of our national resources, and never before was there such an opportunity offered us to really accomplish the things we all want.

Federal fish and game laws, pollution of coastal and inland waters, reforestation and similar topics will occupy the attention of the delegates.

YOUR CHAPTER MUST BE REPRESENTED AT THIS CONVENTION if we are to actually do things, and to have this representation you must do your part and plan now to send a delegate.

Remember the date—April 2, 3, 4.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

The Waltonian Nook

News of Our Chapters

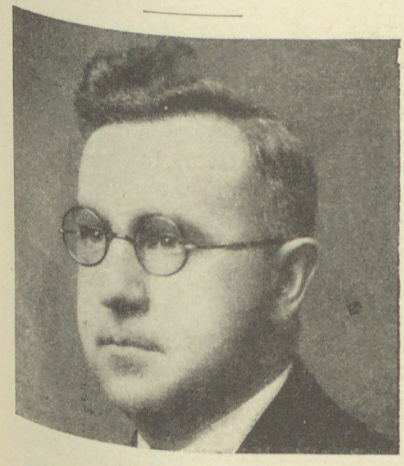
Edited by L. C. Murdock

I'M going to steal a "wee bit of space" from the Waltonian Nook this month to tell you what to send in for this column and to present an alibi in advance for not always printing it when you do send it in.

We want new ideas to pass along to other chapters who are having the same problems to face that you are facing. Anything unusual in the way of work, or entertainment that has interested the members of your local chapter, may help some other fellow out in California, or down in Mississippi. If you have pulled some "stunt" that brings the boys and their families out, pass it along and I'll try to print it. Of course, with over 1000 chapters to draw from, I won't always be able to print it, but I'll try to pick out the best.

Also, keep your eye on that town ten, fifteen or twenty miles from you that has no Walton chapter, but we'll have more to say about that in our letter to the President of your chapter.

Chapter officials should notify headquarters when a chapter election has been held, giving the names of the new officers. In this way, we can keep our records up to date



Hanley W. Cone

Hanley W. Cone, secretary of the Ohio State Division and of the Chillicothe chapter, has been appointed Supervisor of Stream Pollution of the Department of Agriculture, State of Ohio.

Through his interest in the efforts of the Izaak Walton League, Mr. Cone became an expert on pollution, which fact was recognized by Governor Donehay, who made the appointment.

S.O.S. Quail

The Michigan Division in answer to an S. O. S. from the state conservation department has sent out a call for chapters to "scatter feed for quail and other wild birds"—and they have answered the call.

Helping the quail and other birds weather the long winters by scattering dry bread, is a new stunt started by the Lansing, Michigan, chapter. The Waltonians have prevailed upon all Lansing bakers to save their stale bread which is placed in sporting goods stores. The windows are placarded stating that anyone driving into the country can get this bread free to scatter along the way.

Another quail saving idea of the Lansing chapter is to arrange with rural mail carriers to take grain along their routes and scatter it for the birds. They have also built shelters by piling up brush which they cover with burlap and peg down the four corners. F. L. Johnson, district vice president, is responsible for this novel shelter.

Down in Missouri, the Washington chapter is also feeding quail and has sent out cards headed—Help Save The Quail—stating that the Walton league will co-operate with the farmers by paying for half the grain scattered for the benefit of the quail. Members of the chapter are also doing their share by driving out into the country every day to scatter grain, as well as contributing to the grain fund.

Metamora, Illinois, chapter has the kiddies more than interested in the out-of-doors by offering prizes for the best essays on bird and animal life in their community.

Trout fishing by flash light, in a propogation pond, is expensive in Arcadia, Wisconsin. Local Waltonians, aided by Division Chief Lanning of the Conservation Commission, and Warden Johnson got the report, landed their man, and the Judge did the rest—six trout—sixty dollars. We wish it could have been sixty days.

Waltonianly speaking, Philadelphia chapter is going strong—new members every week. The officers of the new chapter are Dr. William H. Moore, President; David S. Braden, vice president, and C. H. Goepel, Jr., sec'y-treas. and according to Mr. Goepel the Quaker city is headed for the thousand mark. We wish we could print their pictures, but space won't allow. You know we have over 1000 chapters.

The Chicago Chapter meeting December 11 was attended by about 400. The membership drive committee reported 300 new members making a total of 1800. Gold buttons were presented to Frank J. Reilly and Dr. L. L. Blaine, each securing over 25 members.

We are pleased to announce a new chapter from Yellowstone Park. This chapter was organized by park rangers under the supervision of the chief ranger.

Another new chapter is the Hal Evarts Chapter at Hutchinson, Kansas. This one was named for Mr. Evarts who wrote the now famous Jackson Hole Elk story in the December issue of this magazine.

With the addition of Bryant, South Dakota, a new chapter just organized, with C. I. Graves, president and Dr. A. W. Guse, sec'y-treas., the state will have seven chapters, all of whom are pushing for the state division mark of ten. Aberdeen, Watertown and Huron will be the next. Watch South Dakota grow in Waltonism.

The Ohio division has divided the state into ten divisions for extension work, each district to be in charge of a division officer. Their duties, as outlined, are to push the organization of chapters in their district. National headquarters looks for a big increase in the number of chapters applying for charters in 1925.

Read Hal Evarts' and Donald Hough's articles on the Jackson Hole Elk Herd

Here is a good one from the Minnesota division.

Paul Watkins, president of the J. R. Watkins Company, Winona, Minnesota, sent in $30.00. He wasn't satisfied to be a member for one year, but insisted on paying for ten years in advance. He stated that the idea of the league and what it could do not only for Minnesota, but for the entire out of doors was so convincing that he felt it necessary to express his conviction this way.

Speaking of Minnesota, Secretary Doelner has sent out a wonderful pamphlet called, "The Hidden Wealth of Minnesota."

He sells Waltonism to Minnesotans by hitting them fairly between the eyes with the statement that the Izaak Walton League of America will save for Minnesota those natural resources that are now bringing in $300,000,000 per year from visitors. He hits the farmer, the butcher and the baker as well as the candlestick maker, and with the banker and all business men, places them in the same position. "The Walton League will save this hidden wealth."

Fred has proven that he is a writer, a salesman and a business getter. The League is going big up there and new chapters are coming every day.

The Detroit, Michigan, Chapter is cooperating with local game wardens as is evidenced in a recent cut from a Detroit newspaper showing Warden John W. Ireland and 270 ducks seized in a raid on information furnished by the Waltonians.

It won't be many years before a game hog will fear his neighbor, who will be a Waltonian, more than he will the authorities.

The Creede, Colorado, Chapter has heartily endorsed the establishment of a game refuge of 260,000 acres in its locality.

S. G. Smith
1854-1924
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

J. T. McVittie
President Omaha Chapter
Omaha, Nebraska

Illinois State Convention
February 18th and 19th
Streator, Illinois
Convention Headquarters, Elks' Auditorium

Five hundred delegates from Illinois Chapters will attend the State Division convention at Streator next month.

The Streator Chapter will act as host to the visiting Waltonians and has arranged an interesting and attractive program.

Pollution of the Illinois river and its tributaries will be one of the main topics of discussion.

Delegates are invited to bring the ladies; a women's committee will have charge of their entertainment.

Chapter secretaries should write to W. J. Lewis, Murray Building, Streator, Ill., for reservations and information.

L. J. Koles—

A look of joy upon his face,
A rapture gleaming from his eyes,
While earth is lost beneath his feet,
His soul has reached the highest skies.

His heart holds but a sweet content,
No marring of an unfilled wish;
His heaven carried in his hand—
He holds a nice, big, slippery fish.

We didn't know whether to print the picture or the "Poem"? So we decided to use both. Maybe L. J. Koles, President of the Antigo, Wisconsin, Chapter wrote the poem; anyway, it is his picture. He holds in his hand—a fish—Where is the look of joy, L. J.?

Legislative

The Minnesota division is mapping out a program for 1925 to protect game in that state. It will work like a two edged sword, as their plans call for: 1st, a cooperation between every Walton chapter and its members in a campaign against violators, and 2nd, a program of legislation to be pushed throughout the year.

The legislative program of the Wisconsin division is made up of ten resolutions, covering the preservation of the Winneshiek bottoms, development of the forests by the state, anti-pollution, fish propagation, protesting the removal of the size limit on game fish, the addition of wardens to a now inadequate force, and a survey by the Conservation Commission of all lakes and streams to determine what fish they should be stocked with, and that restocking be done according to their survey, and the establishment of a permanent legislative committee.

Chapters all over the United States are carefully watching that local game hogs are apprehended, and are getting back of the legislation started by the League, both national, state and county.

The Iowa division for 1925 is planning to push a better pollution law, a plan to have the state of Iowa ready for its sanction of the Upper Mississippi River Bill, an act to form a state conservation commission to work in conjunction with fish and game department, and many minor laws that have to do with conservation.

The Ohio division at a meeting in Mansfield, last month, drew up a program of state legislation that is bound to attract wide attention. A new anglers' license bill, anti-pollution bills, the restriction of fishing with hook and line within 100 yards of a dam, and the placing of channel catfish on the game fish list. They also endorsed a resolution to give game wardens a larger salary.

The Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Chapter, though less than two weeks old, has started the ball rolling with a comprehensive program. Their first legislation will be to make it a misdemeanor to shoot a game bird from a vehicle, and a decrease to 15 in the duck bag limit.

The Indiana division is busy on legislative work for the year, that will embody a closed season on black, gray and fox squirrels, reduction of the bag limit on quail to 10, a closed season on all game fish from March 1st to June 15th, the placing of bag limits on all game fish, a bill making it illegal to deposit any polluting substance in the waters of the state, restrictions on indiscriminate drainage of lakes and rivers, the establishment of state parks along the Tippecanoe and Pigeon rivers and others, and an act to increase the Conservation Commission one member, that member to be named by the League.

The Nebraska division at its November convention passed resolutions favoring reduction of the duck bag limit to 10, with 30 in possession, opening of the migratory bird season October 1st, instead of Sept. 16th, closing the bass season from March 1st to June 15th and prohibiting the sale of bass in the state. Prohibiting the possession of seines and nets, other than minnow nets, and favoring the establishment of a Bureau of Forestry.

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

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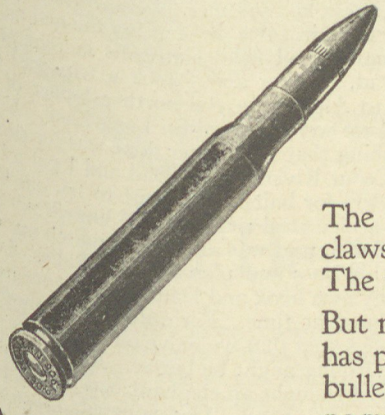


TIGER

The killer's eyes gleam viciously above snarling teeth and murderous claws while an ominous tail moves slowly from side to side—waiting. The terror of the jungle—most destructive of man's natural enemies.

But more deadly than this animal fury is the ammunition which science has placed in the hunter's hands. The WESTERN Open-point Expanding bullet gives a new meaning to killing power. No bone is too hard and no muscle too tough for this bullet to penetrate. Yet its carefully designed cavity and cannelure cause it to expand and explode when the vitals have been reached.

The Open-point Expanding bullet is one of the improvements which have helped to win for WESTERN its reputation for leadership in ammunition development. Another is the Lubaloy non-fouling bullet jacket, which prolongs the life and accuracy of the high-power rifle. Its non-fouling qualities have made it the choice of scores of big game expeditions and have contributed as well to world's records on the range. It is used on all WESTERN jacketed bullets.

Jacket metal, similar to Lubaloy, has been adopted by our own and other governments for military purposes—official recognition that WESTERN is FIRST in the improvement of ammunition. The men who are best informed on shooting subjects are usually found to be using WESTERN shells or cartridges. Buy a box for your rifle, your revolver or your shotgun and learn for yourself why WESTERN has become the choice of champions.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 246 Broadway, EAST ALTON, ILL.

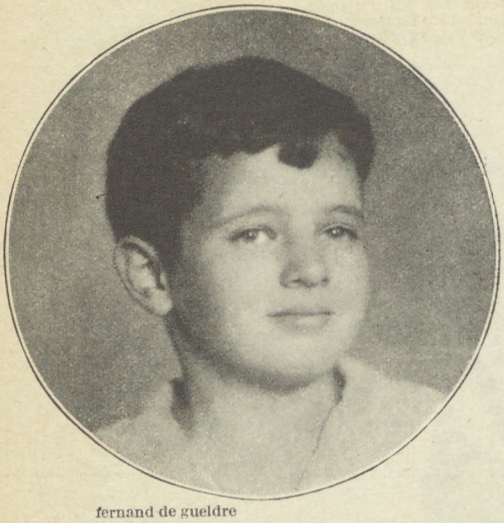
Ammunition Dope FREE

To get the greatest satisfaction from your guns and ammunition, you should know more about them. Write to us if you have any unsolved shooting problems. Our technical men are glad to answer questions.

A post card will bring you the complete story of the exclusive WESTERN developments which have played such a large part in the improvement of ammunition during recent years.

Literature telling why Super-X can increase the range of your shotgun as much as 20 yards is yours for the asking. Other booklets describing Xpert, WESTERN's latest shotgun load which gets the game, yet sells at a surprisingly low price; Lubaloy non-fouling bullets; Open-point Expanding and Boat-tail bullets; Marksman L. R. .22's and other features are also available. Just mention the type of shooting which interests you most.

Western AMMUNITION



fernand de gueldre

Mostly About Boys

Edited By
Ben East

THIS is the best month yet! February, and the snow beginning to soften a little each day in the afternoon sun. Days growing longer. Spring is sending her advance signs, up over the snowdrifts, from the south. Skunks beginning to run, and next month the long V's of wild geese will go honking over, calling to us out of the bright blue sky as they pass. I never see them but I wish I could go with them to the end of their journey. Some of you who live up yonder where they nest, write and tell us about it.

Boys, the shack is finished. Better still, the fire is burning, and we're ready to gather around and listen to the best bunch of campfire stories you ever heard.

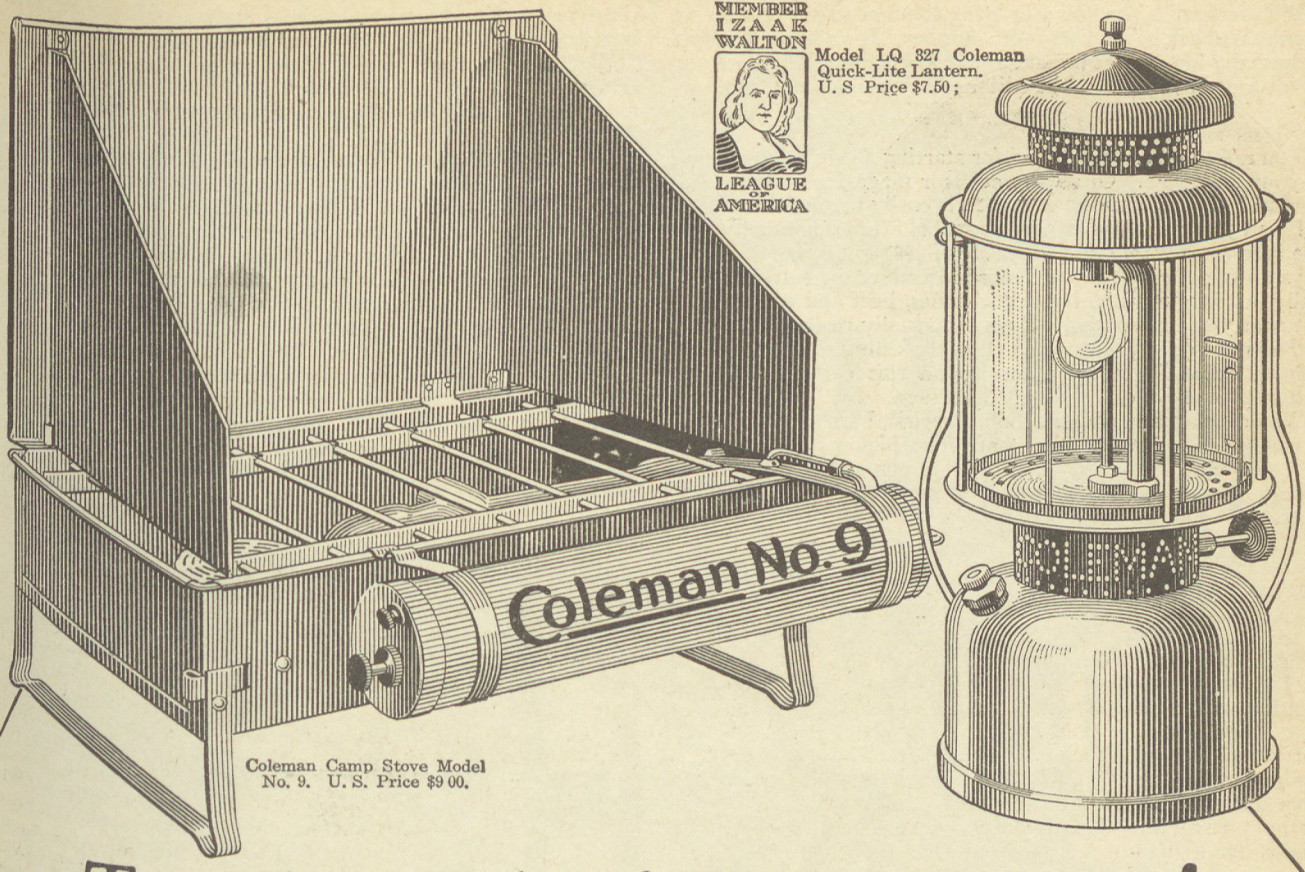
It was a custom among the Sauks, hundreds of years ago—you boys of northern Wisconsin know them now as the Sacs—to build each lodge running east and west, and light the lodge fire in the center. Thus the Sun-God traveled ever along the ridge-pole, and at high noon he could give of his own heat, new vitality to the fire. Best of all, once a lodge fire was started it was never allowed to go out. When a new lodge was built, embers were carried from an old lodge, to start a new fire, and that fire in turn would start another.

Boys, let's be like the Sauks, the People-Who-Went-Out-Of-The-Land. Let's keep this lodge fire of ours burning, day and night. Best of all, let's see that there are always plenty of good stories to tell around the fire. Keep your letters coming.

really big fish that I caught last summer. I am a little boy nine years old and I have lived in Iowa most of my life and as you know there is not many good fishing streams in that state. Well last summer Dad, Mother and I took a trip over into Michigan, we went to Alpena, in the northeast part of the lower peninsular and we were camped on Long Lake. Up to this time the only fishing that I had ever done was for sunfish and crappies in the Cedar River. Well, Dad and I got a boat and some night crawlers for bait and set out to try our luck. Dad had bought me a nice steel rod, reel and line all my own and I was very proud of it and was anxious to match my skill against some of the big bass and pike in Long Lake. I had learned how to bait my own hook and Dad and I got our hooks in the water about the same time. For quite a while nothing happened and Dad suggested that we move on to another part of the lake where the fishing might be better. All of a sudden something happened—I thought an elephant had hit my pole. it was almost jerked out my hand. Dad hollered, "stay with him kid" and I stayed. I tugged and I pulled and that fish cut every kind of a caper that a fish can cut and then some more. I forgot all about my reel 'till Dad said "use your reel and get him up to the boat" and you can bet I reeled for dear life and pretty soon I could see him under the water. Gosh, but he looked like a whale. Dad got his landing net under him and in another minute he was flopping in the bottom of the boat. I caught three

MEMBER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Model LQ 327 Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern. U. S Price $7.50;



Coleman Camp Stove Model No. 9. U. S. Price $9 00.

Two Best Pals of Every Camper!

WHETHER you're planning a three days' jaunt in the flivver or a three months' stay in the wooded wilds, you're going to get mighty hungry at least three times a day and it's going to get dark every night. So be prepared! For plenty of good "eats" anytime and anywhere, mate up with the Coleman Camp Stove. And for plenty of good strong, steady light, include a Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern — handiest and best camp light you ever saw.

With these two pals along you can tour, hike, fish or hunt all day long and when you get back to camp it's no trick at all to have well-cooked food in jig time. Then when darkness settles down, light your Quick-Lite and write your letters, enjoy a good magazine, play games or just visit under its cheery radiance.

Coleman Camp Stoves

Two feature models are ready for you — Prices in the U. S. A.: Model No. 9 only $9.00; Model No. 2 only $12.50. ***Model No. 9*** (illustrated above) is the popular priced stove — a crackerjack little camp cooker with Coleman service and dependability in every inch of it. It just suits "modern gypsies" whether for an afternoon outing or a three months' stay in the open. Has the original Coleman patented *Hot-Blast Starter, Built-in Pump, Strap Steel Legs, Flame-Spreading Burners, Folding Wind Baffle, Detachable Fuel Tank.* Uses common motor gas for fuel. Folds up like a suit case, with everything stowed inside. ***Model No. 2*** is the camp stove de luxe — a miniature gas range with everything built-in. Has the original Coleman *Hot-Blast Starter, Built-in Oven and Drum Heater, Built-in Air Pump and Funnel, Swinging Fuel Tank, Wind Baffles and Warming Cabinet, Big Flame Spreading Burners* and other improved features.

Ask Your Dealer to show you the Coleman Camp Stoves and the Quick-Lite Lantern. If he is not yet supplied, clip, fill out and mail the attached coupon and we will see that you receive descriptive literature and are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. O. M. 23

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO. Factory and General Offices: Wichita, Kansas
U. S. Branches: Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: Toronto, Ontario
COLEMAN QUICK-LITE CO., Ltd., No. 3 Gerrard Place, London W. 1, England
Australian Office: 395 Collins Street, Melbourne

The Quick-Lite Lantern

Here's the best little night-time camping pal that ever went on a trip. Brighter than 20 old style oil lanterns — lights up your whole tent, cabin or camp-site. Use it for night hunting, fishing, hiking or for camp reading, games, etc. Solidly built of brass and other heavy metals. Stands hard knocks. Mica globe makes it rain-proof, bug-proof, wind-proof. Safe — can't spill fuel even if tipped over. Economical — over 40 hours brilliant service per gallon of fuel. Makes and burns own gas from common motor gasoline. Get one for your next trip! U. S. Price $7.50.

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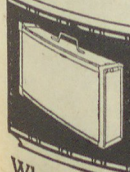
THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY

Send this coupon to office nearest you. WICHITA. PHILADELPHIA. CHICAGO. LOS ANGELES or TORONTO

I want "good eats" and good light on the camping trip I'm planning. So send me full particulars about Coleman Camp Stoves and the Quick-Lite Lantern. O. M. 23

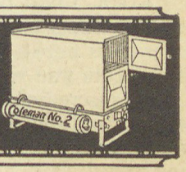
Name .....

Address ..... (23)



Coleman Camp Stove

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



Bill's letter has the honor of being the first to arrive after we began the shack in the December number. It's a fine letter, and I especially liked what he said about Michigan. I suppose you didn't know it, Bill, but the editor is a Michigan man too.

My Dear Editor—

You are to be congratulated for starting a boy's department in your magazine. Of all the outdoor magazines I have seen or read I think OUTDOOR AMERICA is easily in the lead.

I read your article with a great deal of interest; but why confine it to the boys? Girls are just as fond of out-door sports as boys and as a rule they are more interested in Nature, especially in birds, flowers, trees, butterflies, bees and etc. and are not nearly so destructive. Boys are usually ready with a gun and seem to be happiest when they are killing something. All animals must be of some service on this earth or Mother Nature would not have placed them here.

When it comes to conservation, the girls, I am sure, will work as eagerly as the boys and perhaps for a higher purpose. Men and boys wish to conserve birds and animals so they will have better shooting later on. Not so with girls, I mean the average, normal girl; we wish to conserve because it is right, because it is fair; we believe we should live and let live.

I wish your organization might have started years ago; then we might have had some woods near by where we could get acquainted with the creatures that John Burroughs and other writers tell us about.

I am a girl, a sophomore in high school. Our family is large and it is necessary that I work vacations and after school hours. I am very fond of all outdoor life. We live at least thirty or forty miles from a real woods, I mean wild woods, woods where one can go in and get lost. We have no car. What chance is there for girls and boys situated as I am to get out and become acquainted with Nature?

Meditation, "Buzz" Gibbs of Minneapolis waits for a big one.

A bunch of us girls took a week's vacation this Summer. We engaged the Scout shack, while the boys were away. The shack is situated on the shore of Lake Winnebago five miles south of the city.

We had lots of fun planning our trip and anticipating the many things we would do, such as swimming, hiking, jumping, screaming, climbing trees and making new friends among the beasts and birds. We had out our outing duds all ready for days ahead. At last our vacation was at hand, we were wild with delight at the thought of really camping out.

Can you imagine our disappointment when we reached the place! The shack was more than we expected, fireplace 'n'every thing. But the grounds—hardly room enough to turn around, with summer cottages within an arms length. The place was simply fenced in with signs, "Private," "Keep Out," "Goway," "No Trespassing." What few flowers and trees there were, were all fenced in. The only place to hike was on highway No. 15 which for traffic, during the summer months, has Mich. Blv'd beaten a mile. Even the bathing beach was punk, so mucky and full of weeds. It was no pleasure to go in unless you were a good swimmer and floater because if you ever hit bottom you were stuck for good.

As for screaming, nothing doing. We had to laugh silently so we would not irritate the city people who came there to rest, which we knew was their privilege and they were entitled to peace and quiet. It was no place for a group of school girls who were trying to get rid of a lot of surplus energy in a normal way.

We have a beautiful park in this city as far as city parks go. Every vestige of wild life has been shaved off. It is a fine place for old folks and little children, but not a very satisfying place for real boys and girls.

My father has told me much about the deer, partridge, quail, woodcock and other animals he used to see when he was a boy in this part of the state. I never have seen any of these wild things in their natural environment. My father got his knowledge of Nature out of doors in the pure air and sunshine. We get ours in a stuffy movie, the only place where one can see them if they have not the time and money to go miles and miles away.

The only kind of a deer I have ever seen was a dead one on the running boards of machines. Dozens of machines returning from the north this fall were loaded with dead deer. It surely is a pitiful sight. It does not seem fair that the men who can afford it to shoot and carry away the wild life of the woods, when the younger people are hungry to see them in their natural haunts. For the life of me I can't see how a great able bodied man armed to the limit with a deadly gun, trained dogs, highly paid guides, can go into the woods, which were God's first temples, and shoot a beautiful deer or any other animal that has never molested him. I think it is a cowardly act. I wish your splendid organization could prevent this needless slaughter before another season.

You ask the boys for suggestions for prizes for the best letters. I am not a boy but I am 100% American and I am all for the "Ikes" except for the shooting of animals and birds. I hope you will pardon me for taking the liberty of offering these suggestions. Any boy, I think, would appreciate a year's subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA. Every boy who pretends to love the birds and outdoor life in general would prize Reed's Bird Guide, or Roger's Tree Book, or Holland's Butterfly Book.

Here's hoping you have a girl's department very soon. If you think girls are not interested in the out doors you are going to get the surprise of your life. Try it and see. I am sending in my subscription for OUTDOOR AMERICA, for one year.

Yours for beautiful America, especially Wisconsin.

Very Sincerely,

EDITH DURANT,

Dec. 8, 1924. Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Do you remember, fellows, that we asked the girls who loved the outdoors, to sit around the fire with us. There is what I call a splendid letter from one of them!

There's a challenge there, boys, for us, in our love of wild things! And you older Waltonians, who read these pages; there's a real challenge there for you, in what this girl says about the lack of an outdoor playground! For the sake of America's coming manhood and womanhood, girls and boys who love the solitude of forests as this girl does, must have such solitude to go to from time to time! Let us consecrate ourselves anew, Waltonians, and give back, day by day, and year by year, to our children the things that Edith Durant knows only from her father's descriptions!

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article

New Elto INVENTION

by Ole Evinrude

The Propello Pump

Ends All Pump Troubles

THOUSANDS of Outboard Motor users now thank Ole Evinrude for the Propello Pump. Announced for the first time last spring, its success was instantaneous. Especially, men who have owned Outboard Motors before have been most enthusiastic in their praises.

Think of it! There is not a single moving pump part—and yet a flood of water flows constantly through the new Elto cooling system. Ole Evinrude, in this invention, has made use of three simple, unfailing principles. The Propello Pump simply

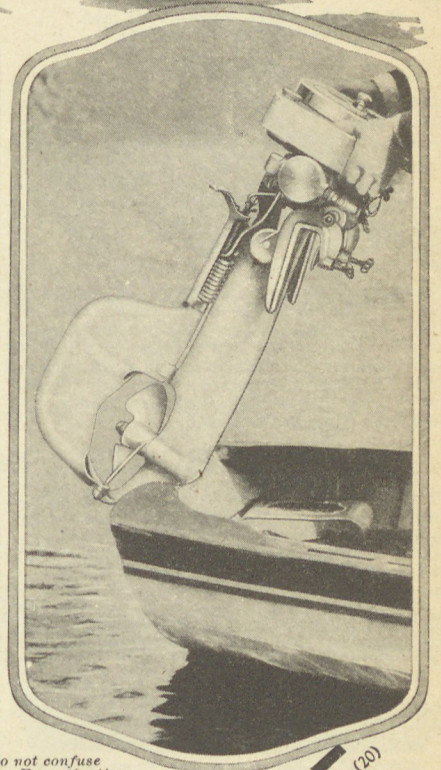
Scoops—Siphons—Forces Water

It never fails. The rudder openings scoop up the water as the Motor runs, straining it to keep out clogging materials. The whirling Propeller Blades push and force the water into circulation. Once started, the water siphons continuously. No more sticking valves. No more clogged pipes. No more overheated engines. No more expensive repairs. As long as your engine is running, you *know* the Propello Pump is working.

Works Perfectly at All Speeds—and in All Waters

Slow down to fish-getting trolling speed, or open up the throttle wide for a race; go anywhere in muddy or sandy water—fresh or salt—your Elto with its Propello Pump always cools perfectly. This is just one of the many exclusive features that is making the Elto the preferred of all Outboard Motors. Other Elto advantages are, of course, 50% more power, much more speed, least weight per horse power, instant starting every time, Atwater-Kent Ignition, safe rudder steering, larger bearings, sturdier working parts, longer life.

Our New Free Catalog Explains All—Write for a Copy Today



Do not confuse the Easy-Starting Light-Weight Elto Twin with any other Outboard Motor, as for 11 years, Ole Evinrude, founder of the industry, has had no connection with any other Outbord Motor Co The Elto is built in his own factory under his personal direction.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.

Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg. : Milwaukee, Wisconsin

OLE EVINRUDE, President

Found Only on Elto Fastest Light Twin 3 H.P.

"The Motor that Starts with a Touch"

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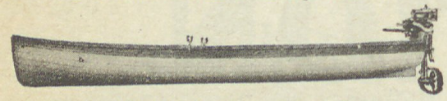

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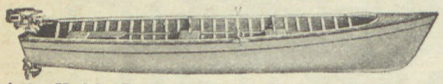

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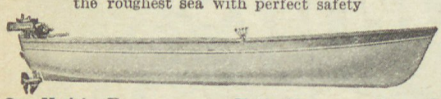

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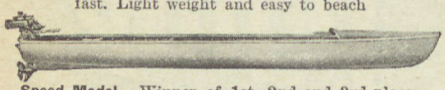

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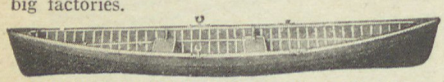

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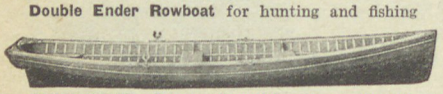

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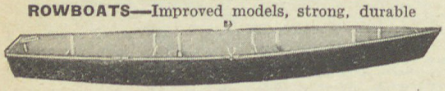

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When Game Was Tame

Edited by
M. L. GOCHENOUR

Southern Alberta Sheep

By F. DUPUY

Something of the vicissitudes encountered and cunning required to bag Rocky Mountain rams may be gathered from this account by F. Dupuy, now of New York City. He tells us how the natives do it. Think of an outfit with one pack horse bagging two seventeen inch rams on a four day trip!—M. L. G.

My boyhood was spent in a prairie town of Southern Alberta, near the foothills of the Rockies. A longing to hunt mountain sheep possessed me from early recollection.

I had read about different species of wild sheep: the Argali of the Himalayas, the black sheep of the northern Rockies, the Yukon or white sheep of Alaska and British Columbia, the saddlebacks of Atlin, and a small species in northwestern Sonora, Mexico; but the Big Horn of Alberta, with their massive and compact horns, had a stronger appeal as a trophy than any of the others.

An old friend, "Bill" by name, a keen hunter, happened to trail into the town about the time of my looking into wild sheep records and hunting episodes of their pursuit. That coincidence was decisive. Bill was a prospector and gold miner, as his father had been before him, in Caribou, B. C., mining days. Any little stringer of quartz in out-cropping rock held a strong appeal for him. I feared his keenness for such a quest might prove a handicap on a hunting trip, and it did dull his vision once.

We made an early start one morning in September. We had taken one pack horse, intending to leave it in camp as soon as the stiff, up end work commenced. We had to follow a stream for a long distance, as it was necessary to cross it to reach the base of a mountain, whose upper levels, I judged, by use of a field glass, would surely have sheep. There was a gradual approach to reach an elevation of about three thousand feet. Above that only patches of fir and pine relieved the bare look of rocky walls, and pinnacles of all shapes and sizes. At last the stream forked, and the two lesser reaches, that when merged into one could not be crossed, we found, taking each one with its lesser volume, easy to ford.

The going was anything but easy. A stretch of fallen timber which fire had swept, to hurtle over, and some barriers of lodge-pole fir to squeeze through, gave Bill no time to exclaim about possible quartz leads or mineral bearing float. Then we came to a wall-like formation of rock sloping upward, easy to negotiate, though some slide rock intervened to check rapid climbing. Well above this, the rocks were broken and jagged. I had noticed pulsatilla growing in little tufts near ledges in this higher location. Sheep are very fond of this, so we were on the alert for some out-post ram that might be on the lookout near one of the turret-like rocks.

Bill was slightly in advance, and as I turned a projecting boulder that nature's forces had hurled from the heights above, I noticed him intent upon the study of a splash of quartz, from which radiated stringers of ore. Subconsciously, I let my vision trace one of these leads upward for some distance along the sloping rock formation, and was startled at a sight that made pulses vibrate to more rapid action than the ore body had awakened.

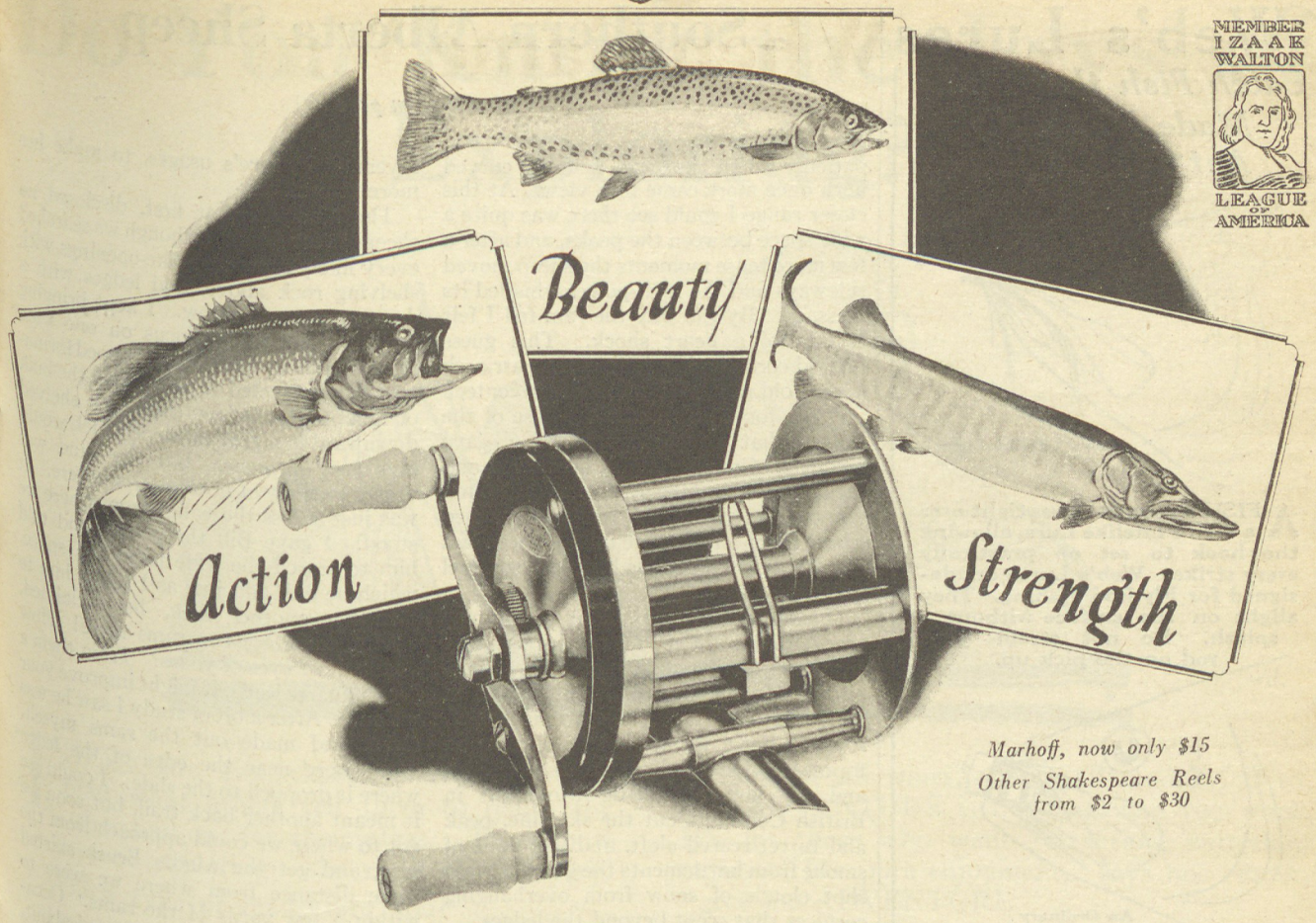
Just at the base of one of the turrets I could see, without the aid of glasses, the head and shoulders of what looked to be an unusually large ram. The wind was right and he did not seem alarmed. We kept as statue-like as he for some minutes, then watched him move away and again come to view. Our guess was that in the depressions between the peaks there was a lick, or he was on sentry duty. Only one plan would avail to get in range, and that was to retrace our steps and learn if a draw or gorge between the ram's position and ours would allow of getting in closer distance.

With the silence that gives consent, my partner fell to this plan, and when the ram again put the shoulder of rock between us we made rapidly to double on our tracks. For half a mile we followed backward, and sure enough found a ravine-like gorge that would bring us much nearer our quarry by stalking and working gradually upward to the rock that held the fascination all hunters know, and the joy of expectancy, in the quest of the keen-visioned, wary and elusive Big Horn.

At last we reached within three hundred yards of the pinnacle rock formation, but the ram was not in sight. Leaving Bill, I worked ahead alone to cut off another hundred yards of the distance, and then, for about half an hour, waited. Some large sections of rock that had fallen from above gave good cover; one reached to my shoulder and made a rest for the rifle. I had told Bill this was to be my try, as he had been too intent upon the quartz lead to focus the ram. The suspense was just beginning to try my

(Continued on page 50)

Send to National Headquarters for re-prints of Hal Evarts' December Elk article



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A Reel you will be proud to own

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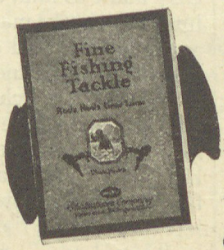

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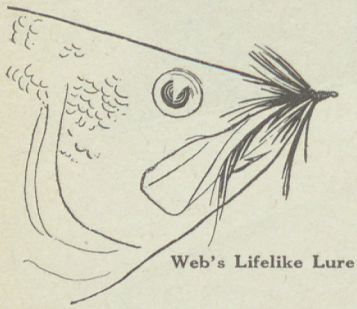

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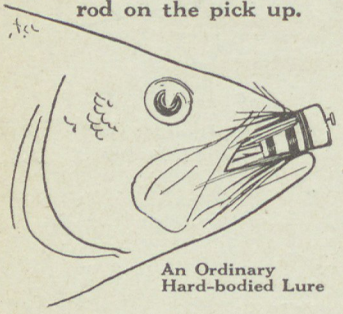
A FISH'S mouth closes tight over a Web's Lifelike Lure, allowing the hook to set on practically every strike. Web's Lures are designed for Fly Rod Fishing. They alight on the surface without a splash. Do not strain your rod on the pick up.



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AN ORDINARY hard-headed or hard-bodied lure does not allow the fish to close its mouth, and interferes with the point of hook setting when you make your strike.

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WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO.
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN
Send Catalog to

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Southern Alberta Sheep

(Continued from page 48)

patience when the head and big curved horn once more came into view. At this closer range I could see there was quite a wide space between the peaks, and after a few more tense moments the sheep moved sideways and the high-power whistled its message. By the way the ram fell I felt certain of a heart shock. This guess proved correct. We judged the patriarch a very old ram. He measured seventeen and one-fourth inches at the base of the horns, that on close inspection gave evidence of many a fight, splintered and jagged as the surface was, yet an all-round fine trophy. From the peaks we reached where he had fallen, we found traces of a number of sheep, so his had been sentinel duty.

Our view from this point of vantage was superb. The mountains showed clear and distinct in the rarefied atmosphere. To our left, Chief Mountain in Montana was visible, the sleeping chief, roughly hewn in stone, traced clear on topmost table ledge, while to the right, and far beyond, Castle Mountain in British Columbia cut the sky line, peak and turret reared aloft, and like puffs of smoke from battlements the gusts of wind shot clouds of snow from overhanging cornices that crept beyond the ledges.

Back to the camp with the head was the next in order. It was a well chosen spot, plenty of feed for the pack horse, dry fuel, and from a nearby ridge of bench formation streams came down to give the best of clear water.

We started the following morning as the first gleam of light turned the gray peaks to rose. Some time and effort were required to reach the pass, but from there on we found it far from easy going. A torrent raced down a deep cut gorge clear across the only negotiable trail. On and on we followed until finally a jam of fallen firs made bridge enough for us to cross, and after another hour's steady going we reached what we judged to be a most likely spot, but it netted no rams. Then followed more uphill work. Slide rock had to be crossed at angles, working all the time upward. A stretch of park-like level spaces, "mountain meadows," relieved the more arduous work. These meadows were completed with moss berry vine and trailing ground cedar—easier on ankles than slide rock.

On our upward climb we sighted a ptarmigan in summer plumage—not an easy mark to find, as its protective coloring so perfectly matches the surrounding autumn hues, and even more difficult to see when winter finds the bird with a coat of white to match the banks of snow. The weasel goes the ptarmigan one better, for when he changes his coat he changes his name. They can both thank Nature for her wonderful ways in guarding them lest they attract the eye. How wonderful is "My Lady," when in summer she wears the ermine lining in her opera cloak, reversing Nature's usages, to make her more attractive.

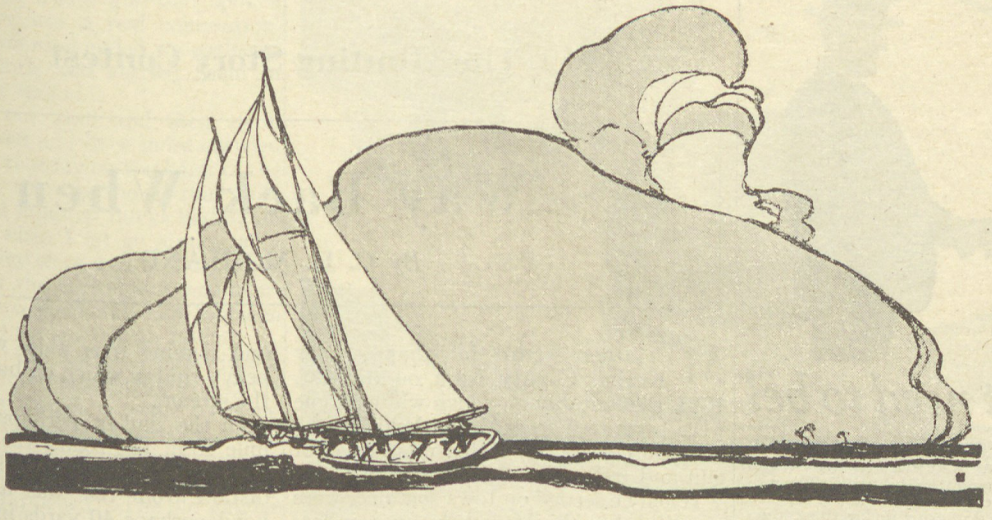
The binoculars, at first, disclosed no sheep, ewes or rams, although we searched every likely spot, cave-like openings with shelving rock above, and ledges with a drop to canyons below. I kept bringing the glasses back to focus on one wide ledge, like an irregular table-topped formation that projected outward from the bulk of mountain. Below, slide rock shelved downward in a gradual slope which would give easy approach, but the wind was wrong to allow of heading from there. It was just across the valley from where we stood. I gave Bill the glasses and told him to search the wide table-like space, which he did, and just as I asked him to give me another look, he exclaimed, "Why, there are two rams there! How about those eyes of yours? Train them a bit on quartz leads, it might improve your vision." After a bit of study I saw he was right, and made out the rams myself. They were near the edge of the ledge where it dropped to the slide. I could see it meant another back trail, but soon we got to where we could approach from the rear, and get the wind. Brush skirted some distance from where we were to within a few yards of the rams. Occasional large boulders lay scattered about, and helped some when the timbered cover had to be left. Dips and depressions in the rock strata aided the stalk, and here again the patches of carpet-like covering and lichens eased the footfall. The rams were plain to be seen; both had good heads, one was almost on the edge of the rock, the other a few paces behind and to one side of the first, thus farther from the drop to the slide rock and safety. Bill worked, ever so slowly, from the timber-sheltered belt to make use of the depressions and scattered boulders, for a good position, and near enough for a running shot. Were it not for the unusual lay of the land and the preoccupation of the sheep, intent on watching something on the side below, Bill never could have worked up to what I estimated about seventy-five yards from the ram nearest to him. Then both rams seemed to sense danger. Over the ledge with a bound went the foremost, but the 30.30 swung on the second ram before he could reach the taking-off place. He made a shuffling stagger and went over, but no buoyant spring took him there.

Bill was on the slide rock with his ram when I reached the spot where the rams had been a few moments before. He, too, had made the mark, just behind the shoulder, a clean kill.

The head was a good one, the horns not jagged or splintered but even and well turned, seventeen inches at base. Tough work as it was to get the heads back, we made it in fair time, put one more night in camp, and hit the homeward trail.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Do You Know the Joys of Exploring?



THERE are two classes of readers—one read what others tell them to read; the other find out for themselves. They know the joys of exploring—the thrill of discovery.

Which type of reader are you?

How do you select the magazines you read? Do you choose them yourself—or follow someone's advice? Do you judge them on their own merits—or accept another's opinion?

When you put through a business deal, you don't take someone's word for it. You find out for yourself. Why not do this with your reading? Investigate! Find out! Otherwise you will miss many worthwhile things—things you want.

ADVENTURE is a magazine you will either like or dislike—and if you like it, you'll read it forever! A famous railroad president says: "I love it and try to follow it regularly. I do not have a great deal of time for magazine reading, but I always find ADVENTURE interesting."

ADVENTURE is a favorite with lawyers, doctors, college and bank presidents, with business men, railroad men—men in all walks and stations of life.

Says one reader: "Has any other magazine ever printed the equal of 'The Soul of a Regiment,' by T. Mundy? It stands on a par with Kipling's 'The Man Who Came Back.'"

Another writes: "What ADVENTURE does is to give me the use of other men's eyes and ears in places where I have not been and may not ever be. ADVENTURE has the opportunity of teaching what the other place really is like—through the pens of the men who know."

Do you like the great out-of-doors? Do you like clean, well-written stories of action and adventure, at all times, and in all lands? If so, then ADVENTURE is the magazine you want. It's for those who want relaxation, entertainment. "For pure enjoyment," says one reader, "give me ADVENTURE."

ADVENTURE authors are specialists. They know what they are writing about, and how to write it. "Captain Blood" and "The Sea Hawk," two of Sabatini's most famous books, were first published in ADVENTURE. Many ADVENTURE writers are authors of successful books: Talbot Mundy, Arthur D. Howden-Smith, Hugh Pendexter, Arthur O. Freel, Gordon Young, Robert Simpson, J. Allan Dunn and others.

Then there is the "Camp Fire" and "Ask Adventure," two unique departments you will especially enjoy. They offer you services and entertainment you cannot find elsewhere.

You, too, can have the joys of exploring—the thrill of discovery. The coupon below will bring you a sample copy of ADVENTURE—free. Fill it out and mail it *today*. There is no obligation. Find out for yourself what ADVENTURE is. Send the coupon now.

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No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction *permanent*. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.

No need of carrying excess fat like this

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Write today for a Director and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail today.

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Send me a Director under your money-back guarantee. My weight is ..... my height is .....
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When Game Was Tame

Edited by

M. L. GOCHENOUR

The Hunting Story Contest

'Way Back When

By C. H. MOHLAND

MY father settled in what is now Keokuk County, Iowa, on May 1st, 1843. the first day on which white people were permitted to settle on lands in the New Purchase. My father was a lover of gun and rod and out-door life.

When he settled on Iowa soil, deer were plentiful, but this large game was, in less than fifteen years, killed off or driven farther west. My father had one of the old-fashioned deer rifles with stock and barrel about six feet long. When deer became scarce other wild game, such as wild turkeys, prairie chickens, quail, pheasants squirrels, rabbits, wild geese and many varieties of ducks, were very plentiful. For this game my father concluded he should have a shotgun. In those pioneer days money was a scarce article, so my father took the old trusty rifle to a near-by gunsmith and had it bored out, thereby converting it into a long, heavy, ill-proportioned shot gun. But, Oh Boy! it carried far and brought down the meat!

I was the oldest boy of the family and from the time I was ten years old my father generally took me with him when hunting for ducks or other small game, and after I reached the age of eleven he would hand me the gun and point out a rabbit or squirrel and tell me to try and kill it. I enjoyed this greatly and on each day of hunting I would expect to get at least one shot, and father seldom disappointed me, and I generally got a shot at something.

My parents, to my sorrow and against what I considered very sound judgment, decided that no boy should be allowed to go hunting alone or with boys before reaching the age of 15 years. As I was only 12 when this ruling was promulgated, it seemed like an eternity before I would be able to have a little fun, as there was absolutely no way for a boy to enjoy himself and have fun unless he could hunt rabbits, squirrels and quail.

Sixty years ago this coming November my father was building a sheep stable and wanted to plaster over the cracks between the logs. I was 14 and my brother, Mart, was 12 years old, and father requested us to hitch a yoke of oxen to a wagon, drive two miles to Skunk River and bring up a few loads of sand. Driving to the river, we first passed down a long, gently sloping hill, and then crossed the Skunk River Bottom, a flat, marshy tract a mile wide, and passing over this, we reached the heavy timber which on both sides skirted the stream.

In the timber, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the road, was a large timber pond in the shape of a horse-shoe, and not distant from this was a small circular pond perhaps 40 yards in diameter, surrounded by perhaps a dozen Pin Oak trees with many of the branches extending out over the water. I had seen my father kill ducks in both of these ponds a few weeks before and I was anxious to see whether there were ducks in the pond on that day, so we chained our team to a tree and walked out through the timber to these ponds. The large pond was covered with ice, there being no open water at any place, but when we looked over the low bank around the small pond we could scarcely believe our eyes! The pond was literally covered with Mallards feeding on the acorns which had dropped from the trees into the water. The ducks were busy and we sneaked back without disturbing them.

We got the sand, and on our way home I laid plans which doubtless differed somewhat from plans made by the ducks in that small pond. When my plans had matured, I gave my brother orders as follows: "After unloading the sand and placing hay for the oxen to eat, we will go into the kitchen to eat dinner with the family. Mart, you must eat fast. When you are through, the rest will still be eating. I will start to tell father about the Indians we met in the Bottom as soon as you leave the table, and keep them interested. You quickly get the gun out of the living room and the powder horn, shot pouch and cap box out of the bureau drawer and hurry with them to the wagon and cover with hay for fear Father might accompany me to the wagon after finishing his dinner." No boy could be quicker and do better "pussy-footing" than Mart when an emergency arose, or when a gun or fishing tackle was in sight. Everything proceeded like clock-work. When I had finished telling how the bad Red Skins had scowled and made ugly faces at us, I said "Father, you want us to get another load of sand, don't you?" He said he did, and I started out and found Mart with the team already headed down the road. I soon caught up and, checking up, found everything regular.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

When we had again tied our team to the tree, we started for the little round pond, having first loaded the gun as I had often seen my father do it. The last 200 or 300 yards we crawled on hands and knees. When I shoved the long old gun barrel over a log on the bank to which we had crawled, I peeped over and could see no water,—nothing but ducks—and in a few seconds the trusty gun had spoken and then there was a real commotion. When the commotion ended we gathered up nine Mallards and carried them in triumph to the wagon.

We loaded our sand and then again hitched our oxen and once more crawled to the old tree that lay on the bank of the round pond. In the hour that had elapsed several hundred ducks had again returned and when I let go aiming at a place where they were well bunched, five remained after the excitement was over. I had made two shots and had fourteen Mallards when we started for home.

When out on the Bottoms we noticed a band of Canadian geese flying in a circle over Koolhaus Slough, a swale covering about half a section and perhaps a half mile east of us. After making three or four circles over this marsh something very unusual happened. The old gander in the lead evidently intended to make one more effort to find open water and undertook to make another round, but the flock refused to search farther and broke away heading for Young's Swale which lay about a mile and a half west and north of us. The flock passed south of us and then turned northwest for this marsh. The old gander made one more circuit over the grounds and then started west, evidently endeavoring to overtake the naughty bunch which had disobeyed his orders. I saw the old boy was headed in our direction. Game in those days paid no attention to cattle or horses as they met with them daily in their flights. When I saw him coming straight in our direction I stopped the team and we huddled close to the wagon. He came closer and closer, repeating his old and familiar, "Honk, Honk." He was pretty high, but when he had just passed from directly over our heads the old gun barked and as a result he stretched his wings, held them motionless, and when he hit the ground 200 yards away he bounded up at least 4 feet, and when we got to him he was as dead as a door nail. He was an unusually large specimen.

When we got back home with the large Canadian goose and 14 Mallards, all killed with three shots, we felt quite important, and we crowed loud and shouted pretty long, and I wanted to know of mother whether I had now demonstrated that I could hunt some, although not quite fifteen years old.

Perhaps the most remarkable part about this story is that it is true and that the facts really happened and can be verified by my brother, who is still living in the State where the tall corn grows, and being an honest farmer, he is, of course, truthful.

All members of the Izaak Walton League who can show better or larger results for their first day's hunt and with only three shots fired, will please arise,—but don't all speak at once.

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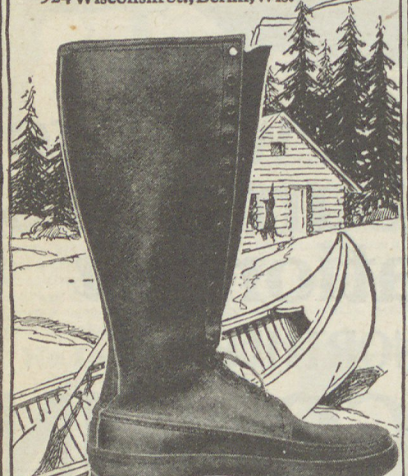

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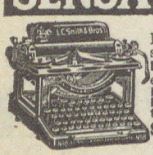

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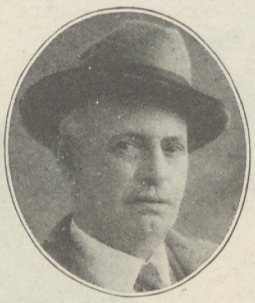

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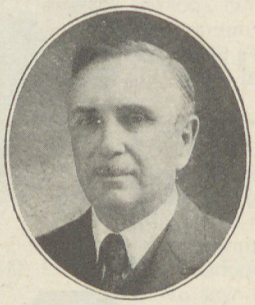

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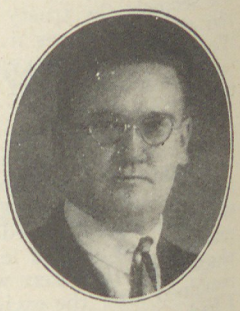

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Gary Ansler, Sec.
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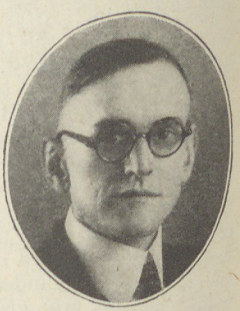

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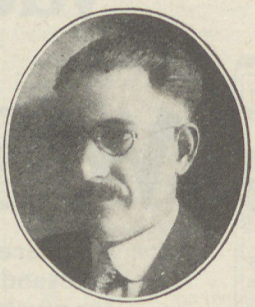

K. J. Voorhees,
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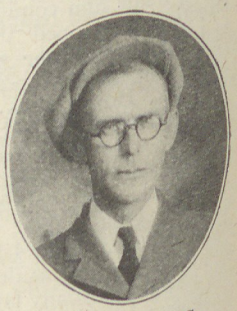

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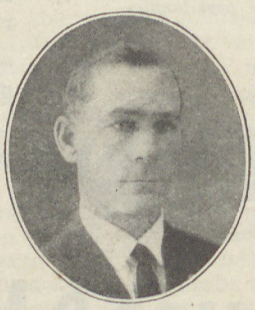

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Chapter Brevities

Carter Chapter No. 119, Oilton, Okla., is on its toes. Pres. E. L. Wetherbee reports a membership drive for 500 members before Christmas. As an incentive to chapter members, a special diamond League button is being given to those who bring in ten members or more. They have fifty Deputy Game Wardens in their membership and are purchasing a 160 acre tract for a large fish and game preserve, as well as planning a 640 acre game preserve.

Cedar Springs, Michigan, Waltonians report a fish and coon supper last month. The ladies were there too.

Texarkana, Arkansas, Chapter held a luncheon and smoker Nov. 18. Tom Webber, president, and J. R. Watlington, secretary, asked every member to bring one or more sportsmen as guests.

Tulsa, Okla., members of the League are patrolling the county and reporting law breakers. Many of them have received commissions as deputy game wardens and make their own arrests, although the real part of their work consists in education and instruction.

A National Duck Bag Limit—

(*Continued from page 35*)

and fifty miles of fine lakes and marshes between the towns of East St. Louis and Cairo, Illinois. Along the Mississippi river were hundreds of fine lakes with lots of ducks and other water fowl. Today in all this vast area you can hardly find a place where one can kill a duck at any time of the year.

Forty years ago these same grounds were one of the finest feeding grounds in the states. Why do the birds not feed here now as before? With the cities of St. Louis and East St. Louis and all the other large towns along the Mississippi river dumping the refuse into the river as they do now in a few years we will have no such thing as a game bird, or a fish of any value in these thousands upon thousands of acres of natural feeding grounds for birds, and in those beautiful lakes so naturally the home of fine fish we will be wondering where they have gone.

I have always loved fishing and hunting and would favor any law that would bring back our sport as it was even twenty years ago in this territory.

Let us reduce the bag limit for a few years until we have enough game stock and enough feeding grounds to keep them with us for awhile, and in the meantime try to educate the people in a way that will preserve our sport for the future generations as well as for the ones who have to fight to keep it from being destroyed forever from our state and nation.

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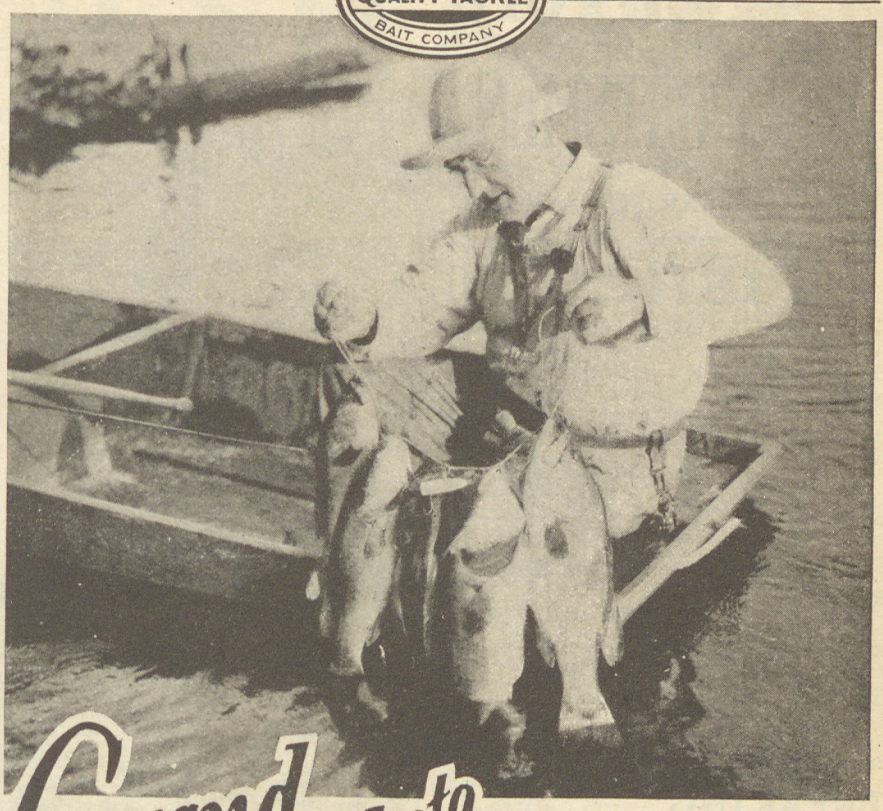

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THIS photograph, submitted by Mr. Al. P. Burgert, of Tampa, Fla., wins $300.00 in gold, the Grand Prize in our 1924 Fish-Photo Contest.

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Contest judges who awarded the total of 273 prizes were: Claire Briggs, the cartoonist; Lew B. Jones, vice-president Eastman Kodak Co.; E. F. Warner, publisher of Field and Stream.

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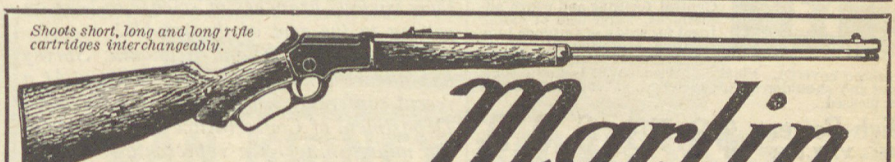

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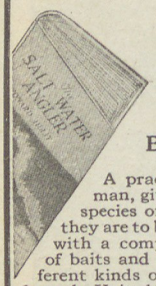

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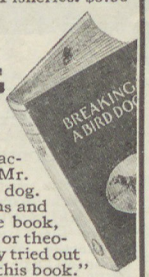

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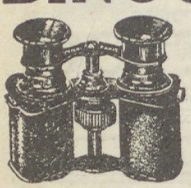

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That Michigan Survey

By P. S. LOVEJOY

Edited by Harold Titus

Destruction wrought by fire. There are hundreds of acres of burned-over land in Michigan.

Ever since we became aware that something was the matter with America's out-of-doors, we have been trying or planning to try to do something about it. We have considered our open as a patient and no one has denied that the patient has been woefully sick. So far, except in scattered and sporadic instances, we have been tinkering with symptoms instead of attempting to diagnose the disease and get at the seat of the trouble.

Michigan, one of the sickest states—to follow the metaphor—in the union and a state with some of the greatest recreational possibilities, has called in a doctor; a whole raft of doctors, in fact. They have looked the patient over carefully, held their consultation and are now at work bringing their various branches of science to bear on getting to the root of the trouble.

The Michigan Land-Economic Survey has attracted nation-wide attention. At a recent conference held in Lansing the State Department of Conservation was lauded for the undertaking by a representative of the United States Department of Agriculture; New York state officials have been inquiring about the technique and Wisconsin is said to be about ready to launch an inventory based on the lines that have been run in Michigan.

Mr. Lovejoy, whose article is published here, planned the work during the first summer and selected the staff. He is nationally known as a land economist and as an authority on forests and forest affairs.

H. T.

The fact is, of course, that wild-life affairs are very badly tangled.

Year after year, urged by state conservation officials and sportsmen's associations, the legislatures shrink open seasons and bag limits—and still the demand for good (or halfway decent) hunting and fishing exceeds the supply.

Urged by sportsmen's associations and local residents, fish hatcheries are built and rebuilt, and carloads of fry are distributed hither and yon. Hopefully somebody pours cans of young fish into depleted waters and the return of good fishing is anxiously awaited—usually awaited quite in vain.

When partridge begin to fail, pheasant farms may be established, and to maintain them gun licenses may be increased.

Controversies as to the ethics of the crow and as to the sporting value of the blue-gill, begin to compete with the ancient debates as to rifle caliber. Always the oldtimers recite again how things used to be and how sadly things have changed. Closed seasons on mud-hens and bull-heads are now in order, and in the pool halls and barber shops lengthy and detailed arguments as to the whats and wherefores of wild-life affairs go on unendingly.

Presently open seasons and bag limits

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are lowered again, new and bigger hatcheries are urgently demanded, and rod licenses are now required. And so on, year after year, and more and more of it.

It is evident enough that the old theories and ways of handling wild-life affairs have failed—failed persistently and badly.

It is high time that someone should find out just why they have failed, and what, if anything, may now be done—may, should and can be done.

In Michigan there is a new theory, and a new procedure is coming up.

The whole thing hinges on the getting of precise and really dependable information as to the essential facts, and then on building a policy and administration to fit those facts—no matter how uncomfortable they may be.

What is the first and biggest factor which determines the supply of wild-life? Suitable breeding and feeding grounds, of course.

As wild land begins to settle up and as the clearings spread a point is reached where deer and partridge begin to disappear—and in spite of all game laws and all policing.

As streams are opened up, by clearings or by lumbering and fire, and especially if they are driven year after year, with the natural obstructions taken out and the logs scouring the bottom and banks and the holes being filled in and with the sun raising temperatures during the critical summer months, trout begin to disappear. And new fry by the carload may be poured in, but if the stream is no longer good trout water the trout will not "come back."

Great areas of land, still "wild" enough, may still be left, and seemingly in shape to support innumerable deer. But if deer in that climate and cover must have winter shelter, and if suitable winter shelter can be found only in the cedar swamps, then the limiting factor may be the availability of the cedar swamps and not at all the availability of summer range. Cut and burn out the swamps and there will be few deer in the great summer ranges, and no matter if the open season is cut to half a day a year and though none but five-point bucks may legally be killed.

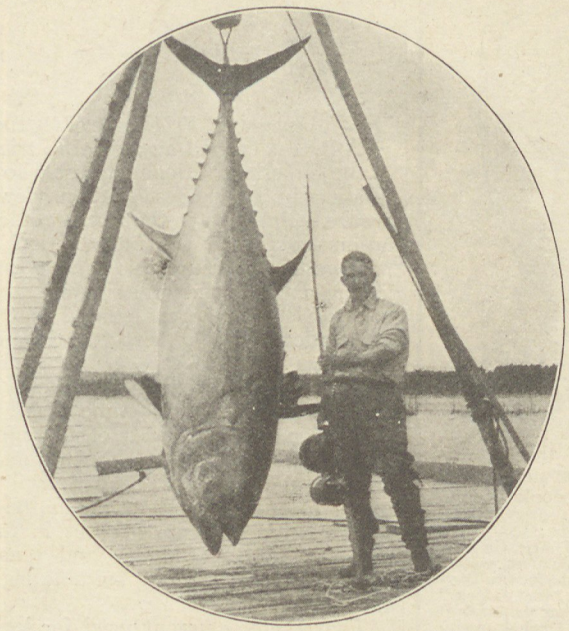
These things are surely evident enough. But is it also evident that nobody—sportsman, warden or commissioner—really knows anything precise and definite as to the location, distribution and condition of the game coverts and the waters, or as to the degree in which each type or parcel of cover is stocked, or as to the total carrying capacity of each, per mile or section, in terms of deer, partridge, beaver, trout, turkey, bear and so on?

And is it also evident that until somebody does know as to these things that nobody can really know what has happened, what is happening, or what might be made to happen? Lacking that precise and dependable information, what hope is there that game, fish and fur policies can work out successfully?

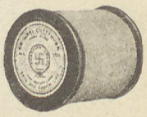
In Michigan all this has become so evident that for three years the Department of Conservation has been operating what it calls a Land-Economic Survey.

(*Continued on page 64*)

ASHAWAY



Zane Grey and his World's Record Blue-fin Tuna, weight 758 pounds, taken on an Ashaway Line.



Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk Line used by Mr. Grey.

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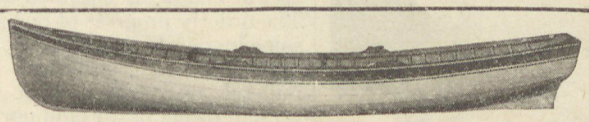

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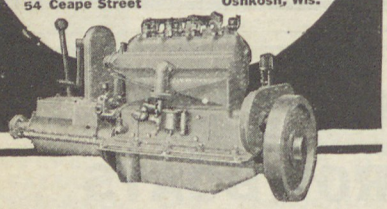

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Northwestern School of Taxidermy 3912 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

THE December, 1924, issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA carried an appeal to friends of the Superior National Forest who are residing in Minnesota, with a view to arouse their efforts in the interest of legislation looking to the introduction and passage of a measure this winter, establishing a tax on mineral rights.

Our friends may rest assured that this association is taking steps on their own initiative to see what can be done to bring about an introduction of such a bill. But we cannot at this time make any prediction as to the success of such efforts, and in order not to lose much valuable time, would again urge upon each and every Minnesotan interested in the Superior National Forest to get in touch with their representative and senator, with a view of framing suitable legislation to this end.

That there is urgent need for legislation along these lines to give the Department of Agriculture authority to purchase private lands within the Superior Forest or adjacent thereto, to safeguard its unusual recreational values, goes without saying. Without the enactment of such a law, the government is unable to make further progress. We refer the reader again to the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA for perusal of Section 4 of the Fuller Bill, to avoid repeating this section, which contains the objectionable feature now confronting the United States Forest Service in consummating an enlargement of this Forest. In seeking light on the situation, E. A. Sherman, Associate Forester of the United States Forest Service, writes me from Washington, Nov. 3rd, as follows:

"The form in which provision is made for mineral reservations is, I feel, unfortunately expressed, in that it provides automatically for the reservation of mineral in *every* case, regardless of the actual presence of mineral or the wishes or plans of the owner. Congress has been reluctant to give us authority to acquire any land subject to mineral reservations, and I am sure neither Congress nor the Department of Agriculture would ever approve wholesale enforced reservation of the character specified in Section 4. The orderly progress of our plans does in some instances require authority to make purchases and exchanges subject to mineral reservations, but neither the present owner of the land nor the Government would wish to exercise this, except where known or prospective values are actually involved. If the Government should inadvertently acquire lands which later are found to be of real mineral value, we have authority under the provisions of the Weeks Law, to permit the development of such ore bodies on a royalty basis. The State or the County need not fear that this would result at some time in the future in the curtailment of the revenue, since 25 per cent out of every dollar thus received would be paid over to the State on account of the road and school fund, without deductions for administration, supervision or other costs."

Mr. Sherman also urges me to reassure the people of the Superior region that they may depend upon the following points:

1. "If any lands are purchased by the Federal government for National Forest purposes in that region, it will be upon a basis beneficial to the region rather than injurious to it."

2. "If Congress gives the Forest Service authority to acquire lands subject to mineral reservations, the Forest Service will not undertake under any condition the general acquisition of lands in the Superior region, subject to mineral reservation, unless the State of Minnesota provides for the taxation of the reserved minerals or adopts some other practical solution of the problem."

It can thus be seen that Minnesota has everything to gain and nothing to lose by enactment of a mineral tax law.

It is also the duty of our association to encourage every friend of conservation to urge upon his Congressman and Senator the necessity of restoring to the Department of Agriculture its annual appropriation of two million dollars for the purchase of forest lands. These amounts have been expended for a period of five years, from 1912-1916, but were withdrawn during the war as needed more sorely for the prosecution of the war. Under the broader power of the Clarke-McNary Law larger amounts seem justified, in fact, the report of the Senate Select Committee on Reforestation, upon which report the Clarke-McNary Law was based, recommended the extension of the Weeks Law as finally expressed in the Clarke-McNary bill and urged that "not less than three million dollars should be provided annually for such purposes."

A letter to your Congressman and Senator will apprise them of your wishes in this matter, and they will be grateful to you for this friendly guidance.

W. R. Lawrie, Treasurer of our association has tendered his resignation as he is unable to give the time required to the duties of this office. We regret loosing Mr. Lawrie very much as he has shown much interest in the Superior National Forest. His successor will be announced in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Forest Supervisor Ritchey reports that game is very plentiful in the vicinity of Cherokee and Brule Lakes in the Sawbill Ranger District. The portage crew, working under Matt Markovich report seeing moose and bear every day and also have seen red and cross foxes frequently.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

At one time, when Guard Erickson made a trip from Sawbill station to Cascade at the end of the old Alger line he ran into a pack of fifteen timber wolves that were traveling along the railroad right of way and made no effort to get out of the way.

Matts portage crew also had the experience of being treed by an enraged bull moose. It happened that Matt was in advance of his crew looking over the portage location when he sighted a large bull moose. Matt paid no attention to this and kept moving ahead, but the moose made no effort to move aside but instead moved towards Matt who thought this very strange and came back to camp and told his crew that a bull moose was coming along the trail. They laughed at this but in a few minutes heard a loud crashing and the moose coming straight into camp. The men all took to the trees and stayed there until the moose went away.

Secretary Perham is very anxious to enroll many new members in our association. We need numerical strength as in unity of greater numbers there is greater strength. There have been thousands of tourists to the Superior National Forest this summer who have become enchanted with its wilderness charm. This forest is exposed to the civilizing process of every new country and unless its developments are closely guarded so that its wild beauty will be preserved for future generations, the Superior will soon reach the level of any commonplace playground. Our association is endeavoring to protect the exceptional values found in the Superior. A dollar mailed to Geo. A. Perham, Eveleth, Minn., makes you a working unit in this association, a member for a year and an active conservationist.

Mail your check to Mr. Perham today. We need your assistance.

Allies Now—The $ and Sentiment

(*Continued from page 6*)

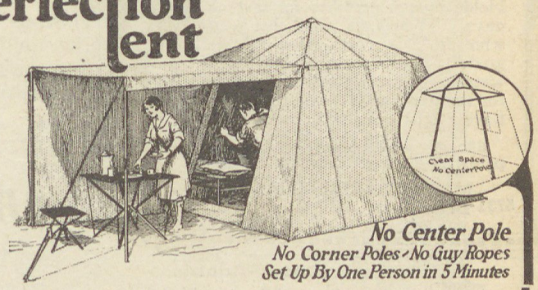
ing those who might be inclined to fear that the Izaak Walton League campaign is based upon sentimentalism and without economic foundations.

There is sentiment in the move, of course. Not one of us would care to go into the hills and find the last head of game shot out of them. There is that, too. Sentiment! But don't imagine that sentiment stands alone in this campaign. The dollar mark stands with it. The mark on the dollars that you contribute to this cause will be invested in a movement that is economically sound!

Have You Done Your Part for the Elk?

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

The new Stoll Clear Space Perfection Tent



No Center Pole
No Corner Poles - No Guy Ropes
Set Up By One Person in 5 Minutes

Here is the tent sensation of the year. A genuine, STOLL PERFECTION TENT with the *added* new feature of NO CENTER POLE—no corner poles and no guy ropes Yet it is lighter, stronger and more rigid than ever before, due to a new, patented principle of arch construction (note illustration).

The arch is made of light pressed steel—jointed for folding and quick, rigid connections with an automatic tension take-up on each side which tightens the tent smoothly all around The best and smoothest looking tent we have ever made.

Biggest Tent Value Ever Offered

Notice extra wide hips of this tent—standing room all around. Thoroly waterproofed and will not rub off on clothes. No odor. Mildew-proof. Sewed in floor and screened windows keep out insects. Extra large windows, door and wind-break awning. Elimination of center pole appears to give one third more room. Rolls into 10" x 42" light bundle. Be sure to see this tent before you buy. Four sizes to accommodate parties of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 people.

Write for Catalog

Big new Stoll catalog gives details and prices, full line Stoll tents—also folding steel spring beds (guaranteed sagless)—waterproof mattresses—folding tables, chairs and stools—waterproof carry-all bags, luggage carriers, etc. Write—

The Stoll Manufacturing Co.
3261 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado

Beautiful Furs From the Skins You Have

Made to your order by masters of the craft in the largest fur dressing and tanning plant in the west. Gives you a big saving on coats, jacquettes, chokers, auto robes, rugs, etc.
TROPHIES—game heads, etc., to decorate realistically your home, den or office. Our beautiful 32-page catalog will show you what art in taxidermy means. It is FREE.

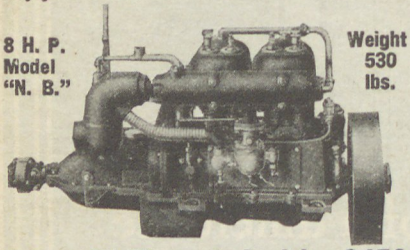
JONAS BROS.

1026 BROADWAY Denver Colorado

BUY A "REGAL"

Enjoy Real Power and Perfect Performance

8 H. P. Model "N. B."



Weight 530 lbs.

Price with Magneto Ignition $450

REGAL has an engine for your identical need at the rock-bottom price. Seventeen sizes—one to eight cylinders.

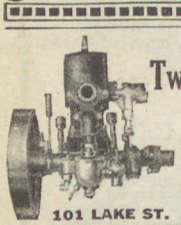
REGAL GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
Hudson Street Coldwater, Mich.

HAVE DRY MATCHES IN WET WEATHER

It's possible if you have a **Marble's Water-Proof Matchbox.** Holds enough matches for several days. Thousands used by men who say "it's worth its weight in gold." Made of seamless brass with water-tight cover, just the right size for the pocket. Get one today and have a light when you need it most.

60c at your dealers or sent by mail postpaid. Ask for our complete catalog. 325

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
5731 Delta Ave. Gladstone, Mich.



Frazer-Adams

Two Cycle Marine Engines

2½ H. P. $67.50
4-5 H. P. $105.00.
Full Equipment

FRAZER BROTHERS CO.
101 LAKE ST. ADAMS, N. Y. U. S. A.

FURS Your RAW FURS tanned and made into beautiful coats and scarfs, chokers, muffs, rugs, etc. Big Savings. Catalog FREE. ARTHUR FELBER FUR CO. 25 N. Dearborn St., Dept. W.L.-2. Chicago, Ill.

The Dry Fly Cult

By "CORRIGEEN"

(Continued from page 23)

the accepted fly may be a lighter or a darker shade than the ephemerida that prevail in greatest number. When there is a rise of dark olives the chances are that the trout is picking out from amongst them the scattered iron-blues of which there is frequently a sprinkling when the duns are up. It is a safe rule, therefore, when one fly is refused to mount another pattern, and keep on changing until the fish is hooked or driven down. This proved to be the case on the main river. There was an abundance of olives up but they did not seem to be attracting the trout. I mounted a different fly and changed the menu every few minutes. An iron-blue at length did it. The fish evidently needed a change and this pattern tickled their fancy. A two and a half pound trout succumbed to its attractions. Later on a Wickam fancy, which has no prototype in nature, was taken when it was getting dark. I could not tell whether it was a trout or a grayling but he rushed down stream and broke me in the weeds.

The silver sedge was not yet flitting, but in the cool of the long summer's evening many an angler who would have returned empty handed will find a brace of fish in his basket for which he will be indebted to these flitters of the dusk.

A young angler is often puzzled at seeing fish rising when apparently there is no fly on the water, but it may be taken for granted that fish do not keep on rising without being rewarded in some way for their trouble. A good field glass will show that the seemingly empty surface is covered with very small flies. They are known as smuts. A keeper once showed me a handful of what looked to the native eye like black gunpowder, but them agnifying glass disclosed well formed insects with shiny gossamer wings and shapely bodies. It must take a hundred of them to make a decent mouthful. This probably accounts for the vigorous rises the trout makes at the species, probably sampling them by the scores.

The short evening rise is a swift but glorious opportunity for the angler. As the sun dips below the horizon in the West and the first shades of night begin to fall, it usually comes on. If the day has been intensely hot the rise may be a little earlier, and for the opposite reason, it may be belated before a fly shows. Then a "plop" by the far bank or in midstream denotes the pioneer of the evening rise. In a moment the angler's fly—usually a size larger—is placed in the center of the ring that radiates on the surface. It may be a second or third cast before the exact drift of the natural is found. On the fly floats with wings perkily erect. The rise is repeated and with a swift turn of the wrist the hook goes home and the captive dashes up and across stream. The light is no longer an aid to detecting weeds and other impediments that may cause trouble and nothing can be done but with a firm and gentle hand to humour the movements of the quarry. A big wave on the water after a moment's pause shows the trout to be worthy of the angler's steel, and every skillful precaution is taken to make art triumph over brute force. A fine equipoise is maintained between pressure and slackness; too much of either courts disaster. The reel must respond to every rush, the rod and nimble fingers counteracting the limpness of the line in swift mastery. The trout is challenged for dear life, the angler for sporting conquest. The fish that had taken up stream turns and begins to beat his way back towards the place where misfortune overtook him. This is a sure sign that the battle is going against him. The early bold dashes which nearly secured his liberty are no longer repeated. The indecisive movement up and down, now towards the opposite bank, now the near side, shows he is ready for netting. His head comes above the surface and with a parting kick by no means without danger, he is cautiously drawn within the meshes.

He is a three pounder, and such an experience with a like or a smaller specimen may be repeated two or three times; then the curtain of night falls; the dimples are no longer seen on the water, the plops grow fewer and fewer. Soon there is a silent river with nothing but a smooth surface—the precious burden of a good creel is slung across the shoulders and weary feet and tired limbs clamour for home and rest.

"Bill" Jamison's Films Are Great!

You cannot appreciate what can be done with a barbless hook until you have seen the moving pictures taken by "Smiling Bill" Jamison which he is showing at all League chapter meetings without charge.

There is nothing amateurish in these pictures—they were taken by a professional camera man under the expert guidance of Mr. Jamison himself—and Bill knows fishing like the man who invented the game.

If you have not seen these pictures you had better get in touch with Mr. Jamison right now at 739 South California Ave., Chicago, Ill., as he has the films booked until February 1. These films will indeed convince you that Bill's barbless is indeed "the hump that holds."

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Forest Masters

(*Continued from page 17*)

Despite his promise to have this fight all work and show no mercy, the man thrilled at the sight. "Game little beggar!" he grinned. He brought the fish closer and closer. It writhed, it lunged, it curved, as it fought desperately.

"It won't do you any good to struggle like that," the man warned. "This is going to be short and sweet, my beauty!" One more handful of line he drew towards him, and he knelt preparatory to putting his fingers in the rainbow's gills. His heart stopped. "Oh, Lord!" he prayed aloud. "Help me catch him! Help me—" and plunged forward. He scooped the streak that was flashing by him with his two hands. The fish writhed and he felt it slipping from his grasp. He flung it with a hurried toss up on the bank. There it lay, gasping. He took no chances with it, but dispatched it instantly with a stick he snatched up.

"Glory! That was a close call!" he breathed in a deep sigh of relief. He picked up the reel and wound up the dangling line, leaving the fly on it. He studied the ragged edge of the rainbow's lip where the fly had torn out in the last wild struggle. He felt like a conqueror as he carried the gleaming, swaying fish in his left hand, its tail dragging against the accumulated rubbish on the forest floor. As he trod swiftly along he stuffed the line and reel in his pocket.

Coming to his pile of split wood, he picked up all but two large pieces. He made a quick journey to his camp, threw the trout by the fire, and piled up the wood carelessly. The rifle on his back encumbered him considerably, and, in fact, had given him a painful dig in the last exciting moments with the rainbow. Unthinkingly he swung it across his shoulder and leaned it against his tent.

This was to be his last trip. He was anxious to finish carrying the wood, so he could start his supper. He was famished. The vigorous exercise, the ardent fight, had intensified his hunger. Now it groaned and growled deep within him. The very scent of the wood fire stimulated his craving for food. He plunged quickly into the brush for his final load of wood.

He reached the two chunks and picked them up. He turned to go. He stopped still. What was that sound?

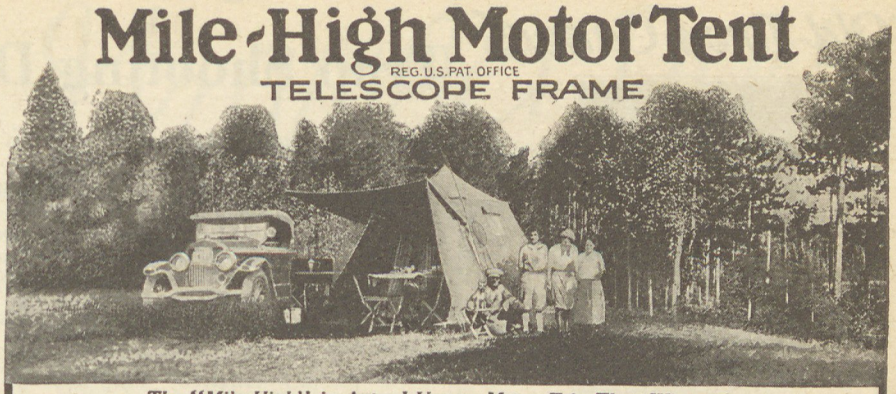
The blood sang in his ears. He could not breathe. He stared fixedly His trembling knees carried him toward the clearing. Every step he took his pace quickened. His legs trembled more violently. They impeded his progress. He turned to glance behind. He stumbled on a rise of ground, barely catching himself. "What shall I do if anything attacks me?" he asked himself fearfully. "My arms are full of wood," and with that thought he began to run. It never occurred to him to drop the two heavy chunks. He clung to them as one would to a slender rope when swinging over a great chasm. He choked with relief. He saw the light of the clearing. He saw the blaze of his own fire. He smelled the smoke. He bounded past the last bush.

(To be concluded)

Mile-High Motor Tent

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

TELESCOPE FRAME



The "Mile-High" in Actual Use on Motor Trip Thru Wisconsin

Why Everybody Likes the "Mile-High" Motor Tent

The "Mile-High" has so many exclusive features. It has patented telescoping steel center pole and eaves rods, the latter with patented bronze pins and eyes—lighter, stronger and more compact than wood, and will not warp. Top or roof of tent made of two separate thicknesses of material, each water-proofed; most other tents have single top. There are two windows—most tents have but one. Heavy bobbinet screens on windows and door, and storm flaps on each, adjustable from inside—wind-, rain- and bug-proof.

Three-inch strips of canvas reinforce fasteners for side wings. Awning extends down on each side of tent 18 inches, giving added protection from sun and storm.

The "Mile-High" Motor Tent is made in two sizes—8x8 ft. and 10x10 ft.; 8 ft. high at center; 5 ft. square at eaves; with lots of head room; has sewed-in floor; all material water-proofed; steel stakes; bag for stakes and telescoped poles included; packs in small space, rolled or folded—40½ in. length over all.

The "Mile-High" can be set up by a 10-year-old boy or girl without assistance—just drive four corner stakes and raise center pole like umbrella. No ropes.

Our tents handled by all progressive dealers. Or send name of your dealer and we will fill your order from factory at same price.

Write for illustrated Catalog No. 360.

THE DENVER TENT & AWNING CO.

Alfred S. Procter, President. In Business 35 Years.

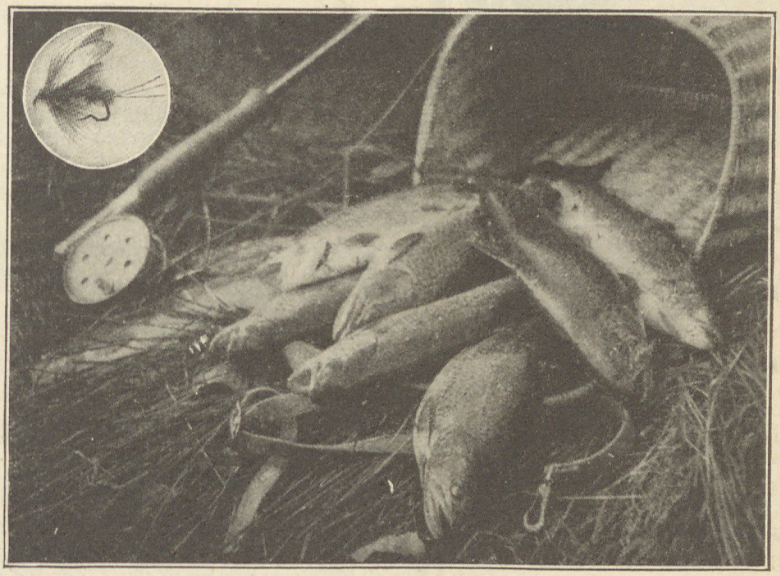
1625 Arapahoe Street Denver, Colorado

The New "Arab"

The "Arab" is made in the same style and shape and of the same high-grade water-proofed material as the "Mile-High." It is 9½ x 9½ ft. in size, 7 ft. 3 in. high at center, jointed pole and metal eaves rods. Economies in certain details enable us to offer the "Arab" at the attractive price of **$35.00**

You Can See These High Jumpers Perform

In Bill Jamison's Barbless Hook Movies



SEE them strike the Dry Fly. See them jumping three feet in the air. See their desperate but vain attempts to get free from the Jamison Barbless Hooks. See them landed with the bare hand and then shook off without touching, and unharmed. See the fighting Muskellunge and the Bass. See the beautiful scenery.

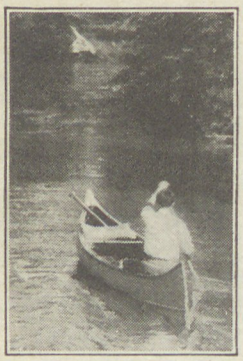
See this wonderful demonstration and you will be convinced that the murderous barbed hook is a back number. That there is no longer any place or any need for it in a sportsman's kit.

FREE We will loan you the films free if you will pay express charges both ways. 2,000 feet of the most wonderful fishing pictures ever shown. Ask your secretary to write for reservation at once, giving choice of two dates if possible. Meanwhile you write for our list of flies, hooks and testimonials.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W, 739 South California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Old Town Canoes"



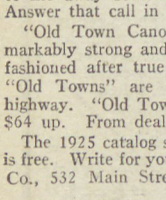
Where the highway is the water way

SURELY you have felt the call of the open—the urge to hie away somewhere beyond the haunts of men. Answer that call in an "Old Town Canoe."

"Old Town Canoes" are light in weight, but remarkably strong and rigid in construction. They are fashioned after true Indian models. Sleek and fast, "Old Towns" are the one canoe for every water highway. "Old Town Canoes" are low in price too. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1925 catalog shows all models in full colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 532 Main Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Be An Expert Shot



Most well-known sportsmen use Lyman Sights. Speed and accuracy demand them. Your target scores and game records will improve if your gun has Lyman Sights. Rear Sight shown, for Remington Repeater, No. 12, 14, 24 and 25, $4.00; with target disc, $4.50.

Send 10 cts. for complete Lyman catalog, or ask for free folder.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORP.
120 West Street
Middlefield, Conn.

See Nature This Summer With an "AUTO-KAMP" TRAILER

Why? Because the "Auto-Kamp" Trailer provides camping comforts, camping conveniences and safety that make vacations worth while. Equipment consists of two double spring beds, mattresses, pillows, electric lights, stove, ice box, provision container (both built in), folding table, folding shelf, tent, poles, etc. Price No. 4 Model, $345.00. Others less.

Write for complete details and specifications.

Wherever you go the "Auto-Kamp" Trailer follows. Easy to draw, even over mountain roads. Camp pitched in a few minutes—and quickly "struck." Everything compact, simple and convenient. Plan now to take that long dreamed of outing—right.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Literature—Today

AUTO-KAMP TRAILER CO.
3126 Sheridan Ave. Saginaw, Michigan

FREE SPORT MANUAL

CONTAINING 96 LIVE PAGES OF VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THE SPORTSMAN. GUNS, AMMUNITION and SUPPLIES AT BARGAIN PRICES.

P. VON FRANTZIUS
608 Diversey Pkwy. D-A-2 Chicago, Ill.

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

The Western Amateur Trapshooters Association has no ax to grind, it cannot be controlled by any commercial organization, neither will it in any way detract from, or conflict with the A. T. A., but on the contrary will by stimulating a friendly rivalry, develop interest and greatly add to the attendance at the Grand American Handicap.

Mr. Jack Smith, the Secretary and Treasurer, is known wherever Trapshooting is followed, as a man of broad views, a kindly personality and a sportsman whose integrity cannot be questioned, and we prophesy for him the united support of every trapshooter—east and west. Given this, we will have help for our State and Zone Shoots, and can look forward to seeing all records for attendance smashed.

We should all write Mr. Smith today at 4400 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, and assure him that we are behind him in his work, and that he can depend on us to help him in any way we can.

IZAAK WALTON GUN CLUB OF PLATTE CITY

The Izaak Walton Gun Club of Platte City gave one of the biggest shoots ever held in Platte City at their Annual Christmas Shoot, December 12. The club gave away ninety turkeys, geese and ducks, for which they paid the Platte City Produce Company over $300. There were 2500 shells fired and the birds were won by visitors and members of the club about equally. There was a number of visitors. Something over 250 persons were present on the grounds.

Visitors from Leavenworth — Frank Beringer, Tom Reyburn, W. H. Arnold and Mr. Vossler.

Smithville—J. K. Boyd, Cliff Williams, Shell Anders.

Weston—Charles Samples, Percy Stultz, Grover Sizemore, Albert Nowers.

Bean Lake—Elmer Willis, Mr. Large and Mr. Heavalow.

Mr. Winn, a professional from Kansas City, was present and gave an exhibition shoot for targets, but did not shoot for the birds.

This closes the prize shoots for the season which has been a very successful one. The Club has paid all of its expenses and all balance due on traps and grounds and has a good balance left. The next shoot will be held Friday, December 26.

A meeting for the election of officers for 1925 will be held at Larrabee's Restaurant on Friday night, January 9. All members are urged to be present.

A. E. Waers and Chas. Mulkey have joined the expert class, Mr. Waers being champion. Having shot at thirty birds and missed them all, he has a perfect score.

H. M. CLARK, President.
ELMER ROSS, Secretary.

Doctor Waggener swallowed a "pep pill" he had prepared for a patient not long since, and the result was that the Trap Shot editor found the following paraphrase on his desk next morning.

We might live without fishing, shooting or fun,
And sleep well at night, when the hard grind was done.
We might live without friends, we might live without books;
We might just eat nuts, and live without cooks—
But the fellow who gets the most out of life,
Has a gun and a dog he loves next to his wife,
Is trustworthy and kind, without feathers or fuss,
And found the world over, is a "likeable cuss."
(With apologies to Owen Meredith)

What would you do to a guy like that?

Well, December brought big things to OUTDOOR AMERICA's Trap Shooting Department.

The newly organized Western Amateur Trapshooting Association, taking in all the states west of the Mississippi, requested that our magazine become their official paper, and Brother Dilg grabbed it.

Whew! Over fifteen thousand trap shooters in the territory and everyone of them practically in the I. W. L. A. How much do you suppose any publication run for profit would be willing to bid for such an honor as this? But like everything else that comes to us that helps us succeed, it of course means added responsibility and more work for all of us. We all know that every sportsman ought to be a member of the I. W. L. A. and it is our firm conviction that everyone who goes afield with a gun should be able to handle his weapon with skill.

With the inevitable restrictions that have come, as game became scarcer, there was no way for a person to attain that skill, except at the traps, and we have been flooded with expressions of gratitude for providing a place in Denver where the public is free to come and shoot as much or as little as they want.

Trapshooting as a Growing Sport

By JACK SMITH

NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE promises to be a record-breaking year for trapshooting activity if present plans of the newly-organized Western Amateur Trapshooting Association materialize. Trapshooting is an evolution of the one time more or less popular, but long since abolished, practice of shooting live birds released from a trap. The last big event of that style of shooting was staged at Kansas City nearly twenty-five years ago. Since that time clay target shooting has grown from the hand-made and hand-thrown glass ball of Captain Bogardus days, to the present highly efficient method of throwing clay targets, at unknown angles, from an automatic trap. At one time the contestants at a trapshooting tournament were considered to be rather sporty. Today the game is being played by people in all walks of life. Unlike most outdoor sports, age or sex do not prevent a thorough enjoyment of an hour at the traps, or present a handicap in the making of a creditable score. In former years one governing body, with headquarters in the East, has exercised control of trapshooting in the entire United States and Canada. Like the devotees of a great many other sports, the Western Trapshooters in a desire for self-expression formulated a second governing body. This organization will assume jurisdiction over the western half of the trapshooting population. The territory so controlled will include all states west of Lake Michigan, and the four western Canadian provinces. The new association has mapped out a promotion schedule that includes an effort to organize a gun club in connection with each chapter of the Izaak Walton League in Western America. The first annual classic to be staged by the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association, will be shot at Chicago, Ill., about the first week in June, 1925. One of the prominent events on the program will be know as the Izaak Walton Event. The handicap event, which will be shot on the last day of the tournament, will carry a guarantee of $1,000 in cash to the winner. In anticipation of the largest attendance that has ever graced a trapshooting tournament, the unheard of number of twenty-four traps will be installed.

The Topeka, Kansas, Chapter put on its first Annual Turkey Shoot Sunday afternoon, December 15th. Fourteen turkeys were won by members of the chapter and their guests. All shooting was done on Blue Rocks on the Topeka Gun Club grounds.

The Topeka Gun Club has offered the use of its grounds and building to all members of the League until next June, entirely free.

We feel that the loan of the Gun Club grounds will be a great asset in securing new members and the writer feels that our membership will convince the Gun Club that we want their grounds permanently.

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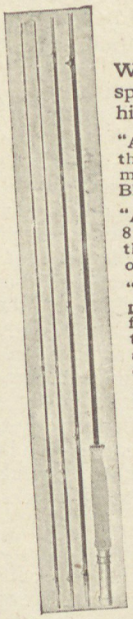

W. E. KIDDER of Kalamazoo, Mich., who has a national reputation as a sportsman and a skilled angler, and who has not only built many rods himself but has as a dealer handled thousands of all makes, writes:

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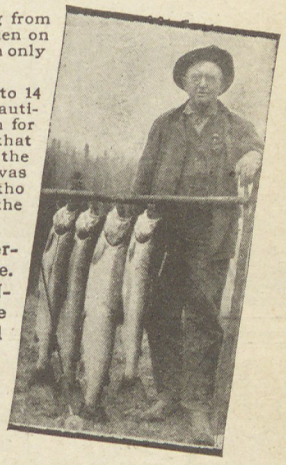

At right, W. E. KIDDER and four 33 to 38 inch Black Salmon (weighing about 15 pounds each), caught by him with his 5¼-oz. GRANGER Fly Rod in New Brunswick streams.

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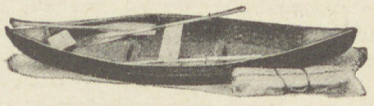

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That Michigan Survey

(Continued from page 57)

The specifications for this survey were written by a special committee of the State Academy of Science. The work of the survey has been in charge of the most competent men who could be found, and is done in close cooperation with the U. S. Bureau of Soils, the U. S. Forest Experiment Station, the Agricultural College and University, and many other federal and local organizations.

The first job the survey attends to is the mapping in of the country so as to show all streams and lakes, all roads and other improvements, and the topography.

On these base maps, the location of all cultivated land is shown, even to 5-acre clearings in the "brush." Old, abandoned farms and "ranches" are shown, and from courthouse and similar records the history of agricultural development is made plain. Taken with the detailed soil maps which are next made it becomes very clear just where the bulk of the land is going to be farmed and where, for indefinite years, there will be large blocks of "wild" land.

Knowing that, the Conservation Department can begin to focus its attention upon the areas where, for many years to come, it is going to be a case of timber and wild-life or nothing.

Now the survey draws in the "cover," with great detail, and so as to show separately and by well-considered classifications (worked out in cooperation with foresters and wild-life experts), not only the hardwood, pine and swamp areas, but what sort of original forest was on the land, and what is there now — from huckleberry and sweet-fern, to log timber and second-growth; even as to the density of the growth and the prevailing diameters of the trees—popple and fire-cherry, jackpine, young maple and birch —whatever may be there.

For the waters, in addition to a water-power inventory, the survey maps in and reports the character of shores and beaches, type of bottom, depths, and the kind and amount of aquatic vegetation. In this way the precise character of the waters, their suitability for different sorts of fish and the carrying capacity (which has direct relation with the vegetation and availability of spawning grounds) can be, and is, determined and recorded, and in such way as to make further expert investigation rapid and easy and so as to develop understanding of the essentials and what, if anything, can or should be done in the way of stocking, restrictive measures, etc.

With lands and waters now mapped so as to identify the areas in which forests and wild-life must be the major resources, and with the character, history and condition of each land or water type and parcel reported on and mapped in detail, it is relatively easy for the specialists to take specific inventory of the wild-life associated with each habitat or range and to find out, for instance, how many deer or partridge or beaver and mink, there are, at present, per mile of stream or square mile of cover; and how many there might or should be, and as to the limiting factors involved in changing conditions for the better.

In the meantime the foresters will be making plain what can reasonably be expected of the volunteer second-growth forests, what must be done to insure that the cutting of old timber does not result in newly burned-out wastes, and where planting operations must be carried on if decent cover is ever to be expected on the old burns.

And meanwhile the agricultural authorities can be concentrating their efforts at new settlement in areas where settlers have real chances—and can be discouraging the settlement and breaking up of areas which properly belong in timber and which make the breeding and feeding grounds of the wild-life on which the great and growing recreation industries depend.

Complete and competent inventory of the lands: then conservation policies and administration based upon the well-established facts . . . parallel and harmonious program for the development of farm, forest and recreation resources . . . Michigan is making the bet that it can be done.

And the inventory part of it is actually being done, and at a cost for field work of well under five cents an acre for the lands surveyed, and with over 2,000,000 acres done to date.

The inventory part of it is tested out and proved. The essential facts on which any conservation program must be based, if competent, are coming up. That part of it is settled.

But will there be sense and patience enough to give the new and better way backing until its works begin to show? Or will the novice conservationists and biologists continue to dominate wild-life affairs? That remains to be seen. Meanwhile, over great and growing areas of lumbered-out and burned-out "wild" land, forests, game, fish and fur do not remain, though seasons and bag limits shrink and wardens double their patrols.

All inquiries pertaining to forestry problems should be taken up direct with Harold Titus, Forestry Editor, Traverse City, Michigan.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

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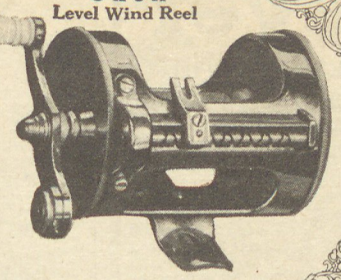

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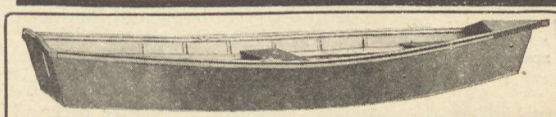

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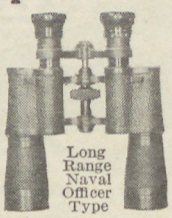
Says Navy Man

"I CANNOT see," writes Mr. Harold G. Gould, of Northome, Minn., "how such a glass can be sold for anything like the price you ask; $50 would be cheap enough for such a fine instrument."



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Outdoor Literature

A review of outdoor books

By THOMAS AMBROSE

Vice-president I. W. L. A.

The Angler's Guide to the Irish Fisheries, by Joseph Adams, "Corrigeen" of "The Field," with a preface by the Marquiss of Sligo, cloth, illustrated, 255 pages. Hutchinson & Co., London.

This is something more than a guide or gazetteer to the fishing waters of the Emerald Isle. The book is made up of graphic descriptions of days with the rod upon the principal loughs and rivers of Ireland, with hints on flies, tackle and other matters of moment to the angler in that favored land.

The late William Senior "Red Spinner" of The Field, once described Ireland as "an angler's Paradise." It was then, indeed, a garden of delight—its rivers teemed with salmon, its loughs held trout galore, and it was and still is possible to enjoy some of the best fishing without overdrawing the account. A whole angling season does not cost so much as would be charged for a single month in England or Scotland.

The author describes every bit of good "wather" and the flies best adapted to lure its denizens from their snug retreats.

He tells of the taking of each good fish in an angling experience of forty years, and the wonder is how he can do this without repetition, but each new cast brings a different rise and a different fish is played and landed in a different way. You read it all and enjoy it.

The sixteen illustrations are from photographs of actual fishing scenes.

The fortunate angler who follows in the footsteps of Mr. Adams along the lakes and streams of the auld sod may better leave behind the fly book and landing net than The Angler's Guide.

Old Black Bass, by Albert Benjamin Cunningham, illustrated, picture cover, 111 pages. The Abingdon Press, New York.

In the foreword, "The Lure," we read:

"I am the spirit of the fisherman. I sit by the riverside and hear the splash of trout in the gray morning. I go to the lake at evening and see the bass flash under the sweeping bough of the birch. I dream my dreams of fish.

"I enter the city office when the breath of May blows warm and whisper to those who love me of white falls and quiet waters in the vastness of open spaces.

"I hover over the campfire where my kindred are gathered and listen to their tales of great catches, of unnamed winding rivers, of fish that fight in waters that are cold.

"I am as old as the River Nile, where the ancient Pharos cast their lines among the rushes; I am as young as the barefoot boy hurrying across the meadow with his paw paw pole.

"I have my loves and my hates. No words can record my aversion for the person who snares the little fish under size, whose abortive selfishness leads him to continue when the creel is full and who catches the mother at spawning time. To me he is the human wolverine, the fish glutton; and for him I have loathing as well as hate.

"But there is another who angles for love—love of the blue-green softness of lake, love of cold hurrying waters, love of the campfire below the pines. He matches his ingenuity with the cleverness of fish, and gives them a chance. He knows when he has caught enough, and he is tender with the little ones. To him I would dedicate this tale."

This is a tale of the inside life of old John Bass and his family—the loves, quarrels, jealousies, combats, and the dangers that beset them from enemies in water, air, and upon land—from the cradle to the grave, so to speak.

The fisherman with a heart who follows this narrative is made to see the situation from the other end of the line, and will have more consideration for the fish. The pictures by George A. King are very spirited.

Concerning the much discussed question: "Why does a bass strike an artificial lure?" he says:

"The mind of man is obsessed by a desire to reduce everything to one simple formula and he has sought for one motive to explain every fish's strike.

"He will never find it. One is curious, one hungry, one instinctive in chasing a moving object, one is angry. To explain a strike is to know the nature of the one fish concerned."

We Explore the Great Lakes, recorded by Webb Waldron, pictured by Marion Patton Waldron, 400 pages, illustrated, picture cover. The Century Co., New York. Price, $3.50.

Two people who had spent their childhood in the Middle West and thought they knew it well came back to it and found a land full of surprises, rich and individual. Woven into their delightful chronicle of adventure on Middle Western Seas and Seacoasts is a valuable contribution to America's understanding of itself. The same insight which made Webb Waldron's "Road to the World" so true and memorable gives this book permanent value as a picture of a broad section of our life.

By ore-freighter, rowboat, fishboat, motor-bus, railroad train and foot these explorers adventured from Buffalo to Lake Superior and back again, visiting cities and towns by the way or skipping them as fancy led. They saw the astonishing pageant of Great Lake commerce. They heard tales of peril and disaster in Great Lake storms. They gossiped with farmers, fishermen, business men and artists. They listened to the chatter of professional boosters. They prowled through factories and grain elevators and salt-blocks.

They heard the thrilling story of "Port des Morts." They found a colony of

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

doughboys in a sleepy Wisconsin village—painting landscapes! They learned what prohibition has done to Milwaukee. They discovered that interesting Middle Western institution, the Chicago Business Men's Art Club, and give what is probably the truest description of Chicago, since Arnold Bennett paid his compliments to the "queen and gutter snipe of cities" in The Land of the Dollar!

They tramped the Indiana dunes. They voyaged to the "Beavers," heard the story of King Strang and listened to the gorgeous tales of Captain Allers, the atheist of Beaver Island.

The book might have been written by the author of The Sea and The Jungle and the pictures have been done by Pennell. I shall read it again.

Beautiful America, by Vernon Quinn, with thirty-nine illustrations from photographs, decorated cover, 333 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, $4.00.

"America is so vast and its scenery so varied and so beautiful, that in one small volume only those places that are most noted or most unusual can even be mentioned."

In the table of contents we have: Mountain Trails in the East, Some Mountains of the West, Picturesque Rivers, The Land of Enchantment (The Painted Desert), National Wonders in Rock, The Ocean's Shore, By Inland Seas, Some Mineral Springs, America's National Parks (nineteen of them), The National Monuments, Beautiful Alaska.

The tourist will find the book of interest and value, and the stay-at-home will enjoy fireside travels to the far-away parts of his own land. It is especially suitable for a gift book.

The colored frontispiece of Mount Hood and Lost Lake is a vision of loveliness.

Friendly Adirondack Peaks, by Robert S. Wickham, illustrated, 192 pages. Published by the author, Binghamton, N. Y. Price, $2.25.

The author, a lawyer of Binghamton, N. Y., has spent his Augusts for the past twenty years in tramping among the high peaks of the Adirondacks, and has climbed twenty-one of the forty-two peaks over four thousand feet in height. The book, illustrated from photographs, is in the form of a narrative of a trip taken in August, 1923, from Long Lake to St. Hubert's, and through Hunter's Pass to Elk Lake, gives full information about the trails to and among the high peaks, and the wild spots hidden behind them.

A rather curious fact is the lateness of opening up of the Adirondack region. The White Mountains have been pretty much in use by the New England people for many years, the Appalachian Mountain Club having been in existence since 1870. In the Adirondack region, as large as the State of Connecticut, there are forty-two peaks over four thousand feet high with trails up but eighteen of them. Only today are the higher peaks being made accessible to ordinary tourists.

Appended are two maps of the region drawn to scale, with principal lakes, streams, mountains, roads and trails.

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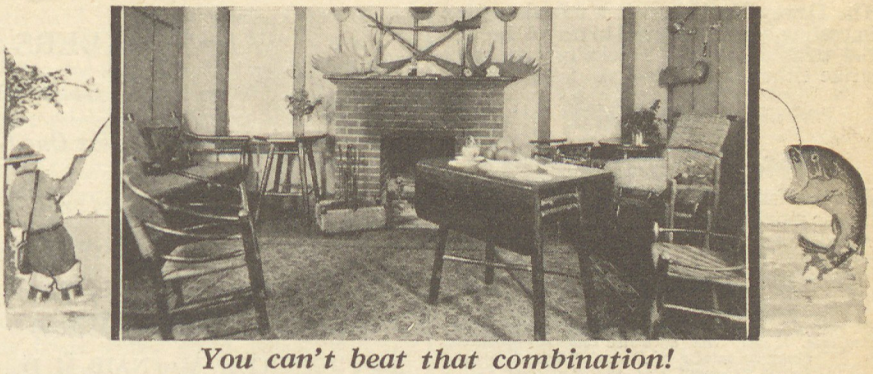

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You can furnish your summer home complete with Rustic Hickory—indoors and out.

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RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO., La Porte, Indiana

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

Sporting Goods Exclusively

33 South Wabash Avenue

CHICAGO

January 5, 1925.

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Our method of extending the season's greetings may well begin with the expression of the unusual returns that we have received from our 1924 advertising in Outdoor America.

We have used your magazine continuously throughout the year and based upon the actual returns received from each issue, the advertisements being keyed and checked closely, we are expecting to continue our space with you, during the coming year.

An important feature of the returns we have received from our advertising in Outdoor America is that they come from the professional class almost entirely and also that they are well scattered over the country.

Trusting that our relations with you will continue pleasantly throughout the ensuing year, we are

Yours very truly,

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
(Signed) M. O. Shipley

MOS. J.

A Great **Fish Getter** and **Weed Bluffer**

The Dewey Du-Getum is a new departure in casting lures. Designed to travel through the thickest weeds. Hooks fish on every strike either from below or from behind.

Dewey's

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Sets the fish wild. Wabbles with a swerving, erratic movement. Rides the surface when reeled slowly, and a few inches deep when reeled faster. Floats when at rest. Made of indestructible metal with attractive celluloid finish—an extremely durable combination.

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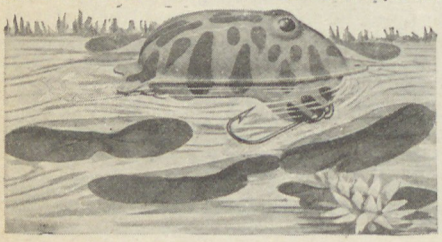

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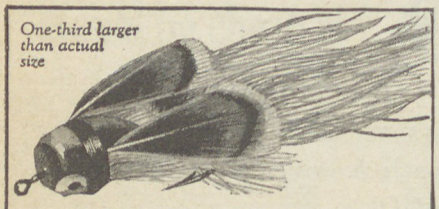

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About fishin' is brimful of ideas and baits and things. Not a dry line in it! For all kinds of game fish. YOUR copy is ready. Send for it.
THE JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT CO. 629 HIGH STREET, LOGANSPORT, IND. **FREE**

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Illustrated by R. Feyerweather Babcock

For One Black Bass

By ROBERT H. MAC NAIR, M. D.

IN the early account of the following humorous but somewhat disastrous episode, with no compensatory success, the firm impression gained from the reliable narrator was that while the would-be angler was a very good doctor, he was not a true disciple of Izaak Walton.

A local newspaper had quite recently published the full and glowing account of a good striped bass catch, accompanied by the recently successful angler's photograph, with a handsome string of large fish held between the widely separated hands. The doctor would-be angler had seen the picture and read the enticing fish story. And he promptly developed a very acute attack of fishing enthusiasm. But, as the full report came out afterwards, it had seemed to the enthusiast that, in order to be wholly equipped, and in keeping with conventionally modern sport, he must needs carry along a pint flask of the stimulating beverage in a hip pocket. For if he was going a-fishing he would be fully primed and protected against the danger of snake bite.

Though the doctor had made a very early morning start to the pretty lake where the hungry bass were impatiently waiting to be hooked and pulled ashore, there were already other early birds and worms in active operation on the lake bank. The enthusiast then thought to himself, "That's so, many other sportsmen have doubtless read that newspaper fish story, and they have beaten me to it. However, as they are having success—it looks all the better for me." The doctor did not mention how many times he had sampled the hip pocket flask en route. But after having gotten his tackle in good working order, as he thought, and the way wide open for a good cast, he hesitated the operation for a moment, said, "Well, here goes," and took one more good pull at the hip pocket flask, just for luck. The cast was then well made, for a hungry bass was soon hooked and promptly began the little aquatic circus. As the doctor was just about getting into good play one of the kindly angler neighbors called to him: "Step into the rowboat"—that was moored near to the lake bank—"for there you will be enabled to play him better."

Acting promptly upon what sounded like a wise suggestion, even though the neighbor could not have known how steady the doctor's sea legs were, he jumped into the rowboat, both feet together. The boat began to rock violently and in trying to maintain the sea legs' equilibrium, the doctor pitched violently forward and went head first into almost ten feet deep water. Fortunately the doctor was a fair swimmer, the shock of cold water fully aroused his better faculties, and he came to the surface and floundered back to shore. Meantime the courteous neighbor sprang into the rowboat, caught up with the doctor's fishing tackle and finally succeeded in landing a nice large bass. Fortunately, or otherwise, the hip pocket flask was not dislodged and lost in the deep water. And when the would-be angler had recovered safe footing on terra firma, and discovered the fact that the courteous neighbor was successfully chasing his expensive tackle and fine game fish, no possible sentiment of resentment was felt against the neighboring fisherman for suggesting stepping into the unsteady boat.

When the large fish and tackle were safely recovered and returned to the doctor, therefore, it seemed only the part of good sportsman courtesy to pull out the flask of stimulating beverage with the invitation, "Have one on me. Let's overcome the cold outside by something warm for the inner man, for I'm real cold." During the short remaining period while the doctor remained in company with the neighbor, the more than half-filled flask was completely depleted. The tackle was then carefully disconnected, the one fine bass wrapped in paper, the doctor took cordial leave of the courteous neighbor, with the plausible excuse that he was afraid of taking a dangerous cold in the chilly wind, and he climbed into his car for a quick run back to the city.

The genial doctor was first met, after the exciting bass fishing episode, at the south entrance to the large office building in which his own professional office was located. In the lobby near the south entrance to the office building an engraver and jeweler had his stand. The still very wet fisherman had first anxiously applied to the jeweler to have the works of an expensive watch carefully dried and cleaned. And while waiting around for the watch the owner had found a good

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warm position in the bright morning sun, just outside of the building, on the sidewalk, apparently for the purpose of drying the new serge suit and, at the same time, keeping warm.

Doubtless, in the older days, when the popular John B. Corn was less restricted in his efficient operations, there would have been prompt recourse to an additional flask of the stimulating beverage. However, in accordance with the ruling of prohibition law, only one pint of liquor for one and the same person may be prescribed within the period of ten days. And in living up to both the spirit and the letter of the Federal law, as every good citizen should do, the medico fisherman must needs seek the genial rays of the morning sun, while the clothing was drying and his watch is being dried by the jeweler. But the doctor stoutly declared that he had gotten enough of the angling adventure to last for several seasons.

Bait and Beaver

By J. W. RIPLEY

LAST summer while fishing in Wyoming on the western slope of the Medicine Bow Range I chanced to run across the camp of Dr. Mills and Mr. Warren of St. Louis, with their guide. They were camped at the mouth of French Creek on the Platte River; an excellent fishing ground for rainbows—big ones.

A few words about Mills and Warren. I had previously met them at Medicine Bow Lodge. They are thirty-third degree sportsmen and gentlemen. In spite of the tactics of their guide who often used live minnows, the gentlemen from St. Louis believed, and still maintain, that the trout should only be taken with artificial lures.

On my arrival in camp I noticed that all was not well. The nervous tension of all three was quite noticeable. In the evening, about dusk, we were eating chow in front of the tent. All was quiet; even the noisy French Creek had been silenced by the backwater from the Platte. Suddenly from the water came a loud SPLASH—PLOP.

Warren, Mills and the guide jumped.

"There's that man-eater again," exclaimed Warren, "I'll catch him if I have to stay here all winter."

"Now if you fellers will do as I say," pleaded the guide, "you can hook that big trout before tomorrow night." The guide had been insisting that a big shiner would be the only thing to do the trick. His employers refused to listen to that line of argument.

That night I heard the story of the mystery trout. Every evening at dusk this fish had done the same jumping stunt that I had just heard. Although none of the party had actually seen him, they estimated his weight somewhere between ten pounds and a ton. Maybe more.

Day by day in every way the Doctor and Warren casted at the pool of the big super-rainbow. It was a hard cast, too. The pool, about thirty feet in diameter, lay at the base of a sheer cliff. Above and below were dense masses of willows. The only reasonable method of approach was to wade out in plain view and make long casts across the current in midstream. This the two fishermen had done for days, but no big trout would strike. Instead, the trout would jump, splashing water every evening with aggravating regularity. He taunted and teased them until he finally got on their nerves.

After an early breakfast the next morning, Sam, the guide, announced he was "goin' out to find sumpthin'," and promptly left camp. Mills and Warren resumed their campaign for the unseen trophy, using spinners, flies and much bright colored language.

Noon came and no guide, so we prepared a snack of bacon and coffee. Fishing was again resumed with enthusiasm which slowly ebbed away with the passing hours. We had forgotten Sam when, late in the afternoon, he appeared. Drawing from his coat pocket a tobacco tin, he announced:

"I've got sure poison fer that there big trout now." He opened the lid of the box just enough to let us peep at its contents. "Grasshoppers. The're scarce as diamonds in a poor house, but I got three for you."

After a hasty conference Warren and Mills rather sheepishly decided "just this once" to violate their ethics and use the natural bait. The guide refused to participate, as he wanted his employers to have full honor for the catch.

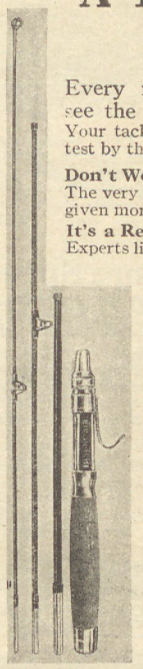
At dusk the grasshopper barrage was laid down. Instead of taking their usual casting positions, the two agreed to go upstream and float their precious hoppers to the pool, in spite of the overhanging willows. Sam and I watched the operations from camp.

Dr. Mills floated the first grasshopper through the willow thicket. I was watching the pool closely, anxious to see the action, if any. Something was moving in the water near the shore. Slowly it made for deeper water. Then SPLASH—PLOP. It was the big one. Mills jerked his line, thinking he had a strike as the water was churning near his hook. He missed and his line tangled hopelessly in the willows.

And at that moment we all saw the giant "trout," which was a big brown beaver, swimming across the pool. He caught sight of us and dove, insolently slapping the water with his broad tail, SPLASH—PLOP—SPLASH.

Mills and Warren both swear they will never again use natural bait, not even for beavers. And as for grasshoppers, don't dare mention them to Sam.

A Strike
A Thrill
A Whopper



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The artificial
BAIT WITH A LIVE MINNOW
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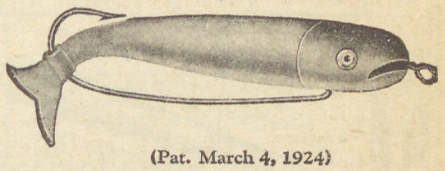

(Pat. March 4, 1924)

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The L-A Twin propels your boat anywhere it will float. Automatic tilting and patented L-A Slipping Clutch Propeller protect both motor and boat against damage from under water obstacles.

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THE L-A Twin is the *most powerful* outboard motor of its weight—weight 52 lbs. complete and develops *at least* 3 H.P. It is the *speediest motor of its power*—drives the ordinary rowboat 8 miles or more per hour. And now with the McNab-Kitchen Manoeuvering Rudder as an extra, it is *the last word in control.*

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See people and objects miles away just like they were close; see Moon and Stars as never before. Opens over 3 ft. long, 5 sections, brass bound, powerful lenses. Useful and entertaining. Could color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. Yarbough. "Watch my boy arrive at school 2 miles away."—Mrs. Horn. "Read numbers on freight cars mile away, see mountains on moon."—A. C. Palmer. Thousands pleased.

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Highest quality, waterproofed silk and Irish linen fish lines. 5c will bring you our new 1925 assorted samples.

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A Bass—Two Tails

By R. A. NORRIS

LATE one summer evening my friend George called me, saying that he and our pal Mac were off for a day's fishing on the morrow and would I go with them. Well, now, that was surely a crazy thing to ask a fellow who loves the singing waters and the swish of the frail bamboo!

So early next morning we three left town in Mac's car, headed for Sugar-tree Creek—with hopes running high for a great day with the small-mouths. Arriving at the old red bridge, the usual starting point, and assembling our rods, we were soon whipping the waters most diligently and persisted at this for several hours with but a few rock-bass and big "sunnies" to show for our efforts.

About noon by the sun, we all met by an old Sycamore near a bend in the stream and partook of our mid-day repast, which was followed with the usual pipe, a friendly chat and a fine little nap. The afternoon passed with no marked happenings, save that we took a few more smaller bass and suffered considerably from the excessive heat as the day had proved one of those intensely hot, bright sunshiney days—fishless days—and try as we would, we could not raise a single small-mouth and it certainly looked as if we were to draw a blank on this count.

Along toward evening as the sun was slowly sinking in the West and the shadows were beginning to lengthen, I said to George, who was lounging on the bank and loafing away the time, that I guessed I would have one more try at it, as I greatly desired to connect with just one bronze-back before the day was ended.

Trying on a No. 4 Gray Wilder bug I lengthened my cast until I was handling sufficient line to reach the up-stream end of a half submerged log, laying in a sharp bend of a large pool. I dropped the bug, striking the surface with an audible spat—almost at once there was a boiling of the water where my bug had settled. Instinctively I struck but of this there was little need, the hook being set at the strike of the fish and immediately I was fast in a gloriously racing three-pounder. Forth and back he surged—down and up he sped—at times just milling and several times leaping clear of the water in a graceful, scintillating arc—but always intent on reaching the underside of the log! The steady strain of the bamboo was surely though slowly telling on him and I had visions of bringing him to net when suddenly and apparently from nowhere, a cotton-tail rabbit leaped head-long down the bank, plunged boldly into the "drink" and proceeded to successfully oar himself to the opposite shore. To say the least, I was surprised and greatly amused at this rather unusual incident and I suppose I must have unconsciously exerted too great a strain on the rod, snubbing the bass and causing him to break water. In a real leap and before I could lower the rod tip, he gave my leader a resounding smack with his tail, the leader parting as if it had been a cotton thread and my bass was gone——.

There are anglers who sing praises of the big scarp and kick of the leviathan bronze-back and this is surely true, but I am certain that this particular two and three-quarter or three pound bass had plenty of kick and I found a large portion of it to be in his tail—my parted leader showing for it.

The boys kidded me a little about being so careless and of running rabbits out of season. Well, to be frank, I did not feel much like being talked to just then—solace was what I craved. Slowly I ambled away from the fellows, seeking out a friendly bowlder near the murmuring water. I sat down to think and worry about that young "he-devil" that had broken me. I sat thus pondering for quite a while—the sun had set and there was a distinct chill in the air—it seemed as if I had lost something of life instead of just a fish, the world was so dull and cold!

When suddenly there floated forth into the still quiet of the cool evening air what is to me the most beautiful of bird notes "A-e-o-lee" "Far-away, Far-away" the evening lay of the wood-thrush, a sort of requiem to the dying day, the herald of the coming night. I am always greatly inspired by the ethereal beauty of it and ever reminded of John Burroughs' beautiful tribute to the princely hermit thrush.

Jerking myself erect, casting aside the egotism, I raised my head and arms on high and offered a blessing, for a day well and happily spent—had I not had a real thrill and lived a wondrous day with Nature? Unjointing my rod, I called it a great day and was contented—what more could a fellow desire?

One Angler's Woes

By GRANT D. HARRINGTON

DISSECT the fishing game and it has many parts. A fishing trip, judged only by the number of fish caught, would be a failure. The great out-doors forms the big part and the many little incidents have a large share in the day, some of which are oftentimes amusing. They bring a smile whenever memory recurs to them. I have an old friend that for years has joined me on the opening day of the trout season. He is big-hearted and a real character. He thinks that he is an adept sandwich-maker and always prepares the lunch. He is a very early

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riser, strong on repartee and an inveterate blackguard. When the mood is on, he can say biting things. On this particular morning, he was in one of his worst moods, and rightfully so. A series of misfortunes had made him ill-natured. He had forgotten his glasses and had left a part of his tackle at home; the morning was cold and he had hardly reached the stream before a misstep filled one of his boots with water; the best trout that he hooked got around a root under the bank and broke the line and numerous other annoyances gave him an awful grouch. He was completely out of sorts and the things he said to me, and about me, wouldn't look well in print. In going from one field to another, we had to crawl through a barbed-wire fence. I stepped on the lower wire and raised the upper one to let him through. While he was in the act, the wire slipped out of my hand, caught him amidships and held him fast. A piece of board near by made an excellent paddle, that part of his anatomy not yet through the fence made a wonderful mark, and believe me, the accounts of the day were then and there settled in full.

Spinners, Droppers and Black

By F. A. ALLEN

YOU keep urging members to tell a fish story, claiming that every *real* fisherman should have at least one up his sleeve.

This one is not much of a story, we can't all be Zane Greys, you know, but as a Small Mouth Bass crank Fisherman, I know it is unusual in these parts. I have fished the Lakes and Trout Streams of Michigan and of Arizona, but get more real fishing pleasure in whipping the beautiful streams around Columbus, Ohio, than any place on earth. Within a radius of 15 miles of Columbus we have the following streams and every one of them the natural home of the Small Mouth: The Scioto, Olentangy, Big Darby, Little Darby, Deer Creek, Big Walnut, Little Walnut, Alum Creek, Black Lick, Licking, Mill Creek, Rocky Fork.

Our season opens June 1st. I usually go once the latter part of April before the May closing, and most always get one about 18 inches long. I close the Season about November 1st, as I am not a cold weather *bug*.

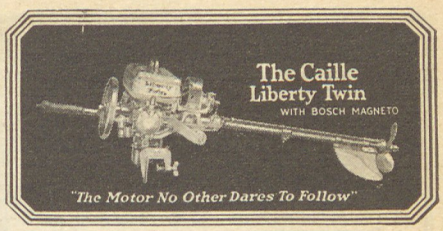
Three years ago, not having fished Alum Creek that season, I decided to go there for my last afternoon try. I claim to be a Fly man, but if the Bass are not rising right, I put on a very small Hilderbrand Spinner on end, a dropper Fly 18 inches above. After an hour or two of indifferent success, I had a beautiful strike, but not just the kind that runs up your spine and raises the hair on your scalp, but plenty good and the longer he fought, the better he fought, but would not break water. After a good many minutes I got him close enough to see about 12 inches of Bass on my dropper Fly and I sure thought he was the hardest fighter for his inches, ever. A few more minutes and I found it was a *big boy* on the Spinner that was doing the business and then I was more careful, and coaxing them, I selected a good landing place and brought them to shore—17½ inches on Spinner and 11½ inches on Dropper. The next November 1, 1922, I thought I would close the season at the same hole, fished it for three hours without a strike and went down to the next hole below and on the very first cast, thought I had hooked a whale, and after one of those battles that proves whether you are a fisherman or not, I landed what proved to be an 18-incher on the Spinner and a 13½-incher on the Dropper.

The Big Trout

By I. E. STOREY

YEAR after year found me at the same spot on the Rio Pecos. It was a beautiful pool (I suppose I should say, a deep, dark blue pool), overhung by a breast of gray granite. He was there, for I had seen him often, but had never been able to get a rise, no matter what fly was used, and believe me, I handed them to him in bunches. He apparently was asleep or too lazy to move from his quiet resting spot, which was just beneath a projecting rock where the waters came in on the bend, which brought down plenty of food for his royal highness. Yet the day came, it was cloudy and windy, nothing much for one to do so I gathered up the old split bamboo, buckled on the creel and hied myself down to the pool for another try. Sliding behind a large boulder and dropping a No. 8 Royal Coachman near the head of the pool as it came near his hiding place, there was a wild commotion! And, slap-bang! He had it. Oh, boy! I fainted, but I'll tell the world I had a death grip on that pole. How long I was in a state of coma I am unable to say, but long enough for that big trout to play himself completely out.

In the haze of approaching consciousness I saw my friend the Skipper slowly easing himself down the wall of rock. At last he reached the leader (as we did not have a landing net, he was compelled to use the lifting method, known only to a few select fishermen). But in that instance the method failed. Ye Gods! The leader broke—it will always be an angling memory, the day I lost the big one—or, did the Skipper lose him?



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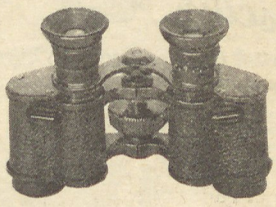

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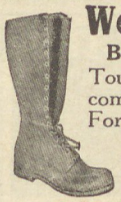

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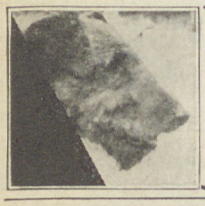

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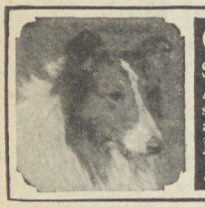

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The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

Breeding and Caring for the Matron

Staunch in the brush.

During the next four months, and especially during the first and second, and then, as spring approaches, breeding activities start, and the care of the dam and the youngsters that are to arrive and have arrived, should be uppermost in the mind of the man who cares the least for his sporting dogs, whether they are pointers, setters or hounds.

If you are going to breed your bitch, breed to the best sire your pocketbook can afford. And, above all, if you are after quality progeny, don't breed your bitch unless she has natural qualifications, and expect the sire to produce offspring just like he would with a bitch that comes up to accepted standards in every way.

Brood bitches must be in condition to produce strong, healthy puppies. If she is not she cannot do it, though she might be a high class individual in every respect. Perfect health is essential for strong, healthy pups. So, long before she is due in season, see to it that she is in condition, give her plenty of exercise, rid her of fleas or any possible vermin with which she might be afflicted. If she has skin trouble of any sort—mange or eczema—treat her for it, and if she fails to be cured before she comes in season, under no circumstances breed her. She will pass the disease along to the offspring, and if the dog that serves her has not the afflictions transmitted to him, he can well consider himself very lucky.

When a boy I used to think that a bitch should be served every day that she would accept the sensual attentions of the male dog. My unproved theory was that the more service, the more puppies. This, of course, is not the case. One service is as good as a thousand. But the general custom now is to breed the bitch once, let her rest a day, and permit her to have a second service on the third day. All reputable owners of sires follow this system, and it is eminently satisfactory.

When you have decided on sending your bitch away to a stud dog in another part of the country, book your bitch ahead, and perfect all arrangements. She should be shipped in a good crate, so that by no chance is there any possibility of her getting out of it. It is strange to think that men will risk valuable bitches in season by shipping them to stud dogs in cheap, flimsy boxes, when a modern dog crate is so cheap and saves so much express and worry.

You have to realize a bitch is a tricky creature when in season, and will exert her utmost physical strength and cunning

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

to escape from her temporary prison. See that she has food and water in a modern dog crate, then relieve your mind of further service.

All stud fees are payable in advance. This is not only custom but essentially fair. All owners of stud dogs guarantee the puppy producing qualities of their dogs. If a bitch for some reason fails to get in cohelp, they accord agreeably return service at her next period without charge, except the shipper of the bitch in each instance pays express both ways.

Arrangements are often made in the way of stud fees; instead of paying a set sum of money, the owner of the dog accepts part of the litter. But such are only private arrangements and cannot be called altogether a custom. The most satisfactory thing is to pay a stud fee and have in writing guarantee of return privileges in case bitch fails to conceive the first time she makes a visit.

Once again let us repeat—command when shipping a bitch to be bred; buy a good crate and the peace of mind ensuing will be worth ten times its cost as well as that the service that it will give can never be overestimated.

On arrival home the bitch probably, despite clean bedding, will be dirty. If not too cold, clean her off with a sponge, soap and warm water, and then rub her dry and let her have a little exercise. Some dogs are good travelers and some are not, but over-feeding as soon as they are taken out of a crate is not to be considered for bitches.

There have been worlds said and worlds of space written about hunting bitches hard while they are pregnant. Even to the very time they are ready to make delivery of their precious offspring. The theory or idea involved is that it is positive assurance that the hunting instinct will dominate all her get. Theory and facts do not always work harmoniously. If the stud dog and the bitch are hunters, love the game, are purely bred for generations, don't worry about the pups having hunting instincts naturally. They will have it just the same whether the bitch is taken out hunting or not. Nothing in the wide world but death can prevent it, because old nature is the most reliable of managers and has the faculty of making like produce like, irrespective of half tried or proven theories.

Bitches should not be hunted up to the time of delivering their young. Many

Deck and Bell pointing quail.

Brownie of Avondale.

lose their pups prematurely by this and often get into such poor condition by strenuous work that they are thereafter physically incapable of playing the part of up-to-date matrons in every respect.

A bitch carrying young has enough load bearing around her unpleasant burden without being given hard work for all her willingness to hunt then under the most trying conditions.

A bitch needs daily exercise for her own sake and that of her offspring. But not too much. She must not become fat. If she does her labor will be the more difficult and her get not rugged. Feed her well and give her everyday exercise to the extent that it will turn all her food into bone and muscle. What her physical condition is during the time she is in whelp, so will that of her babies be.

Premature delivery of offspring comes from overwork, overheating and making the willing feminine hunter climb fences and obstacles. No humane man permits a bitch pregnant to do it. Yet many allow them too much liberty, to the point of self-hunting, when they do it on their own accord and very many times lose their young before time for birth on that account.

Prepare the place where you want the mother to deliver, a fairly dark place, warm, not too hot, and with good bedding of rye or oat straw. See that she is kept there and under no circumstances bothered. She will like to be alone, and especially at this interesting period. A dark place, well ventilated and free from draught, will most appeal to her. In such a place she will not be wanting to move her pups about and will give birth to them without a midwife or able doctor. All the attention she needs is good bedding and clean water.

When the young arrive, let the bitch alone.

On their arrival, after the little lady cleans, change her bedding and remove any pup that happened to have been born dead, while the vigilant mother is off her guard. Above all, while the little fellows are both helpless and sightless, do nothing that can cause their beloved parent to jump up suddenly and fling them every direction while they are attentive to their source of nourishment.

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Kaibab Deer Refuse to Herd

By ZANE GREY

Re-printed from the Arizona Republican—

Flagstaff, Ariz., Dec. 18.—The failure of the Grand Canyon deer drive might be laid to three causes—inadequate preparation, lack of enough drivers and the totally unexpected refusal of the deer to herd.

We had over 100 Navajos and Piutes and 30 or 40 cowboys and rangers, besides a dozen Lasky men and my own outfit.

We drove three days, each drive along the lower cedar slopes of Buckskin Mountain, towards the Saddle Gap where we intended to drive the deer down into the canyon. However, when the deer found out we were trying to move them in a consistent direction they stampeded and ran back through the lines as much as in any direction. They became as wild as deer that had been hunted.

I saw thousands of deer, most of whom ran in small bands. The ringing of bells and yelling of Indians did not seem to frighten them, but the approach of riders on horseback, trying to head them right, brought swift flight.

Five hundred Indians on foot, with control of the drive, might have shown better results, but I, personally, with some of my old cowmen and riders, am convinced that these deer cannot be herded and driven. Ranger Locke shares this opinion. The forest service, from Mr. Rutledge down to the rangers, were present at South Canyon and offered every courtesy and help in their power to the drivers.

We found many dead deer, some of which had no doubt starved. Probably 10,000 deer are wintering on these cedar slopes on the east side of Buckskin. As far as I am able to observe, they are browsing solely on juniper and buckbrush. The junipers are eaten bare as high as tall deer can reach.

I understand from Mr. Locke, the ranger, that food conditions up on top of the Buckskin Mountains are infinitely worse. The range, on which there are now anywhere from 3,000 to 5,000 deer, has been destroyed. I did not see one fat buck.

It is an interesting note in this connection, to recall that Buffalo Jones and I, some fifteen years ago, advised the government not to kill off the cougars. It is a fact that man cannot destroy the balance of Nature without dire results.

The price of healthy deer life depends upon eternal vigilance. Removing upwards of 1,000 mountain lions from Buckskin Mountain has destroyed the balance of Nature, hence a tremendous overmultiplication of deer and a destruction of the range. It is a tragic situation for the great herd.

Careful shooting, of course, could remove the present danger of complete annihilation, but to my mind this can never be more than a temporary relief. Personally I disapprove of hunting, because it must inevitably lead to the crippling of hundreds of deer. Some of the forest service men consider this no worse than the mangling of deer by cougars, but that is a mistake, for cougars always kill.

This whole matter of the deer situation on Buckskin Mountain proves how futile it is for men to interfere with the laws of Nature.

ZANE GREY.

Limelight—A Springer

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

A Letter on the Bass Pond Plan

I have read J. Walter Drake's article entitled "Will American Fishermen Save the Fishing?" with a great deal of interest. As Michigan is my home state, and as I have fished practically every trout stream in the lower and some in the upper peninsula, am giving here some of the bad conditions that exist. The south branch of the Au Sauble four and five years ago was one of the greatest brook trout streams that ever existed in the United States. About three years ago the bed of the stream began to change. Each spring sees some of the old hiding places carried away.

Another point, trout are being fished more heavily than pike and the result is that the pike are increasing. Two years ago nearly every trout we caught in the South Branch was scarred from pike's teeth. A remedy for this was proposed. That is, to station either state or federal men at the mouth of all small streams during the time the pike are running up. These men would put nets across the mouth of each stream and net out the pike. As the pike are only on their annual migration for about two weeks in June, this remedy should work no hardship on the men nor would it be expensive.

It still looks as though the days of the speckled trout were numbered and that we shall have to stock our streams with German browns. The brown makes his home up under the banks and need no logs. He will thrive in water that is ten degrees higher than a "speck" can live in. He grows much faster than the brook or rainbow, and of the three is much the hardest to catch, and when you do hook him you have a wonderful battle on your hands.

L. A. MARSHALL.

Conserving the Remnants

(Continued from page 37)

include all the stock raised on all the farms in the United States, an increase derived from the vastly increased quantity of feed that is now produced in the entire nation. It is rather remarkable that he should use these figures as proof of his contention that the public domain has a vastly increased carrying capacity for stock—a fallacy on the face of it.

There is undoubtedly more stock on the public domain now than formerly, which, however, is no criterion of greater carrying capacity, but the reverse. It means a shorter carrying period out of each year, supplemental feeding, or both.

He brings to bear another squadron of statistics to show that the area of the public lands as estimated in the article was too great. Concede it and it signifies nothing and fails to alter the fact that the public domain, whether it contains one acre or a billion, has been and still is overgrazed!

Nevertheless, Mr. Tomlinson has placed the American National Livestock Association squarely on record to the effect that the public domain has a greater carrying capacity now than it had a quarter of a century ago—almost fifty per cent greater, according to his figures for livestock then and now. He either means that his organization shall stand squarely on record for that fallacy or else his statistics are merely "Romance masquerading as facts."

HAL G. EVARTS.

Chicago Chapter Gives $1,000 to Elk

At a called meeting of the Board of Directors of Chicago Chapter Izaak Walton League of America held Wednesday, December 31st, 1924, the following proceedings were had:

WHEREAS, Chicago Chapter, the first unit of the Izaak Walton League of America, was conceived and created for the sole glorious purpose of saving for posterity the remnants of America's out-of-door-land, and

WHEREAS, We are proud of this obligation to our country and to the boys who will follow our footsteps along the banks of our streams and through the open places we have known and loved, and

WHEREAS, It has been brought to our notice that hundreds of American elk are starving in this great land of plenty, and

WHEREAS, The Izaak Walton League of America proposes to establish a feeding station whereby these animals, placed in our trust by an all wise Creator, may be saved so that those who love outdoor America may not be cheated of their national heritage,

BE IT RESOLVED, That Chicago Chapter, realizing the tragic condition of these animals and the immediate necessity for action in a financial way, do hereby appropriate from the Chapter treasury the sum of $1,000 (one thousand dollars) to aid in the purchase of hay lands along the banks of the Snake River necessary to the establishment of the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That we as Waltonians will lend our active assistance and moral support and persuade others to assist in raising the total sum of $100,000 (one-hundred thousand dollars) needed to create this national monument to the sportsman's unselfishness, his common sense and consideration for the sportsmen who will continue this great work when we have traveled the trail to that land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Copied from the minutes.

Attest:

THOS. AMBROSE, Secretary.

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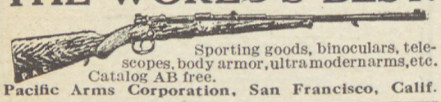

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OUTDOOR AMERICA
It Pays

The Son of Kasper

By BEN EAST

(Continued from page 9)

There may be places, far up where the timber melts away into the edges of the treeless snow-swept barrens, where a man might have cause to fear them—but there is not a pack between here and Mackinac that he need fear to face alone, in the night, without a gun. They may follow his trail, but they will not close in.

"But to come between the pack and its kill when the body scent reeks warm along the running trail—that is different! A man who dares risk that is not a coward."

Benoir saw the man kick off his snowshoes at the edge of the spruce—saw Fangs come to the far end of the point, with the wolves almost upon him—and then she stepped back inside the cabin and waited.

Then, suddenly, halfway between the cabin and the shore, Fangs broke out of the timber and came flying along that moonlighted stretch of snow-covered beach—a gray shadow of a wolf, seeking safety from the hatred of the pack, in the cabin of a woman! She was holding the door open for him, and as he bounded through, she flung it shut and dropped to the floor, with her arms about the shaggy neck and her face pressed against the great throbbing chest.

Suddenly she broke off crying, and holding the massive head between her hands she spoke quietly to the wolf-dog.

"Fangs, you wolf, I love you—but I loved him more—and if you go to the pack again, now, the Humming Bird, herself, will hunt you down and kill you!"

There was a low sound at the door then and she sprang to unfasten it. Jacques Duprez stood there, very pale in the moonlight, and panting hard for breath. He was leaning with his right hand on a blood-smeared ax, and his left hand hung at his side. A pair of heavy jaws had closed upon the upflung wrist. Blood was trickling down, too, from a gash in his cheek, where gleaming fangs had slashed at the throat and missed.

The wolf-dog lay before the fire at their feet that night, while Duprez told the girl the things she had not known about the long chase he had made on the winter snow, a year before, of which she had seen only the end.

How word had come to Nipigon that old Yellow Blanket and his squaw were sick in their lodge, up on the Mitagowanee, twenty miles north of the Little Beaver; how the Factor had sent him to their aid, and he had driven his team a day and a night with only a short rest, to cover the forest miles between the Post and the lonely lodge. He had found the old couple sick, indeed—but more starved than sick. They must have food within twenty-four hours!

And then he had discovered that in the hurry of his departure he had taken the Factor's rifle for his own—the magazine was empty—and his shells would not fit!

So he had done the only thing that could be done to save the lives of the old Chippewa and his squaw. Without stopping to eat or rest, he had gone to the deer yard, driven the doe out into the rough going of the forest, and fighting off the exhaustion of his long journey, had set out to walk her down. It was early morning when the chase began—it had been afternoon when the Humming Bird and her father watched the doe cross the last rise, come down into the valley, and lie down. And then Duprez had shouldered a quarter of the kill and began at once the grilling journey back to the Chippewas whose lives awaited his coming.

The young Canadian was in front of the cabin, harnessing his dogs to the sledge, when Jim came home in the morning. And when the Humming Bird's father asked him back into the cabin to smoke with him, Duprez shook his head.

"Fader Bapteese is at de Pos' on Nipigon tomorrow," he said. "I'm go for heem for mak your Hummin' Bird ma femme."

Jim went on into the cabin then. Benoir stood by the window, watching the man outside make ready to depart, and Fangs was stretched before the fire. He did not spring up as usual when Jim entered, and the man walked across and stood looking down at him. Then at last, over the obstacle of wild ancestry, and wilder training—above the instincts of the wolf and the pack—there came to him the attribute that has belonged only to the dog for countless ages—surrender to the fire and the authority of man. For in silent acknowledgment of that surrender, his heavy tail had suddenly begun a steady wagging thump upon the floor.

Fangs would never be a wolf again!

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A Daniel Come to Judgment

Reprinted from "The Docket"

Judge Flickinger is Justice of the Peace in and for Green Creek Township, Sandusky County, Ohio. His opinion below indicates that the people of Ohio might well, with profit to themselves, find a place for him somewhat nearer the top of the Ohio judicial system.

"The Attorney General of Ohio having rendered a special opinion that magistrates have final jurisdiction in cases such as this, it is my intention to decide this case on as broad lines as possible.

"The charge against the defendant, F. E. Stahl, is a simple one. Mr. Stahl runs what is commonly known as a cut-rate drug store at Fremont, Ohio, and he is charged by A. C. Snow, an inspector of the Ohio Board of Pharmacy, with selling him an ounce or two of salicylic acid, contrary to law. The state of Ohio brought a good deal of its official machinery to bear in this matter.

"Briefly, let us examine some of the things the state of Ohio does and does not do in Sandusky county to punish offenders. There is an institution at Fremont, known as the Sugar Beet Factory, which has been in operation for many years. The poisonous refuse from this factory is turned into the Sandusky river year after year, when the factory is operated. Two years ago I read in one of the Fremont papers that 'tons and tons' of fish were thus destroyed.

"A few weeks ago, standing at the Clyde depot was the Fish and Game Commission's car, named 'Buckeye.' The papers announced with considerable flourish that this car had distributed many thousands of young fish in the streams in this part of the state, among others in the Sandusky river. The fact that the state spends many thousands of dollars to propagate fish, some of which are put in polluted streams, seems to me to be prima facie evidence of a species of foolishness. In other words, the state of Ohio is no smarter than Kittie Malone, who walked three miles to show her pretty face and plump form to a blind pig.

"At the present time the inky pollution coming from the beet factory can be seen for miles and miles down the Sandusky river. In comparison with the outrageous pollution of one of Ohio's great and beautiful rivers, the offense of Mr. Stahl seems infinitesimal. As one of the poets has said:

"'Sin is a monster of such hideous mien,
To be hated, needs only to be seen;
But seen too oft', familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

"The state of Ohio, in connection with the pollution of the Sandusky river, has long been in the embracing state.

"I find Mr. Stahl guilty of the offense with which he is charged, and under the law must fine him fifty dollars and costs, *but the fine is suspended until the state of Ohio takes steps to stop the pollution of Sandusky river.* I will remit my own costs, but expect the defendant to pay the costs of the witnesses and the constable."

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Yours very truly,
(Signed) C. S. Johnson

CSJ.J

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Dogs

Hounds

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Dogs

Pointers and Setters

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SNOWSHOES For Sale—All my snowshoes are handmade and will outwear any others. I make all sizes, with or without sandals. Prices from $4 to $7 per pair. Walter Ketchum, Gaysville, Vt. Box 88.

TOBACCO—Three year old leaf. 8 lbs. chewing, $2.60; 8 smoking, $2.20; 8 second smoking, $1.40. Pay for tobacco and postage when received. Old Homespun Co., Hawesville, Ky. (3-3)

"BOOT-TITE" will waterproof your boots. Absolutely guaranteed, 17 years experimental. Ask your shoeman or Large can 35c postpaid. "Boot-Tite" Co., Two Harbors, Minn. (3-4)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (6-2)

FORMULAS: New. Guaranteed. Make own extracts, syrups, beverages, etc. Also baits; scents. Valuable information free. Meriden Co., 3322 White, Seattle, Wash. (3-2)

TRAPPERS' Attention. Send 25c for our new Trapping Secrets and other offers. Home Magazine, Box 912, Dept. O. A., Nashville, Tenn.

VENTRILOQUISM taught almost anyone at home. Small cost. Send 2c stamp today for particulars and proof. George W. Smith, Room M940, 125 N. Jefferson Ave., Peoria, Illinois.

DECORATE your den with pictures; your snapshot, lanscape or marine, made into a beautiful solid oil painting, only $5.00. W. R. Taylor, 943 Broadway, West, Vancouver, B. C. (3-3)

EVERY Sportsman should use my guaranteed waterproof shoe grease; send 35c and a can will be mailed to any address in United States. Ole Hansen, Ludington, Mich. (3-2)

I WILL send you sixteen finest Cuban cigarettes, best in the world, for 20c. Alfred Valdes, 26 Galiano, Havana, Cuba.

MEN wanting forest ranger, postal clerk and other government positions; particulars free. Write Mokane, Dept. A-57, Denver, Colo. (3-2)

Miscellaneous

PHOTO Enlargements that are different. Send your film for outline and price. M. E. Cowen, State Branch, Cresson, Pa. (3-4)

NEW Poisoning methods kill coyotes instantly. Particulars free. Trappers' Exchange, Smith Ferry, Idaho.

THE North Sewage Screen will remove pollution from domestic or industrial sewers. Bay Foundry & Machine Works, Green Bay, Wis. (2-2)

TYPEWRITERS: $20 up. Easy payments. Free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kansas. (6-5)

QUIT Tobacco easily, inexpensively with pleasant Florida root. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (4-4)

5x7 ENLARGEMENT 25c. Send Negative. J. Frey, 53 Walnut St., Newark, N. J. (3-3)

Printing—Typewriting

250 BOND Letterheads or Envelopes, $1.25. W. E. Moyer Supply House, Milton, Pa.

Real Estate

SEIZED and Sold for Taxes. $45 for 5 acres, beautiful lake front. $50 for 10 acres, hunting camp site. $92 for 50 acres, mixed farming, good market. $315 for 160 acres, wheat and dairy farm, Manitoba. $378 for claim near mines that have paid millions. Lots from ½ acre to 2 square miles suitable for hunting and fishing, farming, mining, lumbering, summer cottages, camp sites, etc. All offered at ten cents on the dollar of their value. $5 and $10 down and easy monthly payments. Send for illustrated list describing the above and hundreds of properties seized and sold for taxes. Send no money, send for list today so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, 72 Queen Street West, District 168, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

FOR Sale—Forty acres woodland in Northern Wisconsin, with one hundred fifteen rods shore line on beautiful Diamond Lake. Small mouth bass, deer, partridge, beaver in abundance. C. F. Larzelere, 417 Lyon St., Flint, Mich.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

OREGON Homesteads—Recently opened, offer exceptional opportunities. Map and details, $1.00. F. G. Thompson, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-3)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-3)

6 ACRES, house, barn, well fenced, near White River, Ozarks, $500, $20 down, $20 monthly. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark.

HUNTERS' Fishers' winter vacation; deeded $8.00 up. Arkansas Homestead map, 15c. Hitchcock, Batesville, Ark.

Stamp Collecting

BORNEO, Rhinoceros, Australian Kangaroos and 109 Different Foreign, Hinges, Etc., to Approval Applicants for 10c; 50 Different U. S. 10c. E. Moseley, 225 South Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.

STAMPS on approval. Old stamps and collections bought. Sam Josephson, Bremerton, Washington.

STAMPS on approval at 60% discount. 45 different United States and 100 different Austria-Hungary 25c. C. Seidenberg, Baroda, Mich. (3-3)

Taxidermy

BLACK Bear Rugs for sale. Heads mounted with open mouth, $25 and $35 each. Ladies' fine wolf chokers, $12.50 each. W. H. Strange, Taxidermist, Clarkston, Washington.

UNEXCELLED Taxidermy, Tanning, Dyeing, Repairing, Fur Manufacturing. Stamp brings prices. Groves Fur Company, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Dept. B. (7-8)

MOUNTED Trout—Rainbow, Eastern Brook, Cutthroat, choice specimens. Theodore Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-4)

F. SCHUMACHER, manufacturer of glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermists' supplies, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-4)

Wanted

OLD Money Wanted—$2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep all old money, it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed Prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, P Street, LeRoy, N. Y. (5-5)

WANTED—Featherweight Model 86 Winchester Take Down Rifle 45-70. Give condition and price. F. A. Peters, 5919 Fulton Street, Chicago, Illinois.

CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

From a mere utility, the modern bathroom has developed into a spacious shrine of cleanliness and health. The skill of architects and designers has been taxed to keep pace with the desire of owners for individual charm and added luxury.

In this Crane bathroom, the tiled floor and warm tan plaster walls have borders of Spanish majolica in primrose, brown and green. The new *Corwith* tub of cream-white enamel is set in a recess, tiled in soft green. The *Ovatus* dressing table and *Premo* combination dental lavatory of vitreous china, twice-fired, match the white purity of the *Corwith* bath.

Any plumbing contractor can supply Crane fixtures in a broad variety of styles at prices within reach of all. Let us send you our new booklet of color schemes, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
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Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-eight Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SHANGHAI
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Crane drainage fitting

Special Offer to Waltonians!

SEND NO MONEY!

FINAL CLEARANCE SALE

World's Most Amazing Sock Bargain

Pure Wool Health Hose for Less Than the Cost of the Wool

-12- pure wool socks for $2.98 while they last Value $9.00

AT an unheard-of sacrifice, for immediate cash, one of the large, substantial manufacturers of Utica, the center of the knit goods industry of the world, has announced what is undoubtedly the greatest bargain in men's hosiery since 1914, to readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Practically Given Away

This company is going into a somewhat different line of manufacture and has on hand, ready to ship, 30,296 pairs of guaranteed pure wool socks for men—all firsts, no seconds, and fully guaranteed—which it will practically give away to those who ask for them at once.

Protect Health

These pure wool socks are positively the most comfortable socks a man ever wore, particularly in cold or wet weather. Besides they are an effective protection to health, a real safeguard against colds, grip, pneumonia, rheumatism and other troubles that come from cold, wet feet. Hunters, fishermen, farmers, sportsmen and others who are exposed to wet and cold can never afford to be without genuine pure wool hose like these.

$9.00 Value for $2.98

You would pay $1.50 a pair for these same socks almost anywhere. Now—if you are prompt—you can get a year's supply for less than the value of the pure wool yarn it is made from. Only one package of six pairs may be had by any reader, as the supply is limited and we want them to go as far around as possible. In asking for your package it isn't necessary to send one cent of money When they come to you you simply give the postman $2.98 plus a few cents postage, in full payment, or enclose $2.98 and we will pay the postage. If the socks aren't entirely satisfactory to you, you may return them and get your money back without quibble or question.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Remember, in fairness to all, first come will be first served. If you want real foot comfort this winter—if you want protection against all the trouble that results from wet, cold or chafed feet—at positively the lowest price ever offered—mail the attached coupon, at once, in an envelope, or copy it onto a postcard. Act quickly or you may be disappointed. Remember, absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be refunded, and it isn't necessary to pay any money until you get the socks. The small amount asked for these wonderful quality socks is one that OUTDOOR AMERICA is extremely pleased to have offered to its readers.

You have never seen a bargain equal to this. Write at once and get your six pairs before the stock on hand is exhausted.

Free Trial. Send No Money

Put them on. See how comfortable they are, how warm and soft, how good looking and durable. If they aren't the finest socks you ever wore at any price, wrap them up, send them back, and you'll get back your money. This is a fair offer. Mail coupon at once.

Utica Pure Wool Health Hosiery Co.
Dept. 39, UTICA, N. Y.

COUPON
No Money Necessary

As per your offer to OUTDOOR AMERICA readers please send me six pairs guaranteed pure wool health hose. On delivery I will give the postman $2.98 plus a few cents postage (or enclose $2.98 herewith, in full payment).

Name.....

Address.....

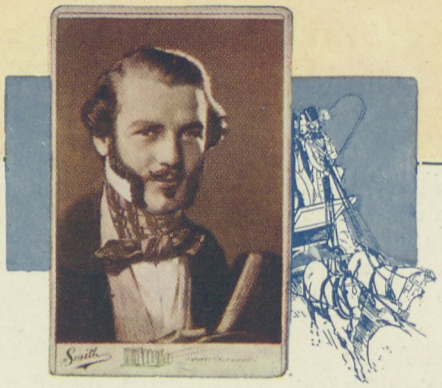
..... Size.....

UTICA PURE WOOL HEALTH HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 39, Utica, N. Y.

Shave *every* day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

for better shaving



Men have tried in many ways, from the days of Homer down to the era of tintypes and trombones, to find a justification for whiskers.

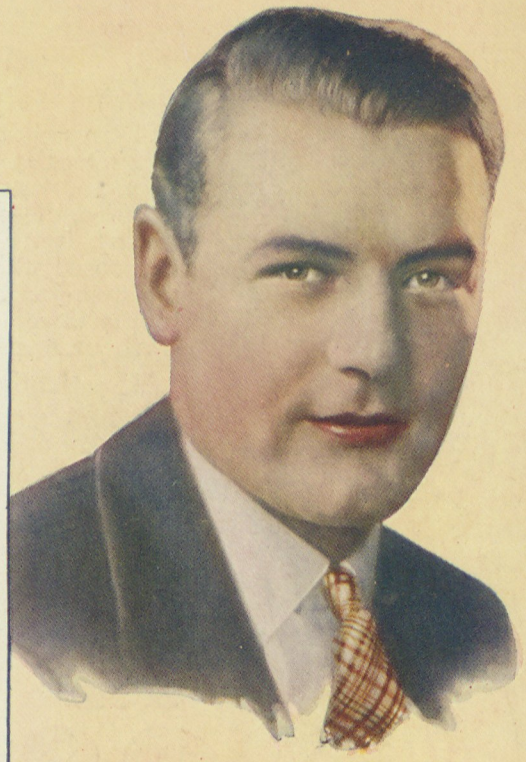
In ancient Rome, when the head of the house wore the family tablecloth as a street suit, poets thought whiskers made them look wise.

That supposition served one helpful purpose. It enabled people to avoid bearded bards who were determined to recite their poetry.

Later, when the coach-and-four indicated social prominence, men of fashion utilized their whiskers as ornamental shrubbery; but such things could not go on.

Even the prettiest of the patch-work beards were doomed as soon as shaving comfort was assured.

Set a portrait of the man who shaves beside a picture of his be-whiskered ancestor, and you will see how little there was in the idea that hair upon the face imparted dignity or symbolized wisdom.



TODAY~

shaving comfort is assured by the use of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

It makes a close, moist lather which softens the beard instantly *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

There is no need, when you use Colgate's, of mussy rubbing in with the fingers.

Men who try Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream realize at once that it gives a *better shave*. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 331
199 Fulton St., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name.....

Address.....

Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the coupon, with 4c.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
NEW YORK

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture